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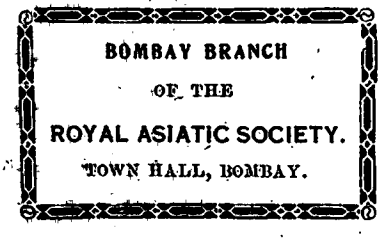

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PARTENOPEX DE BLOIS,

A Romance,

IN FOUR CANTOS.

L.L.a.3.

PARTENOPEX DE BLOIS,

A

ROMANCE,

43583
ae

IN FOUR CANTOS.

FREELY TRANSLATED

FROM

THE FRENCH OF M. LE GRAND;

WITH NOTES:

BY

WILLIAM STEWART ROSE.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR

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43583

PREFACE.

THE romance of Partenopex, or rather an extract from it, made its first appearance in the *Bibliotheque des Romans*, under the title of *Partenuple de Blois*, translated from a story in Spanish prose. M. Le Grand has, however, successfully established the French origin of this work.* His own translation is made from a MS. poem, in the library of *St Germain-des-Prés;* which he is at first inclined to consider as a production of the 12th century: he afterwards, reasoning from a piece of internal evidence, revokes his first opinion, and, with greater appearance of probability, ascribes it to the 13th.†

* *Quel que soit cet ouvrage,* says he, *je le reclame au nom de ma patrie. Il est à elle, il lui appartient; et c'est pour en convaincre mes lecteurs, que de préférence j'ai choisi de la traduire. Je citerai le titre original qui nous l'assure. Que ceux qui se l'arrogent, produisent dans leur langue un manuscrit plus ancien; et alors je me rétracte.*

† In an old romance, quoted by Warton, are the following lines (I quote from memory):

"I will rede you romans none,
"Ne of Partenope, ne of Ippomydon."

Warton supposes these to be mutilations of the names Parthenopæus and Hippomedon. Why not of Partenopex and Ippomydon, both heroes of romance?

Of its French origin little doubt will probably be entertained by those conversant with the literature of the middle ages. It is scarcely necessary, after the able essays on these subjects, by Mr Ellis and others, to insist that all the ancient romances were written in verse. Nor is this the only ground on which M. Le Grand might vindicate the title of his country. The oldest verse which Spain can boast is that of the Troubadours, whose works consist exclusively of metaphysical disquisitions on love, and satires; and even this strain of poetry, amongst the *Spaniards*, dates long posterior to the period, which, arguing from the manners it reflects, and the sentiments which it breathes, must have given birth to PARTENOPEX DE BLOIS.

If the author of this history has not produced so rich a tissue of adventure as characterises some of the ancient romances, the web which he spins is, at least, less involved; and perhaps what is wanting in imagination is more than compensated in the interest excited by the story, in the unity of action, and the simplicity of its design.

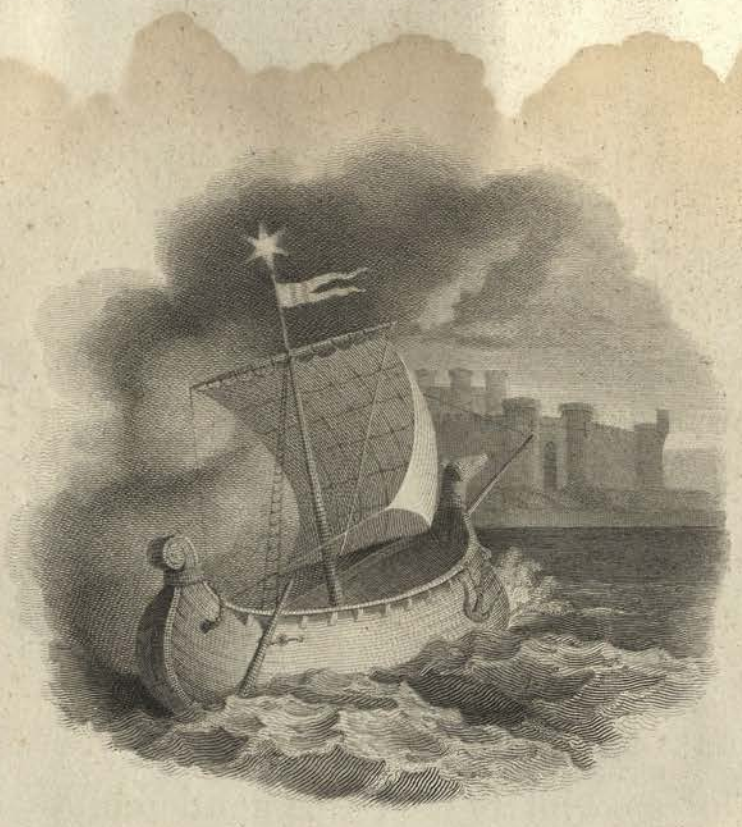
I have retained a peculiarity in the French, which I thought promised to give some little relief and animation

to the narrative. The *Trouveur* is himself crost in love, and whenever he touches a kindred chord, breaks forth into an effusion upon his own melancholy condition. As there is, however, a sameness in these, I have sought to diversify them with some variety of sentiment; generally returning to the supposed case of the poet, as a sort of key-note, which uniformly serves to close these rhapsodies in the original.

I have been enabled to illustrate the following cantos by engravings, from designs of Mr Richard Smirke. Of the execution of these I shall say nothing; but I may be justified in claiming for them one merit, which the world at large is perhaps not so well qualified to appreciate as the skill or abilities of the artist:—They exhibit a faithful picture of the scenery and habits of the 12th and 13th centuries, the result of much industry and patient observation.

PARTENOPEX DE BLOIS.

IN FOUR CANTOS.



PARTENOPEX DE BLOIS.

CANTO FIRST.

Now lusty May drops sweets in every shower,
And broiders o'er the fields with grass and flower,
And woodlands wild with lark and throstle ring,
And ladies in their painted chambers sing.

Blest with a heart at ease, and tuned to joy,
Shall I in listless sloth mine hours employ?
No; while all nature wakes to spritely mirth,
A story will I tell of mickle worth.
List, damsels bright in bower! list, lordings gay!
For pleasant is my tale, and wonderous sweet the lay.

In olden time, derived of Trojan strain,
Cleoner o'er the realm of France did reign.
Rich in a son, and nephew passing fair,
The count of Blois' and Anger's hopeful heir,
Scarce fifteen winters old; this gentle child
PARTENOPEX, so runs the tale, was styled.
Nor famed alone for comeliness and grace,
But for a soul assorted with his face.

It chanced the king to Ardenne's wood did fare,
To rouse the bristly salvage from his laire:
Forced from the sheltering fern, the quarry bounds;
With bugle and with shout the greenwood sounds;

To face page 6.

R. Smirke, Jun.r del.t

J. Scott. sculp.

London, Published by Longman, Hurst, Rees, & Orme, Feb.y 9th 1808.

Wide the loud thunder of the chase is spread,
And the ground rocks beneath the courser's tread.
Who but PARTENOPEX exults? His dart
He launch'd, and pierced the monster to the heart;
Then, blithe of mood, bestrode the prostrate beast,
And wound a joyful summons to the feast.
Quick trooping to the call, his hounds repair,
Throng round the prince, and spend their mouths
in air.

Yet bay'd the dogs, and yet the bugle rung,
When a fresh boar from forth the thicket sprung.
His speed what charm provoked, I know not well;
But, govern'd by the same resistless spell,
The child regain'd his horse, and, smiting sore
Upon his bleeding flanks, was seen no more.

Him long the admiring king and peers expect;
Then through the tangled brake their steps direct;

And to their lips the pealing horn apply,
In vain; nor voice, nor bugle, made reply.
Forlorn they tarry till the fall of day,
Then homeward to the city wend their way;
While scatter'd prickers, such the monarch's hest,
Through the long night protract their bootless
quest.

Far prick'd the boy, nor slack'd his courser's pace,
Nor wist that he was single in the chase,
Till day was well nigh spent; then, heartless, laid
His limbs beneath an oak's embowering shade;
Bent, with the morrow's early dawn, once more
The forest's devious mazes to explore.

Roused by the lark, he strives to measure back
His homeward way; but, weetless of the track,
Still by the same o'er-ruling spell misled,
Worse than afore the gentle valet sped.

'Twas eve; when from afar was heard the roar
Of hollow billows, bursting on the shore;
And from those wilds forth issuing on the strand,
He view'd a bark fast anchor'd by the land.
Gay was the hull, and seemly to behold;
The flag was sendal, purfled o'er with gold.

Scarce might he climb the deck, with toil fore-done,
But in the shallop living wight was none.
While long and sore he mused, a gentle gale
Blew, rustling from the shore, and swell'd the sail.
Self-steer'd, o'er sparkling waves the vessel flew;
The shore, receding, lessen'd from his view.
Wo was the boy; the land might hope afford,
To him who back'd a steed, and grasp'd a sword;
Alone upon the deep, what power could friend,
What skill direct him, or what force defend?
Wrapt in such phantasies, (the work of spell,)
A balmy slumber on his eye-lids fell.

Waked by the noon-tide sun, he views a port,
So large, whole navies there might hold resort.
Here the trim bark her wonderous voyage ends;
Stay'd by a silken rope, the child descends.

Fast by the margin of the tumbling flood,
Crown'd with embattled towers, a castle stood.
The marble walls a chequer'd field display'd,
With stones of many-colour'd hues inlaid.
With that ('twas wrought of faÿery) so dight,
The workmanship did pass the substance bright.
Flank'd with protecting towers, a league of ground
The far extending girt encompass'd round.
Within, trim garden, mead, and fruitful vale,
In gay confusion lay, and passing tale,—
Fit ornaments to grace a rich domain;
Huge garners to bestow the golden grain;
Tall mills, with crystal streams encircled round,
And villages, with rustic plenty crown'd.

There, fading in the distance, woods were seen,
With gaily glittering spires, and battlements between.

Beneath the porch, in rich mosaic, blaze
The sun, and silver lamp that drinks his rays.
Here stood the symbol'd elements pourtray'd,
And nature all her secret springs display'd.
Here too was seen whate'er of earlier age,
Or later time, had graced the historic page;
And storied loves of knights and courtly dames,
Pageants and triumphs, tournaments and games.

Here Moses made the signal, and the sea
Was whelm'd on Pharaöh's paynim chivalry.
Beyond, the waves stood heap'd on either hand,
And Israel's tribes pass'd dry-shod on the land;
Before the van her damsels danced along,
With trump, with shout, with timbrel, and with song.

Flores and maiden Blanchflower here were seen,
With trefoil and with true-love knot between.

Here to child Tristram, panting at his oar,
The drink of might the gentle Yseult bore;
Shared in a luckless hour betwixt the twain;
Brief pleasure, purchased with a world of pain!

Stript of her robes, and to the stake ypight,
Here stood fair Guenever, in piteous plight.
Not yet the pile was lit; with sainted mein,
A reverend hermit seem'd to shrive the queen;
Rapt, as of life to come, and matter high,
And saving truths he spake, and pointed to the sky.
But she, for grief and shame had smote her sore,
In sooth, did little mark his ghostly lore.
Around, sans casque, or shield, in gloomy sort,
Stood the bold barons of King Arthur's court;

And many a lord, and many a lady gay,
Lamenting, wrung their hands, and seem'd to moan
the day.

The next compartment a new scene bewray'd;
Here prick'd a knightly band from green-wood
shade:
Their gonfainouns all shining in the sun,
Full at the assistant troop they seem'd to run.
Who led those worthies true from bush and brake?
Who but the prew Sir Launcelot du Lake?

Spurring, and plucking up of steeds was there:
Bristle the serried spears, and faulchions glare.
The field well won, before him on his selle,
Clasp'd in one arm, he bore that bonnibelle.
Sweet paragons of truth and love, farewell!

Other and sadder scenes of cark and care,
Sprung from the same bad source, were painted fair:

King Arthur's vengeful fury, Benwick's siege,
The strife unblest of vassal and of liege;
The treason and the wiles of him, misborn
In incest, and of faith and knighthood lorn,
Sir Modred; Arthur's dream, and Gauvain's ghost;
The parley, and the shock of either host;
The sword into the river cast; the hand
Thrust from the waves, to catch the charmed brand;
The ominous barge, slow parting from the shore,
Yfraught with doleful damsels, weeping sore.
All these, and other scenes, were quaintly dight.
But to my tale I turn, and of the child indite.

He enter'd on a hall, where stood the board,
With savoury cates and costly viands stored.
Here, too, fresh cause of wonderment did rise:
Nor dulcimer, nor harp, nor rote he spies,
Nor varlet to array the meats, nor priest
To bless the board, nor guest to grace the feast;

And much his mind misgave, some secret snare
Did lurk beneath a guise so strange and rare.
When, tho' no wight appear'd, fast by, a string
Was touch'd, and to the harp a voice 'gan sing:

" Child, of heart so faint,
" That dream'st, I know not what of ill,
" Peril there is none in sooth:
" Hence with ill-advised restraint!
" High the sparkling goblet fill.
" Sure it asks no reason quaint,
" Sure it matters little skill,
" All in colours plain to paint
" This simple truth:

" Thorough Nature's visage fair,
" Be't in water, land, or air,
" Good to ill doth aye succeed:
" After winter cometh spring,

" Wanes the night, in sparkling weed,
" Morn up-springeth, in her stead.
" Thou shalt well approve this lede :
" Joy thou wot'st not of, shall bring
" That which, or I falsely read,
" Of sorrow past shall 'suage the sting."

Cheer'd by the song, ere yet he framed the wish,
Pass'd to his hand, in turn, each costly dish ;
And a fair cup of gold itself did fill,
And, oft exhausted, was replenish'd still.
Choice fruits and dainty conserves came the last ;
Claret and pigment crown'd the rich repast.

The costly banquet done, the sightless crew,
That served him at the board, with lights withdrew ;
Thence pass'd into a bow'r, where stood a bed,
With milk-white furs of Alexandria spread :
Beneath, a richly broider'd vallance hung ;
The pillows were of silk ; o'er all was flung

A rare-wrought coverlet of phœnix plumes,
Which breathed, as warm with life, its rich perfumes.
Here the quaint elves the wondering child undrest,
And on the snow-white ermine laid to rest.

This done, the tapers sunk, slow creak'd the door,
And a soft foot-fall sounded on the floor.
MELIOR, in sooth, it was; the sovereign fay,
The wardress of that keep and garden gay.
She on the bed her dainty limbs down-laid,
Then started, and, as one affrighted, said:

"Hence, whosoe'er! hence! or my knights I call,
"And yield thee to their swords an helpless thrall."

She ended,—and in few the boy display'd,
How late he wander'd in the green-wood shade;
From thence, by fairy sleight, to those fair realms convey'd;

And added words that might her ire assuage,
And craved, for that one night, short harbourage.

Ill might the damsel boon uphold her cheer
Of counterfeited wrath, and tone severe.
Albe she nothing said, belike 'twas meant
Her silence should be construed for consent.
Then turning from the boy, it seem'd as she
Lay lapt at once in sweet tranquillity.

Certes, I cast not here to tell how soon,
Or pray'r, or force, obtain'd a sweeter boon.
Love, as 'tis said, by sufferance waxeth bold.—
Lordings, the rest is better guess'd than told.

Yet, blest beyond his hope, the restless boy
Felt somewhat still was wanting to his joy:
It was in light to view the imagined charms
Of the sweet fairy, lock'd within his arms.

To him that damsel boon :—" Thy wish forego ;
" Sad fountain, if indulged, of shame and woe.
" Yet more ; thou here, until a spell be done,
" Unseen of living wight, must make thy won ;
" But not deprived of fitting pastimes, live ;
" Share whatsoever joys mine art can give.
" Say, do the crystal streams, or woods delight ?—
" Falcons and tiercelets I mew for flight.
" And at thy morrow's rising thou shalt find
" A wonderous horn ; the fairy bugle wind ;
" My hounds shall hear the call ; to merrier cry
" Did never shaggy holt, or hill reply.
" Melior, unseen, each new desire shall aid ;
" Frame but the wish, and find that wish obey'd.

" More than thou know'st, I may not, dare not tell,
" Save this, that with our wedlock ends the spell.
" Ere that, alas ! two years must pass away ;
" Save with a knight I may not plight my fay.

" Ill would mine haughty feudatories bear
" A beardless squire should fill the regal chair.

" Know, far and wide extends my proud domain;
" Princes and dukes I number in my train,
" And haughty castellains, and barons bold,
" And monarchs, who their realms by homage hold.
" These ween'd me all too young to rule alone,
" So will'd me choose a partner of my throne;
" Some prince,—they reck'd not of his wealth, or dower,
" So he were wise of rede, and stiff in stower.
" With this proviso, that their general voice
" Should ratify their youthful suzerain's choice.
" Thee then I chose; for thee, by fairy lore,
" I wrought the wonderous chase, and roused the boar,
" That forced thee from thy train; for thee my sprites
" Dress'd this unfading garden of delights.

" But first I cast thy stedfast faith to prove,
" Nor grant the last and best reward of love,
" Till, conscious of thy worth, with glad accord,
" Mine haughty vassals own'd thee for their lord.
" But thee, oh! give me not to rue the hour,
" The heedless elves conducted to my bow'r,
" Not such mine hest. What boots the rest to tell?
" Ah, deem it not a crime to love too well!"

Much said the child in turn; the sum was this:
To yield him to her will in bale, or bliss.
Love passing proof he swore; and still, besure,
Did grace his speech with goodliest garniture;
(For, as King Solomon hath whilom sung,
'Tis fulness of the heart informs the tongue;)
But with long toil forespent, and travel past,
Lies lapt in dull forgetfulness at last.
Not so the damsel; she, 'twixt fear and joy,
Kept watch and ward upon the sleeping boy;

But, mindful of the charm, in tears withdrew,
Ere the first sun-beams glitter'd on the dew.

Awaked, PARTENOPEX, sore wondering, deems
His blissful lot the sport of idle dreams;
But, of the truth assured, with rapture view'd
The promised horn, with magic pow'r endued,
And store of kirtles and of garments gay,
The costly presents of his bounteous fay.

Then, done the noon-tide feast, his bugle slung,
Leapt on his steed, and prick'd the woods among:
He lent it breath, and, from the wilds around,
Yet echo did bemock the merry sound,
When, as his lady leman told before,
Round flock'd the lusty rousers of the boar;
Each couple well-wrought chains of steel did hold,
Their necks were circled round with burning gold:
It seem'd as from one dam their blood they drew,
So match'd they were in shape, and all of sable hue.

The pastime to describe too long would hold,
And 'twere, beside, to tell a tale that's told.
Suffice, the quarry brought to ground, he blew
The prise, and to his dogs the carcase threw.
They, batten'd with the spoil, by some strange sleight
Of grammary, evanish'd clean from sight.
One only couple stay'd, as of accord,
To claim a closer quaintance of their lord.
And these the damsel gave, in hall, or bow'r,
To cheer by whiles the solitary hour;
And taught their names; this Gage, and Gilmyn he;
Thus were the twain benempt in faÿery.

So, spent in various solace, pass'd the day;
At night his couch received the royal fay.
A parlous wit she had; and could of lore,
And eke of ancient tales, a countless store.
And oft sage rules and precepts would she deal,
Such as might well his youthful bosom steel

'Gainst vicious lures; and still, her rede betwixt,
Ensamples of recorded virtue mixt.
Nor charm'd the damsel less, when, boon and gay,
More lightsome phantasy did bear the sway.
Tender or free, in smiles or sadness drest,
The reigning humour seem'd to grace her best.
And still, whate'er the theme, so soft, so clear,
Her gentle accents sounded on his ear,
That, of all gifts the lovely dame might boast,
Perchance this sweet perfection liked him most.

In this I blame him not: of every grace
That tricks my love, 'bove dainty form, or face,
That which doth most my captive soul rejoice,
Is the sweet music of her thrilling voice.
But worser plight is mine; predoom'd, in vain
To chase a fleeting good that mocks my pain.
His mistress did prevent his every thought,
Mine flouts my love-sick phantasy to nought.

If in his cup some bitter drops were thrown,
My draught is brew'd with noxious drugs alone.

Yet he,—for perfect happiness is not,—
Would now remember him of friends forgot.
This saw the dame, for love is eagle-eyed,
And, "Ween not, Child PARTENOPEX," she cried,
"To hide thy secret thoughts, nor think thy fay,
"When duty bids thee hence, would bar thy way.
"Thy sire and king are dead; and Northmen whelm
"Dire havoc upon Gaul's defenceless realm:
"E'en now their battles are abroad; they ford
"The Loire, and smite thy people with the sword.
"But thou, when morn shall chase the shadows dark,
"Go, get thee to the shore, and climb the barque:
"Myself huge store of treasure will supply;
"With this bold chiefs and bands adventurous buy;
"Knights and renowned squires enured to strife,
"Patient of toil, and prodigal of life.

" Then bid thy vassals to the tented plain;
" Gird thy good sword, and give thy wrath the rein.
" But, duty's debt appaid, believe, thy fay
" Chides sore each moment of protracted stay."

She said; and, as she fear'd her cheer should shew
The secret of her ill dissembled woe,
E'en ere the child might miss her from his side,
Upstarted, and from forth the bow'r did glide.
Nor long, tho' wavering with contrarious thought,
And half repentant of the boon he sought,
Behind the County linger'd; forth he flung,
Ere the first bells for early matins rung.

He climbs the barge; the vessel owns the breeze,
Snaps her light cords, and shoots athwart the seas.
Outstretch'd upon the deck, (so wrought the spell)
Again sweet slumber on his eye-lids fell;
Nor waked the prince, till, with the second sun,
The gallant barque, her wonderous voyage run,

Moor'd by the viewless crew, securely rides,
Where the swift Loire thro' flowery meadows glides.

Roused by the joyful dogs, who bay'd the land,
Upstarts the child, and issúes on the strand;
And sees where, gilded by the western beam,
Blois' airy tow'rs in bright perspective gleam.

He scant had touch'd the shore, when to his sight,
Bow'd down with eld, appear'd a stranger knight.
Of sumpter-nags he led a goodly train;
Of each a liveried lacquey held the rein.
Before the boy that ancient louted low,
And in meet terms did thus his errand shew:

" Gentle PARTENOPEX, thy royal fay
" Salutes thee with what loving cheer she may.
" By me she sends these rounceys stout, who bear
" Large sums of gold, the sinews of the war.

" Nor spare with niggard hand the shining store;
" This countless treasure spent, she deals thee more.
" Observance of her hest all scores shall quite;
" She wills no hand but hers should dub thee knight."

I pass how Blois from forth her straiten'd wall
Poured her bold burghers, at her prince's call;
How France awaken'd, and what succours came,
Or 'ticed by fairy gold, or better fame;
How singly thro' his foes he hew'd a lane,
Heap'd on each side with ramparts of the slain;
The rest but closed the path their leader made,
And glean'd the worthless refuse of his blade.
His welcome, sports and pageants, I forbear,
And haste to feats of love, a more delightful care.

Amid the general joy, Blois' widow'd dame
Work'd with close art to quench the prince's flame.
She,—tho' from him she hid such fancy,—ween'd
The child a thrall to some enamour'd fiend;

And,—for she thought a second love might best
Expel the fatal poison from his breast,—
Wrought on the youthful king, in wedlock's band,
To grace him with his blooming niece's hand;
Herself she vow'd, by all controlling charms,
Should force the truant to that damsel's arms.

To her the wily dame, who well did scan
The maiden's thought, with sober cheer began;

" Damsel, my niece, parfay it moves my ruth,
" Vain love should blight the promise of thy youth;
" While he, by whom thy virgin heart is wrung,
" On a vile elf his base desires hath flung.
" Melior the phantom's name: with her he dwells,
" Lapt in imagined bliss, and limed by spells.
" Yet"—(and she gave a fairy philtre, brew'd
With wonder-working herbs; then thus pursued:)
" Yet may this drink of might absolve his shame,
" And kindle in his breast a purer flame."

It chanced, the Count, (to make my story short)
Lit from his steed, foredone with woodland sport.
Him the boon damsel met, and fair besought
" He would assay the drink herself had wrought;
" And ween'd that he should find that beverage sweet
" A sovereign remedy for inward heat."
Rare wonder! scantly might he sip the bowl,
Ere a strange frenzy fired his alter'd soul;
He prints her burning cheeks with many a kiss,
Stiles her, his liege, his love, his sovereign bliss!—
And, " Be these herbs," she cried, " twice, trebly blest,
" That blot the accursed Melior from thy breast!"
She spake: and at the name, like one aghast,
He stared; the charm was broke, the witchery past.

He leaps upon his courser, plies the gore,
And flies as shame and sorrow dogg'd him sore.

And now the stripling gain'd Loire's flowery side,
And saw the fairy ship at anchor ride;
Breathless, he climbs the deck; a favouring breeze
Springs, and the shallop darts across the seas.

END OF CANTO FIRST.

NOTES TO CANTO FIRST.

In olden time, derived of Trojan strain.—P. 4.

The pretence to a Trojan origin was made by both France and Britain during the middle ages. In the original, the foundation of the French monarchy is attributed to Marcomeris, a son of Hector, brought from Troy by Anchises, on the destruction of that city, and educated with Æneas. Arriving at manhood, he, according to the romancer, traversed the Alps, and, settling in Gaul, laid the first stone of that empire. In this account, Anchises is charged with having betrayed his country to the Greeks. Here, as M. Le Grand justly observes, the author has blundered between the father and the son. It is said, that the reproach of having sold Troy to its enemies was, previous to the time of Virgil, common to both Æneas and Antenor; and the escape of these two leaders, if true, forms some presumption in favour of the supposition. Others, says Le Grand, give the founder of the French monarchy the name of Francus, from whom the inhabitants of that country, according to the same authority, derive their denomination. Others pretend, that Hector himself survived the ruin of his native city, and, with a party of fugitive Trojans, formed an establishment in Gaul.

And wound a joyful summons to the feast.—P. 5.

The following extract from Erasmus's PRAISE OF FOLLY, will shew how long these qualifications continued to be admired. "Among

" these, (he has been enumerating varieties of fools) are to be rank-
" ed such as take an immoderate delight in hunting, and think no
" music comparable to the sounding of horns, and yelping of beagles;
" and, were they to take physic, would no question think the most
" sovereign virtues to be in the *album græcum* of a dog's ****.
" When they have run down their game, what strange pleasure they
" take in cutting of it up! Cows and sheep may be slaughtered by
" common butchers, but what is killed in hunting must be broke up
" by none under a gentleman, who shall throw down his hat, fall
" devoutly on his knees, and, drawing out a slashing hanger, (for a
" common knife is not good enough,) after several ceremonies, shall
" dissect all the parts as artificially as the best skilled anatomist;
" while all that stand round shall look very intently, and seem to be
" mightily surprised with the novelty, though they have seen the
" same a hundred times before; and he that can but dip his finger,
" and taste of the blood, shall think his own bettered by it. And
" though the constant feeding on such diet does but assimilate them
" to the nature of those beasts they eat of, yet they'll swear that ve-
" nison is meat for princes, and that their living upon it makes them
" as great as emperors."—*Kennett's Translation.*

The absurdity of attaching importance to such pursuits, the extravagant length of time devoted to their acquirement, (namely, seven years spent in the study of *The mysteries of woods and rivers,* that is, hunting and hawking,) and the mist of pedantry and affectation in which these studies were involved, will appear less striking on a general consideration of the habits and opinions of the middle ages. It is observed by Mr Scott, in his Notes on SIR TRISTREM, that, " in an age when knowledge was rare, there prevailed a natu-
" ral disposition to attach mystery to the most common trades, and

"even to the amusements of the period. Arts, but imperfectly "known to the professors themselves, were rendered dark and im- "penetrable to the uninitiated, by the introduction of minute forms, "and the use of a peculiar phraseology. Shrouded by such disguises, "ignorance itself assumed the language and port of mysterious "knowledge, and the mystic orders of religion and of chivalry were "imitated in the inferior associations of mechanics and fellow-crafts. "It is therefore no wonder that the chase, the exclusive amusement, "or rather the only pacific employment, of the great, should be "decorated with an appropriate diction, and rendered solemn by an "established code of regulations."

Nor are these sports only to be considered as the mere amusement of a martial and unlettered nobility. The chase, till within a comparatively late period of society, was a concern of the most serious importance, as it furnished the principal means of subsistence, previous to the improvement of agriculture. In a record, relating to the expences of Edward III., a large sum is charged for the provisioning several of his castles with salted venison; and the site of monasteries had frequently a reference to this consideration. In the romance of *Melusine*, the King of France makes a grant of ground for a priory in the neighbourhood of a forest, and, at the same time, gives the monks licence *de prendre en la forest oyseaux et sauvagines, pour leurs vivre en leur hostel.*—HISTOIRE DE MELUSINE.

Worse than afore the gentle valet sped.—P. 6.

The title of *varlet*, or *valet*, synonimous with that of *Damoiseau* in French, and *Knave* in English, was given indifferently to the sons of kings and great nobles, not yet knighted. In *Villehardouin*, the son of the Emperor of the East is denominated *Varlet de Constantinople;*

and in the account of the house of Philip the Fair, the three children of that monarch, as well as several other princes, are styled *varlets.* Hence the prince, in a pack of cards, is by the French still called *Varlet,* and by the English *Knave.* This term, as well as that of squire, has two different significations. In the story of the *Trois Aveugles de Compiegne,* the attendant of a clerk is sometimes called *valet,* and sometimes *ecuyer,* the same name being applied to a servant and the son of a noble, or king. M. Le Grand is anxious to derive the two senses, in which the latter word is used, from two different sources; supposing that, when given to a noble, it is derived from *ecu,* as bearing the shield; and that, when applied to a more ignoble state of servitude, it owes its origin to *ecurie,* as a servant employed in the stable.—*See* Le Grand's Notes to the *Fabliau of Aucassin et Nicolette,* and the *Trois Aveugles de Compiegne,* Tom. iii.

Gay was the hull, and seemly to behold.—P. 7.

Such splendid barques are common in romance. In *Richard Cœur de Lyon,* messengers of Henry II. meet at sea a vessel of this description:

Suche ne sawe they never none;
For it was so gay begone.
Every nayle with gold ygrave;
Of pure gold was his sclave;
Her mast was of yvery;
Of samite her sayle wytly;
Her ropes al of whyte silke,
As whyte as ever was ony mylke.
The noble shyp was, wythout,
With clothes of gold spred about;
And her loft and her wyndlace
Al of gold depaynted was.

Self steer'd, o'er sparkling waves the vessel flew.—P. 7.

In the *Morte Arthur* is a fine wild adventure, which, in its commencement, bears some resemblance to the present. King Arthur, together with one of his knights, being separated from his suite, during a severe chase, perceives a beautiful barque at anchor on a lake. The monarch and his companion go on board, and are sumptuously entertained. The parallel between the two stories ends here, for Arthur, having fallen asleep, wakes prisoner in a dungeon.—*Morte Arthur*, Part I.

The *Lay of Gugemer* is built on an incident precisely similar to the present.

There is also an adventure of a similar nature in the romance of CLARIS AND LARIS, where a ferry is served by a self-navigated boat. But here the transport was conditional, and no disloyal persons might attempt the passage, but paid the price of such temerity with their lives.

Claris and Laris had been lovers during the lifetime of the lady's husband, and the despairing knight was reduced by passion to the last extremities. His mistress was, at this crisis, induced to try the healing power of a single kiss; a medicine which instantly restored him to his former vigour.

The husband of Laris dying opportunely, she passed this ferry in the enchanted barque, accompanied by Claris, in their passage to his father's kingdom, where he was to receive the last reward of his fidelity. Having nearly accomplished the voyage, considered as an incontrovertible test of virtue, she indulged in a strain of exultation, which experience proved to have been ill-timed; for, scarcely had she set foot upon the shore, when an invisible hand plunged her

backwards into the water. Justice was satisfied with this immersion, and she was dragged to land by her lover, who appears to have been more amused by the adventure than should seem consistent with the delicacy of a *preux chevalier*.

The fiction of these enchanted vessels is, together with many other parts of romantic machinery, to be found both in Grecian and in Celtic fable. In the eighth book of the Odyssey, Alcinous says to Ulysses:

> " So shalt thou instant reach the realm assign'd
> " In wonderous ships, self-moved, instinct with mind;
> " No helm secures their course, no pilot guides;
> " Like men intelligent, they plough the tides,
> " Conscious of every coast, and every bay,
> " That lies beneath the sun's all-seeing ray."
>
> POPE's *Translation of the Odyssey.*

Mr Macpherson has also given an extract from an old Gaëlic tale, which is built upon a similar foundation:

" Sgeir, [a] an ancient druid, though his command extended over " the elements, was dissatisfied with the narrow limits of his know- " ledge, and panted for a sight of the Green Island of the West. [b] " One day, as he sat meditating on a rock, a storm arose, and a " cloud, under whose skirts the waters were troubled, rushed to- " wards him. From its womb issued forth a boat, with her sails " bent to the wind, and hung round with a thousand oars; but it

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[a] *Sgeir* signifies, in Gaëlic, a rock in the sea.

[b] Termed *Flath Innis*, or *Flatheas*, that is, The Isle of Heroes; the paradise of Celtic mythology. The word is preserved in the Gaëlic translation of the English liturgy, where it stands for the Christian heaven.

"was unfurnished with mariners, itself seeming to live and move. "An unusual terror seized upon the druid. He heard a voice, "though he saw no human being: 'Arise, behold the boat of the "heroes! Arise, and see the green isle of those who have passed "away.'

"Under the influence of a secret but irresistible force, he em- "barked in the miraculous boat, and sailed, during seven days, in "the bosom of the cloud. His ears (says the tale) were stunned "with shrill voices; the dull murmur of winds passed him on ei- "ther side. He slept not, yet were not his eyes heavy. He eat "not, yet was he not hungry. On the eighth day, the waves swell- "ed into mountains; the boat was rocked violently from side to "side: The darkness thickened around him; when a thousand voices "at once exclaimed, 'The isle! The isle!' The billows opened "wide before him: The calm land of the departed rushed in light "upon his eyes."

Very little reliance is to be placed in the Gaëlic tales, as exhibiting faithful pictures of original Celtic superstitions; but Mr Macpherson has vouched the authenticity of this national legend by a passage from Procopius.

With stones of many-colour'd hues inlaid.—P. 8.

The description of this fairy building bears a great resemblance to the Castle of Tintagel, the residence of King Mark of Cornwall. The original describes these walls of Chedoire, as built *de marbre rouge et blanc, arrangé par compartiment en echiquier.* Those of Tintagel were composed of bricks, alternately red and blue. In other points, such as in being built near a capacious port, and commanding rich meadows and forests full of game, these two buildings almost

exactly correspond. *Vide* in Scott's SIR TRISTREM, Ellis's precis of a French romance on the same subject, page 206.

This edifice of Tintagel was supposed to have been built by giants. So the giant Beliagog, vanquished by Sir Tristrem, promises to build him a hall.

> Beliagogue in hight,
> Nought lain,
> An hall to make him bright,
> To Ysonde and Brengwain.
> *Sir Tristrem*, Fytte Third.

The erection of wonderful castles and palaces is the constant work of fairies and giants in romance. In addition to the castle of Chedoire, see the account of the fortresses raised by Melusine in France, and Morgue, the fay, in Britain, &c. This is also common to the Orientals. The genii, who were styled, by the Persians, Peries and Dives, were famous for their architectural skill. The pyramids of Egypt have been ascribed to them; and we are told of a strange fortress, which they constructed in the remote mountains of Spain, which presented the following inscription:

" It is no light task to disclose the portal of this asylum. The " bolt, rash passenger, is not of iron, but the tooth of a furious dra- " gon. Know thou, that no one can break this charm, till destiny " shall have consigned the key to his adventurous hand."

The Koran relates, that genii were employed by Solomon in the erection of his magnificent temple.

The explanation of this belief is sufficiently obvious; but it is so well expressed by Sir Joshua Reynolds, that I shall transcribe his words: " The travellers into the East tell us," says he, " that when " the ignorant inhabitants of those countries are interrogated con-

" cerning the ruins of stately edifices yet remaining amongst them, " the melancholy monuments of their former grandeur and long lost " science, they always answer, that they were built by magicians. " The untaught mind finds a vast gulph between its own powers and " those works of complicated art, which it is utterly unable to fa- " thom; and it supposes, that such a void can only be passed by su- " pernatural means."—*Discourse VI.* Vol. I. REYNOLDS' WORKS.

Beneath the porch, in rich mosaic, blaze
The sun, and silver lamp that drinks his rays.
Here stood the symbol'd elements pourtray'd.—P. 9.

This mosaic was probably intended for purposes of necromancy, as well as ornament. It is scarcely necessary to state, that judicial astrology was considered, during the middle ages, as one of the necessary helps to magic. In a work entitled, *Ars Magica, sive Magia Naturalis et Artificiosa, &c.* Cap. II. *De Sigillis Magicis,* are the following instructions for erecting certain astrological figures:

" *Ad favorem regum et principum conciliandum morbosque calidos* " *cordiales curandos, imago solis, in auro puro, primâ leonis facie, fa-* " *bricetur.*

" *Ad bona et honores adipiscendos morbosque cerebri frigidos curan-* " *dos, imaginem lunæ conferre,*" *&c.*[a]

Leo also, in his " History of Africa," gives an account of an astrological scheme, erected by the professors of *natural magique* in Fez, and states, amongst other devices, such as the sun, the moon,

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[a] To conciliate the favour of kings and princes, and to remedy hot diseases of the heart, form, in pure gold, the image of the sun entering upon Leo; that of the moon, for the attainment of wealth and honours, and the cure of cold diseases of the brain.

the seven planets, &c. that about the circumference of the first circle they "paynt the fower elements."—Leo's *History of Africa*, p. 149.

These were supposed to be possessed of peculiar virtues, and were each symboled by three of the zodiacal signs. A minute description of the properties and emblems of one will be sufficient: "*Igneæ triplicitatis, id est arietis, leonis et sagitarii figura, sculpta lapide pretioso, omnibus frigidis ægritudinibus valere perhibetur, opitulariq. febribus phlegmaticis, et ob planetarum, qui in illis signis tenent dominium, dignitatem, reddere deo et hominibus gratum, facundum, ingeniosum, honorumq. et dignitatum facile potiri valentem. Debet autem ita sculpi, ut in triangulo leo teneat conum, aries in basi dextram, sagittarius sinistram.*"[b] In the same manner, earth was represented by Taurus, Virgo, and Capricorn; air by Gemini, Libra, and Aquarius; water by Cancer, Scorpio, and Pisces.

And storied loves of knights and courtly dames.—P. 9.

In the romance of *Emare*, an emperor is presented with a cloth curiously wrought.

> In that on korner was made
> Idoyne and Amadas,
> With love that was so trewe:

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[b] The triple form of fire, that is, of Aries, Leo, and Sagittarius, represented in precious stone, is reported to be of avail in all cold ailments; to be serviceable in phlegmatic fevers; and, on account of the dignity of the planets who hold dominion in those signs, to render one acceptable to God and man, well spoken, witty, and capable to the enjoyment of honours and dignities. It ought, moreover, so to be pictured, that, in a triangle, Leo may hold the top, Aries, upon the base, the right, Sagittarius the left.

For they loveden hem with honour,
Pourtray'd they wer with trewe-love flour
Of stones bryght of hewe.

* * * * * * * * *

In that other corner was dyght,
Trystram and Isowde so bryght,
That semely were to see, &c. &c.
RITSON's *Metrical Romances*, Vol. II.

So in the hall, before mentioned, which Beliagog built for Sir Tristrem:

At his days, in the halle,
Swete Ysonde was wrought,
Hodain[a] and Pen Cru to call;
The drink hou Brengwain brought;
Marke yclad in palle,
And Meriadok, full of thought:
So liifliche weren thei alle,
Ymages semed it nought,
To abide;
And Tristrem how he fought
With Beliagog unride.

The use of ornamental furniture, representing historical, romantic, and Scriptural stories, was universal amongst the nobility of the middle ages. "I will add a new proof," says Warton, in his *History of English Poetry*, "of the reverence in which such stories were "held, and of the familiarity with which they must have been "known to our ancestors. These fables (romances) were not only "perpetually repeated at their festivals, but were the constant ob-

[a] *Hodain and Pen Cru*, two dogs so called.

" jects of their eyes. The very walls of their apartments were clo-
" thed with romantic histories." Then follows an account of suits of arras, thus wrought, too tedious to describe. Sometimes the work, which perhaps, as he observes, stood in much need of such illustration, was explained by short sentences in rhyme; Vol. I. p. 209. He traces this custom to a very distant source: " I have before
" mentioned," he continues, " that the most valuable, and perhaps
" most ancient, work of this sort, now existing, is the entire series
" of Duke William's descent on England, preserved in the church of
" Bayeux, in Normandy, and intended as an ornament of the choir
" on high festivals. Bartholinus relates, that it was an art much
" cultivated among the ancient Icelanders, to weave the history of
" their giants and champions in tapestry." He then proceeds to observe, that this practice, prevalent also amongst the nations of classical antiquity, was common to the countries of China and Japan.

Flores and maiden Blanchflower here were seen,
With trefoil and with true-love knot between.—P. 10.

The hero and heroine of a Spanish, or, more probably, an old French romance: their portraits in tapestry are represented as accompanied with such device. The true-love knot, in this place, as well from its being joined with the trefoil, as from a passage in Chaucer, which has been explained by Stevens, appears to have been an herb. He quotes from *Gerard's Herbal:* " *Herba Paris,* One
" berrie, or herb *Truelove;* at the very top whereof come forth fower
" leaves, directly set one against another, in manner of a Burgunnion-
" cross, or a true-love knot; for which cause, amongst the ancients,
" it hath been called Herbe True-love."

Here to child Tristram, &c.—P. 10.

The story of Tristram and Yseult is too well known to require a comment.

Here stood fair Guenever, &c.—P. 10.

Queen Guenever, sentenced to the stake for her loves with Sir Launcelot, was rescued by that knight. This incident gave rise to a severe and bloody war between the Suzerain and his vassal, during which Sir Launcelot exhibited a degree of generous forbearance, which might seem almost to atone for his past disloyalty.

At length Arthur is recalled from France, the scene of hostilities, by news of an invasion of Britain, under the conduct of Modred, who stood towards him in the double relation of nephew and son. He is warned, by the ghost of Sir Gauvaine, in a dream, to delay the battle till the arrival of Sir Launcelot, who, with unparalleled gallantry, was hastening to his assistance. Under the impression of this vision, he requests a conference with the enemy. A parley is agreed upon, and a certain number of knights accompany their respective princes to the place of rendezvous. Each, however, suspicious of the other, advises his troops, that a sword shewn on either side is to be considered as a signal for the onset. One of the party, stung by an adder, draws his sabre to destroy it. The armies instantly join; an almost universal slaughter ensues; Modred is killed, and Arthur desperately wounded. In this situation, he confides his sword Excalibar to Sir Bediver, the butler, with directions to throw it into a neighbouring river. After some evasions and delay, he complies with this injunction, when a hand appears from the waters, and, after brandishing it thrice, vanishes from view. Soon after-

wards arrives a barge full of weeping damsels, who carry King Arthur from the land. From this time he is heard of no more. Sir Bediver, however, gathers from the conversation of these damsels, that it was Morgue, with some sister Fairies, who came to convey the king to the isle of Avalon[a] for the recovery of his health; but that his tardiness in fulfilling Arthur's commission, apparently the signal for their arrival, might frustrate those benevolent intentions.

Some affirm, that the king's body was found on the field of battle, and afterwards royally interred; some, that he died in the isle of Avalon; some, that he lives there still, and will hereafter reign over Britain.

As for Queen Guenever, she departed this life, a most repentant sinner; as did her lover Sir Launcelot, who assumed the hermit's frock. As he appears never to have changed the hair shirt which he wore next his skin, from his first adoption of that garment to the time of his decease, he may truly be said to have died *en odeur de saintété.*

Nor dulcimer, nor harp, nor rote he spies.—P. 12.

These were necessary appendages to the tables of the great, whose feasts were enlivened by the recitation of tales or romances, by lays sung to musical instruments, and tricks of jugglery and legerdemain. The nobility, in general, enjoyed these amusements only on solemn festivals, or on the accidental arrival of a troop of minstrels or jugglers at their castles; but kings and great princes, whose revenues

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[a] *Innis Avalon,* is, in Welch, the Isle of Apples. *Innis Abhallan* (pronounced in the same manner) has, in Gaëlic, a similar meaning.

enabled them to purchase such a constant source of amusement, entertained a troop of these men on permanent pay.

——————*fast by, a string*
Was touch'd, &c.—P. 13.

Though this is not in the original, many points of resemblance between the romance, and the story from which the idea is borrowed, will form the subject of some future note.

Claret and pigment crown'd the rich repast.—P. 14.

Claret was wine mixed with honey; and pigment, wine medicated with both honey and spice. This was the *vin du coucher*, of which we so often read in old memoirs and romances.

——————*a bed,*
With milk-white furs of Alexandria spread.—P. 14.

Furs, carpets, and precious stuffs, formed the stratum of beds during the middle ages. These, as well as all other articles, the production, or manufacture of the East, were imported from Alexandria, the entrepôt between Europe and Asia previous to the discovery of the Cape. In Paris, so late as the seventeenth century, it was the practice to adorn the beds of the sick at the *Hotel Dieu*, on the feast of the Assumption, with coverlets of fur.

It was customary with women of quality to leave their beds, with all their accompanying ornaments, as knights did their horses and arms, to the church in which they were buried. This usage was, like many other practices, (so dangerous are precedents in piety,) changed by the clergy into obligation and law.

——————— *o'er all was flung,*
A rare-wrought coverlet of phœnix plumes.—Pp. 14. 15.

It seems probable that the feathers of the Bird of Paradise are here meant by the romancer; as Brown, in his VULGAR ERRORS, states, that, even in his time, (the seventeenth century) their plumes passed for those of the phœnix. These were imported, together with other productions of the East, before mentioned, from Alexandria. The use to which they are in this place applied, is but of a piece with the general picture of exaggerated luxury and magnificence presented to our view.

Various fowls have, in different countries, usurped the name and honours of the phœnix, though they do not seem to have possessed any of her marvellous properties. This bird was supposed to be single in its species, to exhibit the most brilliant variety of plumage, and to enjoy a life of miraculous duration, the lowest calculations fixing it at a period of three hundred years. The term of her existence drawing to a conclusion, she was said to construct a funeral pile of aromatic woods and spices, to fire it with the motion of her wings, and expire in the flame. From her ashes sprang a worm, which was in time transformed into a bird, clothed with all the beauty and fabulous properties of the parent. This idea, it has been justly observed, was probably suggested by the metamorphosis of the libella, or other insects of the same class. Different writers have assigned Ethiopia, Arabia, and other Asiatic countries, as the abode of this natural wonder.

According to Dr Brown, many learned men have conceived the whole an ingenious allegory of the immortality of the soul.

This bird was, amongst the Egyptians, a hieroglyphic of the sun. For the various opinions that have been broached upon the subject, as well by naturalists, philosophers and divines, See BROWN's *Vulgar Errors.*

Melior in sooth it was; the sovereign fay.—P. 15.

The fays, in romance, are to be classed under two separate heads: the first order was a sort of link between men and spirits; as the dryads and other earthly deities were, amongst the ancients, an intermediate race between men and gods. They possessed many qualities in common with the *nymphæ sorores*, such as beauty, gentleness of disposition, a fondness for sequestered scenes, and, above all, a love of mankind, not always perfectly disinterested. Such are the Fairies in the lays of Lanval and Gruélan; such are Pressine and Melusina. These, though yielding to the dictates of passion, were tender and constant in their attachments: the two latter, indeed, sanctified their joys by a legitimate union with their lovers. Others, again, like Morgue, were less delicate in their amours; these seduced and imprisoned their admirers, and were the Circes of romance.

The supposition that the Fairies of Europe are derived from the Peris of Persian fiction, seems to be placed almost beyond dispute, by the resemblance between the generic name of this class (the Persian letter *P* being, in the Arabic, changed into *F*,) and the particular names borne by individuals, both in Eastern and Western fable. Such are the Urgandas and Mergians of Oriental extraction, whose names are recognized in the appellations of the Urganda and Morgana of Europe. Vide WHARTON's *History of Ancient English Poetry.*

Very contradictory opinions seem to have been entertained in Europe respecting the state and powers of these creatures of fancy. One while we are led to suppose them elevated infinitely above the lot of mortality, and, at another, to consider their rank in existence as not comparable to our own. In the lay of Lanval, we see his fay eclipsing the splendour of a queen; and, in the history of Melusine, we find her mother, the Fairy Pressine, enlarging upon the advantage her daughter enjoyed, in inheriting a mixture of mortal blood, and in being the issue of a king. This apparent contradiction perhaps arose from the opinion entertained by many, and quoted from Paracelsus by Lewis in his history of Britain, viz. that they were without souls. He moreover affirms, that when they cohabit with the children of Adam, the children are of our blood, and not of theirs. This opinion is, however, contradicted by the most authentic histories of faÿery, particularly that of Melusine, herself a Fairy, whose children gave evident proofs of elfin blood, though their mother was only half bred, and their father a mortal.

I should here also mention another point of resemblance between the European and Asiatic Fairy. All these sons of Melusine were distinguished, either by some personal deformity, or strange violence of temper. From the story of Pari, or, more properly, Peri Banou,[a] this appears to have been the case with the male descendants and relatives of the Oriental Fairies. The singular portrait of Banou's brother, his deformity and ferocity, are perhaps deeply impressed on the memory of many of my readers.

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[a] *Peri Banou,* according to Herbelot, signifies a good Fairy. *Benon,* or *Beni al Gian,* says this author, is another name for the good spirits who separated from the rebellious crew by Eblis or Lucifer.

The other class of Fairies, so frequent in romance, were nothing more than women skilled in magic. This science, when founded on astrology, and styled *magia alba*, was not generally considered unlawful, though many entertained and supported a contrary opinion. This appears to have originated in a variety of causes. Some only deprecated the exercise of the science, as a bold inquiry into futurity, or assumption of power not naturally vested in man; others considered it as a mere cloak for darker practices, and thought that the planets,

> ——————— tho' these did pore
> Their eyes out, could not tell them more
> Than the oracle of sieve and shears,
> That turns as certain as the spheres;
> But, if the dev'l was of their council,
> Much might be done.

A third class seems to have been, in after times, scandalized by the looseness of religious principles, amongst the proficients in judicial astrology, and from thence to have deduced conclusions very unfavourable to the science they professed. This charge, for the evidence of which see SULLY'S MEMOIRES, Book XII. &c., appears to have been well founded, and is to be very simply explained. For, as we have observed many, even in the present times, only reject the light of revealed religion, in order to plunge into superstitions, more gross than those of the most corrupt of the Christian churches, so men were still more liable to these extremes before philosophy had established a medium, which, though less offensive to reason, has been equally mischievous in its effects.

Though, in romance, there are instances of knights dabbling in magic, we shall generally find this science ascribed to clerks (*i. e.*

men of letters) and women. Perhaps a skill in faÿery, so often assigned to ladies of distinction in the old romances, may be attributed to their superior education. In the MORT D'ARTHUR, we find, that Morgue, the fay, was " put to schole in a nonnery, where she learn-" ed so much, that shee became a great clarke in nygromancy;" and, in the ballad of King Honor, his widow having, from motives of policy, for a time exchanged children with the wife of Wise William, says to that lady;

" And ye maun learn my gay goss hawk
" Right weel to breast a steed;
" And I sall learn your turtle dow
" Right weel to write and read."
See BORDER MINSTRELSY.

Thy wish forego!—P. 17.

The reader will here perceive one of those traits to which I before alluded.

Falcons and tiercelets I mew for flight.—P. 17.

Hawking, an amusement pursued with almost as much enthusiasm as hunting during the middle ages, was continued throughout Europe, till it was superseded by the general use and improved manufacture of guns. From the tenth to the fourteenth century, we frequently find hawks demanded and furnished as articles of tribute; and we have, in various stories of those times, evidence of the extravagant degree of estimation in which these birds were held. They were, indeed, considered as symbols of high estate, and, as such, were constantly carried about by the nobility of both sexes. Barclay, in his translation from Brandt, complains of the indecent usage

of bringing them into places appropriated to public worship; a practice which, in the case of some individuals, appears to have been recognized as a right. The treasurer of the church of Auxerre enjoyed the distinction of assisting at divine service, on solemn days, with a falcon on his fist; and the lord of Sassai held the privilege of perching his upon the altar. Not only did the nobility of the middle ages take these birds with them on journeys in time of peace, they even carried them into battles; and, as nothing was thought more dishonourable to a man of rank than to give up his hawk, they, if taken prisoners, frequently refused to resign them, even as the price of liberty.

Falconry, from the situations in which it was usually pursued, was, as has been before stated, styled the mystery of rivers, in opposition to hunting, which, for similar reasons, was denominated the mystery of woods. It at first appears difficult to conceive, how an amusement, which can, as it is now pursued, be only enjoyed in perfection in an open country, even by bold and expert horsemen, could have been successfully exercised on such ground as the banks of rivers usually afford. But the solution of this difficulty is to be found in the peculiar flight of the heron, the most favourite bird of chase; who, instead of taking a horizontal direction, as is the case with field birds, rises perpendicularly to a great height, on finding himself the object of pursuit; while his enemy, using equal efforts to out-tower him, at length gains the advantage, swoops upon him with prodigious force, and strikes him to the ground. The whole of this contest, therefore, might be easily viewed without the spectators moving far from the spot where the game was sprung.

Hawking, which seems most probably to have been of Eastern invention, cannot, in Europe, be traced higher than the beginning of the fourth century.

And at thy morrow's rising thou shalt find
A wonderous horn, &c.—P. 17.

Horns, endued with magic virtues, are common presents in romance. In the history of HUON DE BOURDEAUX, Oberon, king of Faÿery, presents the hero with a bugle, one of whose virtues was to inspire whosoever heard it with such extravagant mirth, that they were utterly unable to repress the transports it occasioned. But it had another more useful property: At the first note sounded in any time of danger, his Elfin majesty arrived to the immediate succour of him who blew it, at the head of an hundred thousand men. Its virtues were, however, conditional; and Huon was advertised, that to recur to his horn but in the most imminent crisis of peril, or to stain his conduct by any breach of loyalty, would be to forfeit its powers, and subject himself to the uttermost distress.

Huon was in repeated disgrace with the Fairy king for an abuse of his present; but the good-natured monarch, conscious of the almost irresistible temptation to which he had subjected him, did not cancel its powers, till provoked by a more serious offence, namely, a flagrant act of disloyalty.

This was unfortunately at a time when Huon most needed his assistance. He had been sent, by Charlemagne, who covertly sought his destruction, on an embassy to Gaudisse, a Paynim admiral.[a] This legation was not likely to be received by that prince with much complacency; inasmuch as the envoy, in addition to a de-

[a] *Admiral*, Emir. The word is compounded of *emir*, or *amir*, a "commander, or "prince," and the article *al*, of; thus *emir al omera*, "commander of commanders." Europeans, ignorant of the language, formerly joined the two words together; and hence admiral, now used in a limited sense.—HERBELOT's *Dictionary*.

mand of a thousand varlets, a thousand damsels, a thousand hawks, a thousand vultures, and a thousand bears, a handful of the Paynim's beard, and four of his jaw teeth, was directed to kiss his daughter, and to cut off the head of the most distinguished of his barons. Huon having penetrated into the Admiral's garden, in the prosecution of this perilous enterprize, bethought him of his enchanted horn, which he immediately sounded with all his might. But, alas, its principal virtue was lost! No Oberon arrived. Its mirth-inspiring quality, however, remained; for, at the first sound, says the tale, "*L'Admi-* "*ral Gaudisse, qui assis estoit au disner, se leva de la table; luy que le* "*servoit de vin, et tous ceux que là dedans estoient, dames et damoyselles,* "*pucelles, escuyers, et garçons, et soullards de cuisine vindrent au pa-* "*lais ou estoit l'Admiral, et là commencerent tous à danser et à chanter* "*par une si grande joye, que si a ceste heure là on les eust veu, on ne se* "*fust peu tenir de rire: et de tant plus fort cornoit, de tant plus fort* "*dansoient et chantoient.*" The Admiral, however, does not seem to have relished dancing upon compulsion; for he, the instant a suspension of the music allowed him breath, dispatched his barons, in hostile array, against the unfortunate musician.—*Histoire de Huon de Bourdeaux.*

The value of the horn, endued with fairy virtues, may be estimated by the following quotation from an old work on magic. Amongst other things, the author enumerates, "*libram, gemmam, vel cornu* "*magicum, quibus habitis, facile si quis vellet, se mundi monarcham in-* "*stituerit.*"[a]—Arbatelus de Magiâ apud Veteres.

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[a] A book, jewel, or magic horn, by the possession of which, any one, who should choose it, might render himself sovereign of the world.

I wrought the wonderous chase, and roused the boar,
That forced thee from thy train, &c.—P. 18.

So, in the Metamorphosis of Picus, Circe decoys that prince into her power, by means of a magic boar:

——— *effigiem, nullo cum corpore, falsi*
Fenxit apri, præterque oculos transcurrere regis
Jussit et in, densum trabibus, nemus ire videri.
OVID. Metamor. Lib. XIV.

The principal incident in an old Irish poem, entitled, *Laoidh na Sealga*, or the Lay of the Chase, the original of which, with a poetical translation, is to be found in Miss Brooke's *Reliques of Irish Poetry*, very much resembles the beginning of this adventure. Fingal, with two of his dogs, is alone engaged in the pursuit of a beautiful doe, which leads him from Almhaim, in the province of Leinster, to Slieve Guillin, or the mountain of Guillin, part of which is in Ulster, and part in Armagh. Here he loses sight of the quarry, but, in its lieu, discovers a beautiful damsel, weeping by the side of a lake. This damsel, of course, turns out to be an enchantress; but the remainder of the story bears no affinity to the present.

The reader will also in this, as well as other parts of this adventure, observe a great resemblance to one of the Persian tales; but I defer making any further remarks on this head to another place, since the discussion must necessarily anticipate the catastrophe of the romance. There is also another Oriental story, which bears a strong likeness to the commencement of this adventure. A young prince is seduced into the pursuit of a beautiful antelope. He stops his horse, after a fruitless chase, under the walls of a ruined town,

and perceives a beautiful girl weeping bitterly. Here, as well as in the Celtic fable, the resemblance ends.—SCOTT'S *Persian and Arabic Tales.*

Their necks were circled round with burning gold.—P. 20.

The pomp displayed by our ancestors in every thing that related to the chase, manifested itself in the richness of the hoods with which their hawks were veiled, and the precious metal which composed the collars of their dogs. The latter piece of magnificence may be traced to a very early period. In the Song of Thrym, that Icelandic giant is thus described:

> High on a mound, in lofty state,
> Thrym, the king of the Thyrsi, sate:
> For his dogs he was twisting collars of gold,
> And trimming the manes of his coursers bold.
> *See* HERBERT'S *Specimens of Icelandic Poetry, &c.*

It seem'd as from one dam their blood they drew;
So match'd they were in shape, and all of sable hue.—P. 20.

From the description of these dogs, we must conclude, that they were either familiar, or subordinate spirits, subjected to the Fay by her skill in necromancy; nor ought we hence to form any conclusions unfavourable to the innocence of her art, as two of the seven sciences into which lawful magic was divided, gave its professors the dominion over familiar and elementary spirits: But of this more hereafter.

The colour of black was sure to throw any dog under the suspicion of being somewhat more than dog; and, as the vulgar did not understand the difference between good and evil spirits, or enter

into the distinctions of lawful and unlawful magic, he was usually considered " as little better than a lost monster."—" Simon Magus, (says Haywood in his *Hierarchy of Angels*) " had a great blacke dog " tyed in a chain, who, if any man came to speake with him whom " he had no desire to see, was ready to devoure him." This vigilant guardian of a philosopher's leisure is immediately afterwards determined to be a familiarized evil spirit.

Cornelius Agrippa was also much scandalized on account of a black dog who had been long domesticated with him, and whom he is said to have dismissed, in the article of death, with a memorable malediction. The animal being at the same time freed from a magic collar, immediately fled from his master's presence, and, leaping into a river, (different authors assign different scenes for his exit) disappeared beneath the stream.

The philosopher and his dog have, however, been fortunate enough to find an advocate in Wierus, the friend and pupil of Agrippa, who resolves the story into nothing more than that the said reputed conjuror had a dog and a bitch, respectively known by the names of *Monsieur* and *Mademoiselle*, of whom he was ridiculously fond. He denies the awful dismissal of one of these animals, &c.—WIERUS, *Liber de Magis Infamibus*, Cap. V.

And these the damsel gave, in hall or bow'r,
To cheer by whiles the solitary hour.—P. 21.

These dogs were perhaps not only given to her lover by the fay, as companions during her absence, but as a necessary appendage of princely establishment. As such, they ranked high amongst the presents offered to kings. The degree of estimation in which they were held was of long continuance. It was a saying of Francis I., that the

poorest gentleman of France might well receive his king, "*s'il avoit "à lui montrer un beau cheval, un beau chien, et un belle femme.*"

In the Lay of Lanval, his fay, (and much stress is laid upon the pomp of her equipage,) appears, preceded by a beagle. From this, as well as a thousand other instances, and more particularly from the custom of placing the effigies of a dog at the foot of the figure in old sepulchral monuments, it is apparent that these animals were considered, equally with falcons, as symbols of distinction. The reason for both is obvious. The chase was the exclusive right and amusement of the nobility: The emblems of the first, therefore, became the favourite ensigns of the latter.

——————— *and could of lore,*
And eke of ancient tales, a countless store.—P. 21.

This was, as it usually is amongst all unlettered people, considered a most desirable female accomplishment during the middle ages.

——————— *Northmen whelm*
Dire havock upon Gaul's defenceless realm.—P. 23.

The original makes this the last invasion of the Normans.

Myself huge store of treasure will supply;
With this bold chiefs and bands adventurous buy.
* * * * * * * * * * * * *
Then bid thy vassals to the tented plain.—Pp. 23. 24.

The mode of levying forces, like most other grand features of national policy, was, during the middle ages, founded on the same principles, however varying in detail, in almost every state in Europe. But as our business is at present with France, it will be necessary,

more immediately, to consider the system of feudal service in that kingdom; the rise of those bands of adventurers alluded to in the text; and, finally, the establishment of a more permanent force, which superseded the former undisciplined levies, with difficulty collected, with still greater difficulty held together, and oftentimes more dangerous to the prince by whom they were embodied, than the enemy whom they were assembled to oppose.

During many ages, there existed nothing that bore any resemblance to a regular army. At this time, all estates, whether the property of laymen, or ecclesiastics, were bound to furnish a fixed contingent of men for a certain period. This varied considerably in different fiefs of the same value and extent; appears to have been determined on no established principle, and was, in truth, often decided by the relative strength of lord and vassal. The longest period of military duty was, according to constitutional usage, only forty days; but Saint Louis compelled his feudatories to two months service. This was doubled by Philip the Fair. Very severe punishments were held out against defaulters; and, in the thirteenth century, a refusal to join the royal standard was followed by a confiscation of the fief.

The mode of levying this force was as follows: On the monarch's publishing his ban, his feudatories, in their turn, summoned and collected their vassals; whom they either sent under the command of subordinate officers, or, if the constitution of their fief obliged them, conducted in person to the field. The knights bannerets brought the bachelors, squires, men at arms, and serjeants. These formed the cavalry. The counts and viscounts, on the other hand, led the militia of the cities and towns; and of these the infantry was principally composed. The title of banneret was confined to no parti-

cular rank, but was given to great landholders, whether dukes, marquisses, earls, or barons, who were able to conduct under their banner a certain number of gentlemen, their immediate tenants. The bachelors *(bas chevaliers)* were the poorer knights, the squires, candidates for the order of knighthood, and the men at arms in the inferior class of gentry. The term serjeant, (in Latin *serviens*) originally signified one employed in the royal service, whether civil, military, or domestic. It was also applied to esquires, and valets of great lords. In the present instance, it seems to refer to those who were obliged to serve on horseback in the royal armies, as possessors of fiefs termed serjentries.—DUCANGE.

It was seldom that any very permanent advantage, whatever might be its first impression, could be reaped by an army so levied and composed. The constitution of this force was, however, in some degree amended by Louis the Gross, who materially strengthened the royal power, by taking from the nobles the charge of raising the militia, and placing it in the hands of municipal officers. But here ended the reform; for the king, finding it necessary to keep measures with these newly established authorities, did not venture to enlarge the constitutional period of service.

At length, towards the end of this century, the evil was again partially remedied, under the reign of Philip Augustus, by the enrolment of troops of adventurers alluded to in the text, composed of different nations, who, adopting warfare as a trade, offered their services to the highest bidder. The produce of certain additional imposts laid upon the people, combined with a wise and economical management of the royal revenues, enabled him to defray the charge of these mercenary levies.

But though much was gained by the establishment of a force, whose services were more valuable, in as much as they were more durable, and more dependent on the will of the sovereign than the constitutional levy, this was by no means an effectual remedy to the evils already noticed. These *condottieri* bore but a small proportion to the other troops, and were, indeed, neither so effectively mounted or armed as the feudal forces: For the mercenaries principally consisted of light horse and infantry, whilst the heavy cavalry, by whom the fortune of battles was, more especially amongst the French, usually decided, remained constituted as before. Add to this, that, though the services of these adventurers were to be insured by pay, they were exorbitant in their demands; and the soldiery of which they were composed, the refuse of Europe, became the scourge of the country under whose banners they were enrolled.

A refinement on the system of Philip Augustus was introduced by Philip the Fair, who purchased the aid of foreign troops from the sovereigns whom they served. But these also, as well as the "bands "adventurous," consisted entirely of infantry, or light horse.

Things remained in this state till the beginning of the fifteenth century, when the knights bannerets, exhausted by the long and bloody wars between France and England, declared to Charles VII., that they were no longer able to furnish their customary contingent, and, in consequence, demanded a remission of the military service of their tenants. Charles accorded this petition, and, in their place, erected a body of independent companies,[a] for the support of which

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[a] In French, *compagnies d'ordonnance*. This has been applied, in modern French, to free, or independent companies. I have therefore retained the corresponding idiom in our own language.

he imposed a specific tax upon the people. Thus, to a raw and undisciplined levy, was suddenly substituted a permanent force, at all times ready to strike, and equally well calculated to pursue the advantage which their state of readiness had enabled them to atchieve; grafting on native valour the benefits of an habitual obedience to their leaders, and implicit devotion to their monarch, whom they naturally regarded as the fountain of honour and of wealth.

Charles had also other, and not less pleasing, causes for self-congratulation on the measures he had adopted. The barons could no longer threaten and coerce their sovereign, under the pretence of assembling their dependents for his defence; while the prince himself had a formidable force at his sole disposal, ready to repress their insolence, or circumscribe their ambition. The disuse, also, of the old constitutional force, destroyed all essential chivalric distinctions, and speedily dissolved all "the various links and nice dependencies" of the feudal system. Thus, that which the barons sought as a grace, became, in reality, a death-blow to their power; so true is the maxim, "that political innovations commonly produce many effects besides those that are intended; that the direct consequence is often the least important; and that incidental, remote, and unthought of evils, or advantages, frequently exceed the good that is designed, or the mischief that is foreseen."

Nevertheless, some traces of knight-service remained, for a great length of time, in France. The *ban*, and *arrière ban*, though disused, were not actually abolished. Vestiges of these, indeed, are to be found even in modern times. The *arrière ban* was convoqued by Louis XIV., with what success is univerally known; and, in the year 1755, the noblesse of the neighbouring provinces, on a British

squadron taking possession of the isle of Aix, marched to defend the coast from invasion.—LE GRAND, &c.

By me she sends these rounceys stout, who bear
Large sums of gold, the sinews of the war.—P. 25.

In the same manner, an ancient knight bears supplies to, and defrays the expences of, Sir Raymondin, husband to the Fairy Melusine, by her direction.—HISTOIRE DE MELUSINE.

——————— *she falsely ween'd,*
The child a thrall to some enamour'd fiend.—P. 26.

The belief in Incubus's and Succubas was extremely prevalent during the middle ages, and, indeed, long outlived that æra. These dæmons were supposed sometimes to offer themselves, under the disguise of the night, and to depart without discovery; and sometimes to familiarize themselves with man or woman, for a length of time, under some borrowed shape. Wierus attributes the first belief to an obvious natural cause; (WIERUS *De Lamiis*, Cap. XIII.); and the veil of mystery under which intrigue is often pursued, will perhaps resolve the second wonder.

The frequency of these misfortunes afforded a plausible pretence to great ladies, for discouraging the marriage of their sons with ladies of doubtful birth and connections. In the History of Emare,

The old quene spakke wordes unhende,
And sayde, " Sone, thys ys a fende,
" In this wordy wede.
" As thou lovest my blessinge,
" Make thou never this weddynge,
" Cryst hit de forbede!"
RITSON'S *Metrical Romances.*

This belief seems to have been prevalent in Greece. Burton, in his ANATOMY OF MELANCHOLY, tells the following story: He quotes from Philostratus *De Vitâ Apollonii*, a Sophist, born at Athens according to some, according to others at Lemnos, who went to Rome in the reign of the Emperor Severus, and was entertained in the service of his philosophic wife, Julia Severa.

"Menippus Lycius, a young man, twenty-five years of age, going "betwixt Chencreas and Corinth, met a phantasm in the habit of a "fair gentlewoman, which, taking him by the hand, carried him "home to her house in the suburbs of Corinth; and told him, she "was a Phœnician by birth, and, if he would tarry with her, he "should hear her sing and play, and drink such wine as never any "drank, and no man should molest him; but she, being fair and "lovely, would live and die with him that was fair and lovely to "behold.

"The young man, a philosopher, otherwise staid and discreet, able "to moderate his passions, though not this of love, tarried with her "awhile, to his great content, and at last married her; to whose "wedding, amongst other guests, came Appollonius, who, by some "probable conjecture, found her out to be *a serpent, a Lamia;* and "that all her furniture was, like Tantalus's gold, described by Ho-"mer, no substance, but mere illusion. When she saw herself des-"cried, she wept, and desired Appollonius to be silent; but he would "not be moved; and thereupon she, plate, house, and all that was "in it, vanished in an instant. Many thousands took notice of this "fact, for it was done in the midst of Greece."

Burton concludes a sort of summary of similar stories with the following melancholy observation of Lipsius, which he seems to think equally applicable to the times in which he wrote: "One

" thing I will add, that I suppose that, in no age past, I know not
" by what destiny of this unhappy time, have there ever appeared,
" or shewed themselves, so many lecherous devils, satyrs, and genii,
" as in this of ours, as appears by the daily narrations and judicial
" sentences upon record."

——— *and she gave a fairy-philtre, &c.*—P. 27.

The effect of certain stimulating potions, as has been justly observed, evidently led to the superstitious belief in philtres and charms, of power to create an irresistible and lasting attachment. This has been a folly, not peculiar to the middle ages, but, till within the two last centuries, more or less the growth of every age and every clime. It is almost needless to say, that the celebrated loves of Tristram and La Belle Yseult sprung from this unfortunate source. Of such power was the *boire amoreuse*, of which they had participated, that the dog Hodain, who only licked the cup, partook of its inebriating influence, and became as faithfully attached to the lovers as they were unalterably devoted to one another.—SCOTT's *Sir Tristrem*, p. 293.

She spake, and at the name, like one aghast
He stared; the charm was broke, the witchery past.—P. 28.

There is certainly exquisite beauty in this incident. The name of the beloved object alone is sufficient to recall the perverted affections, and triumph over all the mysterious energies of magic.

There is an incident of a similar nature in TRESSAN's *Corps d'Extraits*, &c. Gerard de Nevers, having staked his domains against another petty prince, on the fidelity of his mistress, is, through the false testimony of his adversary, at once stript of his dominions, and driven

to an unwilling conviction of the falsehood of his love. After some time, satisfied, through a singular accident, of the treachery of his opponent, he wanders, a miserable outcast, in search of his slandered lady. He is at length entertained in the service of a prince, whose favour he had deserved by many heroic actions. Charmed by his valour, his beauty, and his accomplishments, the daughter of his lord becomes enamoured of him, and spares neither promises, nor prayers, to persuade him to a requital of her flame. The knight, however, is impregnable to her attacks, till his better sense is perverted by a magic philtre. This, at once, sweeps away every trace of his former passion, and kindles an immediate and irresistible desire for the love-sick damsel. The lady takes advantage of this happy change; and the father, though not aware of a most material reason for hastening the arrangement, is prevailed upon by his daughter to consent to her immediate union with his vassal.

In the mean time, the count's innocent but abused mistress, after undergoing every species of wretchedness and mortification, had found a friend and protectress in the sister of a certain duke. It happened one day, that, as the princess and her companion were amusing themselves with comparing the merits of two birds, each the favourite of its respective mistress, the princess enlarged much on the superior beauty of her own, which was a gold-finch, over a sky-lark, the fondling of her friend; when the latter took a jewel-ring from her finger, the token of Gerard's affection, and, casting it over the lark's neck, declared she would render him more brilliant than his gaudy rival. At that instant, the bird, escaping from her grasp, flew away, and left the damsel inconsolable for her loss.

It happened sometime afterwards, that, as the count was hawking at small birds, for presents to his new mistress, his merlin took the

identical lark which had escaped from the hand of his first love. The sight of the well-known jewel instantly dissipated all the delusions of magic; and he, awakening as from a dream, recommenced his search. He at length discovers his mistress, in a situation, the most afflicting to a lover, arraigned as the supposed murdress of her friend. He speedily challenges her accuser, who, vanquished in the lists, himself pleads guilty to the crime with which he had treacherously charged another.

That nothing might be wanting to the happiness of the lovers, the count soon after conquers, in judicial combat, the first false accuser of his lady, convicts him of his treason, and is re-established in his hereditary domains.—*Extraits du Corps des Romans*, TRESSAN.

For an incident of a nature almost exactly similar, See SIR TRISTREM.

An adventure of the same kind also occurs in the Irish MS. romance of *Farravla.*

PARTENOPEX DE BLOIS.

CANTO SECOND.

PARTENOPEX DE BLOIS.

CANTO SECOND.

WHAT minstrel harps to king or baron bold,
Hath mantle for his meed, or marks of gold.
I nathless, who to other boon aspire,
And sing at damsel's bidding, for mine hire,

Not one sweet smile can win, or kind regard:
'Tis well, forsooth, love is its own reward;
Since I none other guerdon hope to gain,
For all my waste of toil, and fruitless pain.
Of other mold was made that gentle may,
To whom the County pledged his ill-remember'd fay.

Him late I left, consumed with bitter cark
And self-remorse, on board the wonderous barque.
Safe harbour'd, once again the spirits moor
Their fairy charge; he springs upon the shore.
The nuptial bow'r he sought; the nightly spell
Wrought as before, the dying tapers fell.
'Twas silence all; and from each hope downcast,
He fear'd his crime divulged, and sentence past;
When, as it chanced of old, again the sound
Of a soft footfall echo'd on the ground;
Again the fairy, fresh in youthful charms,
Sprang to the couch, and clipt him in her arms.

But soon the dame (for guilt is ill to hide
In generous breasts) his troubled cheer descried;
And, with endearing sweetness, sought to know
The secret of his ill-dissembled woe.
Unpractised in deceit, the gentle youth
Strove not to varnish, or to wrest the truth.

"Child," cried the tender fay, "thy fault is light,
"Nor reck I of thy king, or mother's spite,
"While, unperverted by their cruel art,
"Yet turns to me thy fond, repentant heart."

She ended; and, in further sign of grace,
Seal'd his forgiveness with a fond embrace.
And quickly fled the night on gladsome wings;
For, as an ancient rhymer quaintly sings,
Solace doth never wear so bright a cast,
As when its sweets succeed misliking past.

Yet, soon again a prey to secret grief,
He from his Melior's bounty pray'd relief.
" Would she once more her subject spirits charge,
" To waft to Gallia's coast the fairy barge,
" As he but sought to soothe his friends' alarms,
" No further lett should hold him from her arms."

He said; and for a while, in mute distress,
The fairy paused; then thus:—" Thy wish possess;
" I force not, I, thy stay; yet, ah! too well
" The fruits of this ill-omen'd quest I spell."

But he, now school'd by love, already taught
Tricks which that master teaches in a thought,
Closed her warm lips with many a balmy kiss,
Cleped her his light, his life, his only bliss;
And, should he faulter, bade her know, that worth
And truth were past, and love was none on earth.

Nought said the doléful damsel in reply;
But, in the place of words, a deep-drawn sigh
Bespoke a deadly wound, beyond the reach
And salve of blandishment, or sugar'd speech.

'Tis certain, that the soul hath oft foretaste
Of matters, which beyond its ken are placed.
So mariners maintain, the yeasty seas
Will toss and tumble, as in strange disease,
While yet the rack doth neither come, nor go,
Big with strange mischief, ere the tempest blow.
Some haply might esteem such rare forethought
A painful privilege, too dearly bought.
Pardi, so should not I. Troth! I for this
Should barter, in exchange, no present bliss.
With me the present hour's a blank; I fare
Like one bewilder'd on some desert laire,
A prospect of unprofitable waste,
Within a cheerless horizon embraced.

Oh for a glimpse of what beyond is found!
Oh for an eye to pierce that liquid bound!

'Twas here the fay too well presaged; and much
I grieve this portion of my tale to touch.
Again the barque by favouring wind was driven
To Gallia's coast: Short space to joy was given:
The revels past, again with surer aim
The countess wrought to quench the prince's flame.

For this, with lowly suit and prayer, she bends
A sage and holy prelate to her ends.
His homilies I cast not here to preach;
Ill should I treat what he so well did teach.
Suffice, that, overborne, the boy believed
Some demon had his better sense deceived;
And from his mother, after holy shrift,
Received, with duteous cheer, a sovereign gift;
Which well, she said, might serve his doubts to clear,
And prove or sooth, or false, the prelate's fear.

It was a lamp, ywrought by fairy sleight,
So framed that nought might quench the wonderous light.
Well school'd the child departs; again afloat,
On Loire's clear bosom rode the fairy boat.
He climbs the deck; the vessel owns the breeze,
Snaps her light cords, and shoots athwart the seas.

Again his feet the fairy palace tread;
Again with costly cates the board is spread.
Now half-repentant of his purposed deed,
Now trembling at the priest's remember'd rede,
He to the nuptial chamber wends his way,
And, couch'd within her bower, expects the fay.

Alas! and she was witless, woe the while!
Of the false child's premeditated guile.
He, while the damsel to his bosom grew,
Wray'd with his better hand the lamp to view.

Struck with the beauties of a matchless face,
A masterpiece of loveliness and grace,
Back starts the boy, and, as he moves, the blaze
O'er her fair limbs and lovely figure plays.
Dishevell'd, all about her tresses hung,
And on each charm a softening shadow flung.
Meanwhile her eyes were closed, and not a streak
Of faint carnation tinged her faded cheek
But bitterly she sobb'd, and frequent rose
Her bosom, as convulsed with cruel throes.

He with one arm her body did embrace,
And gazed, in silent anguish, on her face;
She hung upon that arm, like to a flower
Half cropt, or overcharged with summer shower:
Then loud he call'd upon her name, and press'd
The lifeless burden to his throbbing breast.
Long fruitless was his pain, till with a sigh
She heavily 'gan ope each drooping eye,

To face page 78.

Smirke Junr. del.

Armstrong sc.

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And, for a little season, strove for breath,
Then sunk again, entranced in seeming death.

Again the boy his frantic plaint renew'd,
And to her lips of faded coral glued
His mouth, as he believed his kiss had might,
To breathe new life, or catch her fleeting sprite.
She starts upright; and her distemper'd gaze
A thousand passions strange at once displays;
Yet she within her breast that transport pent;
As one to sterner pitch of sufferance bent:
So paused awhile; then thus, with solemn air,
And features fixt in comfortless despair:

" Disloyal boy! is this, thy foul misdeed,
" Love's recompence? Is this my promised meed?
" Fool that I was, my fate I had foreknown,
" But that thy love I measured by mine own.
" Yet have thine utmost wish! attend and know
" The story of my shame, my sum of woe:

" Sprung from imperial sires, whose high com-
mand
" Stretch'd o'er Constantinople's subject land,
" That heritage, as thine, I view'd with pride,
" The princely portion of a loving bride.
" This scene of all my pleasures and my pain
" Is one poor lordship of that large domain.

" It was my father's will, to see me versed
" In secret arts, in early wisdom nursed.
" His wish I well fulfill'd; surpass'd in lore
" My masters, and unlock'd the hidden door
" Of mystic knowledge; every herb I knew
" Which sparkles to the sun, or drinks the dew.
" Wide was my sovereign skill in physic blown,
" And the sev'n sciences I made mine own.
" Mine art, an I had list to loose my power,
" Had sped through summer skies the frozen shower;
" Or strown amid the waste of wintry snows
" The scented eglantine and blushing rose.

" To this; the spirits of air, earth, flood, and flame,
" Heard my high hests, and trembled at my name.
" Yet did I ne'er my fairy sleight employ,
" Save at my father's will, to work him joy;
" Or when, enamour'd, I thy chase possess'd,
" And for thy love this fairy garden dress'd.
" But thou" (and, as she spoke, her aching heart
Cast forth a deep-drawn sigh) " hast marr'd mine art:—
" That art, which for thy sake I learn'd to prize,
" No more shall screen thee from my subjects' eyes.
" This truth thyself shalt witness to thy scathe,
" Like me a victim to thy broken faith.
" Who tend upon my rising, shall in you
" The spoiler of my virgin honour view."

Sore sobb'd the boy; she answer'd sigh for sigh.
So pass'd the night, till, in the farther sky,
First faintly peer'd the dawn of saffron hue,
And through the bower a glimmering twilight threw.

Then to her couch, as erst proclaim'd the fay,
Flock'd dames and damsels bright in rich array.
Ill may my verse depaint the strange surprize,
The rage that sparkled in those maidens' eyes;
And that,—the hardest to a wretch forlorn,
Nor yet inured to shame,—the freezing scorn
Of such, themselves by passion never tost,
Whose sleepy virtue little pain doth cost;
And, though it never swerved, for love, nor hate,
Did never prompt a deed was good or great.

Behind the courtly band, but not to blame,
To her dear Empress' bow'r Uraqua came.
Both the same womb to Grecian Milo bore,
By kindred blood conjoin'd, by friendship more.
To her her sister's loves from Ardenne's chase
Long since were known; advised of her disgrace,
She came; and at her beck the rest gave place.
Her looks in gentle tenderness were drest;
And first she clasp'd the mourner to her breast:

Then, ere the dame might give her sorrows way,
Thus, kind, prevents the self-accusing fay.

" Know me, sweet sister, for thy loving friend,
" Who fain this ill with counsel sage would mend.
" Since to the world thy partial love is known,
" Call its fair object boldly to thy throne;
" Nor let vain fears thy gentle bosom fill,
" His worth shall bend thy vassals to thy will:
" And, for I surely ween his mother's art
" Alone seduced his unsuspecting heart,
" Well shall his future love the boon repay:
" My life upon his truth and spotless fay!"

" Ah! sister mine," replied the royal dame,
" Plead not for yon base author of my shame.
" Hence let him speed, nor e'er again be found
" (Poor penance for his crime!) on Grecian ground.
" Hence let him part!" she said, and call'd aloud,
And to her presence bade the attendant crowd.

These,—for the sun had crimson'd o'er the skies,—
Now gazed upon the boy with alter'd eyes;
And mark'd each youthful grace and manly limb,
Scarce shadow'd out before in twilight dim.
Beauty, howe'er the sex that truth gainsay,
Still o'er the female breast holds sovereign sway.
Each, from a judge a party-zealot grown,
Felt for the pair, and made the case their own.
But most (such is the way with woman-kind)
The county's trouble touch'd each gentle mind.
About the youth with ready zeal they press'd;
('Twas all they could) this bore his trews and vest;
This, fringed with hunter's gear, the girdle pass'd
Around the stripling's slender waist, and last
About his neck the horn of ivory cast.
This was the horn, and these the weeds, he wore,
(Now faded, and with mildew rusted o'er)
When in good time he miss'd his woodland prey,
And, spell-directed, found the blooming fay.

He speechless stood this while; each sense was lorn,
It seem'd, in grief, too mighty to be borne.

Uraque now late perceived the county's fate
Was fixt, the fay relentless in her hate.
Him from the bow'r with gentle force she drew,
And whisper'd hints of bliss, and hopes untrue.
Thence passing to the gates, they view'd a crowd
Of Melior's vassals, factious, fierce, and loud.
He wist not of his risque, or if at all,
Him might no scene of menaced death appal.
Not so the dame; she, with superior grace,
Sign'd to the rebel lords to yield her place.
They, murmuring at her royal hest, made way,
And stern retired, as frustrate of their prey.

Forth fared the prince and maid; his gallant steed,
Fresh from the stall, a lusty groom did lead.

Fast by the haven side a barque was moor'd;
The county with his palfrey pass'd on board;
And, for she trembled for her hapless charge,
Uraqua with the child would climb the barge.

Quick from the shore the ready sailors cast
The cables, and uprear the cornel mast.
The cordage cracks, and, as the breezes sweep,
Swiftly the shallop skims the briny deep.

Upon the poop the county took his stand,
And gazed, in silent anguish, on the land,
By slow degrees still lessening from his sight,
Till the dim scene was lost in shadowy night.
Then on the deck his fever'd limbs he strews,
Regardless of the cold and sickly dews.
Straightway, there is such heaviness in woe,
He slumber'd; but cold comfort thence did grow;
For fancy brought the past again to view,
With circumstance of sorrow, strange and new.

Next, (for that mimic, as she still doth ply
Her random task with ever-roving eye,
Will often mar her web, then quickly piece,
With diverse dye, the party-colour'd fleece,)
He with his lief on mossy bank did sit,
In converse sweet and interchange of wit;
And it bethought him she, in amorous play,
His head upon her dainty lap did lay;
While music from about and underneath,
Such as earth owes not, did around them breathe.
He waked, and noise was none, save of the tide,
Soft rippling, as the barque did onward glide,
And of the creaking yards, which grated slow,
With melancholy murmur to and fro.

I not misrate the measure of his woes,
Who from his love a cheerless outcast goes;
Yet him kind nature's varied sweets some deal,
From that his soul-consuming care may steal.

The breeze, the bud, fresh-bursting into life,
The rivulet, with its pebbly banks at strife,
All, all, may to some sense, some charm convey,
And soothe awhile the wanderer on his way.
And when the garish lamp of day is out,
And the blue vault is set with stars about,
And pensive Philomel, that in the light
Sat mute, repeats her *Salve* to the night,
In rich and changeful descant,—though he borrow
Plaint of her plaint, and sorrow of her sorrow,
That vent of grief shall bring its own delight,
And soothe to softer tone his tortured sprite.

'Tis ill to choose betwixt; yet sorer pain
Is his, who, love-lorn, plows the watery main,—
The discord of the mutinous waves and wind
Shall speak no comfort to his troubled mind:
But he, as he still views on every side
The world of tumbling waters, drear and wide,

Shall needs lament, as one who cannot miss,
To think what gulph there is 'twixt him and bliss.

But to my tale; a tedious space o'erpast,
The Grecian galley mounts the Seine at last.
The space 'twixt ship and shore the bridge bestrides;
O'er this a page the prince's palfrey guides.
Uraque herself, descending on the strand,
Embraced the child upon his native land;
With tender cheer some words of comfort spoke,
Then from his circling arms, reluctant, broke.
The sailors, at her hest, their grapnel weigh,
And dash with equal strokes the scatter'd spray.

Wo was the child to hear the dame's command;
But when he saw her vessel quit the land,
His heart within him died, chill damps o'erspread
His visage, and his vital spirits fled.

Again with labouring pangs his breath he drew,
And on the parting galley fixt his view;
Again such anguish seiz'd his troubled sprite,
That the dim prospect swam before his sight.
So frequent ebb'd and flow'd life's crimson stream;
Till now the western sun's departing beam
Was lost beyond the hills, and evening sad
Had in her dusky mantle all things clad;
Then, weak and weary, in his sell he clombe.
Well could his horse the way, and slowly journey'd home.

And now a warning blast the watchman blew;
Nor wist he of his lord, how changed to view!
Ah! how unlike the gallant child, who late
Prick'd his keen courser through that leaguer'd gate,
To witch the world with chivalry! whose brand
Blazed like a beacon to his following band;

While oft the scatter'd paynims look'd behind,
Listening the victor's voice upon the wind;
Who cheer'd his troops to follow them that fled,
And heap'd Blois' ravaged fields with mighty dead.

Sore sigh'd the ward-gate as the bolts he drew,
And back the hoarse-resounding portals threw.
Onward the county fared, and came at last
To his fair castle, and the draw-bridge pass'd;
Nor stay'd his steed, but prick'd into the hall;
Well might his semblance strange the guests appal!
Admiring at his garb and haggard look,
Him from his sell the knights attendant took:
But when his lady mother forward press'd,
To clasp the long-lost treasure to her breast,—

"Hence, mother mine!" the frantic boy begun,
"Hence! once again I say. Some other son

" It now behoves thee seek; for me—that name,
" Wreck'd by thy wily treason, I disclaim."

He said; and sought his bow'r, to vent apart
The anguish which oppress'd his bursting heart.
Now grovelling on the ground his limbs he spread,
And call'd down heav'n's dire curses on his head;
Now on his lady mother cast the blame;
Now, wrought to phrenzy, on his sovereign dame
The license of his lawless speech had flung,
But truth and better reason tied his tongue.

Ah! well was he that he forebore to blame!
Misfortune be his lot and worldly shame,
Nor, dying, let him taste of heavenly bliss,
Whoe'er of dame, or damsel speaks amiss!
And sure no gentle clerk did ever vex
With foul discourtesy the sovereign sex,
But churl, or villain, of degenerate mind,
Brutal and base, the scandal of his kind.

Yet, lordings, if there live a losel, poor
In worth, though haply school'd in learned lore—
Hath he in word, or thought, the dames reviled?
—To graceful learning though his tongue be filed,
Though poignant be his wit, and keen his rage,
Here, gallants, at his feet I cast my gage.
Your poet to the proof the carle defies,
And to his teeth maintains the recreant lies.

END OF CANTO SECOND.

NOTES TO CANTO SECOND.

Hath mantle for his meed.—P. 69.

The present of a dress was, in unrefined periods of society in Europe, as well as in the East, a favourite and obvious mark of distinction, or of regard. It is still considered as such amongst the Asiatics, and is to be recognized amongst the customs of the islanders of the South Seas, and the savages of America.

Solace doth never wear so bright a cast,
As when its sweets succeed misliking past.—P. 71.

Sweet is solas after mislykeing.
IWAIN AND GAWIN.

It was a lamp ywrought by fairy sleight;
So framed, that nought might quench its wonderous light.—P. 75.

The treatises on natural magic are full of directions for making inextinguishable torches and lamps. I select one: "*Imple cannam* "*pulvere sulphureo et panniculo minutissimo fractis; deinde cerâ quic-* "*quid est investito, et incendito. Nullo flabello aut vento extinguetur.*" —Magia Naturalis, Artificiosa, &c.

As the wonders of every thing, which partakes of the marvellous, are usually exaggerated, these lamps and torches, which were possibly proof against wind and water, might, by a slight extension of

credulity, be supposed equally capable of resisting the power of time; and hence, perhaps, the fiction of ever-burning lamps suspended in sepulchres.

It was my father's will to see me versed
In secret arts, in early wisdom nursed.—P. 78.

I have before had occasion to remark, how frequently skill in the occult sciences was attributed to the daughters of nobles and of kings. The same persuasion, originating probably in the same causes, appears to have prevailed in the East. In the story of the *Second Calender*, the Lady of Beauty, only child of a great sultan, is a most potent enchantress. The queen of a kingdom, in the story of *Prince Bedir of Persia*, possesses the same science, and operates a marvel exactly similar to one of those accomplished in the preceding story. In the same tale, figures the redoubtable Labe, by birth a queen, by profession a sorceress. These two characters are also united in the cousin and wife of *the King of the Black Isles.*—Arabian Nights.

———————*every herb I knew*
Which sparkles to the sun, or drinks the dew.—P. 78.

"Some of the ancients, and likewise diverse of the modern wri-
"ters, that have laboured in natural magic," says Lord Bacon, "have
"noted a sympathy between the sun, moon, and some principal
"stars, and certain herbs and plants; and so they have denomina-
"ted some herbs solar, and some lunar, and such like toys put in-
"to great words. It is manifest, that there are some flowers that
"have respect to the sun in two kinds, the one by opening and
"shutting, and the other by bowing and inclining the head: For

" marygolds, tulips, pimpernel, and indeed most flowers, do open " and spread their leaves abroad when the sun shineth serene and " fair, and again (in some part) close them, or gather them inward, " either towards night, or when the sky is overcast. Of this there " needeth no such solemn reason be assigned, as to say, that they re- " joice at the presence of the sun, and mourn the absence thereof; " for it is nothing else but a little loading of the leaves, and swelling " them at the bottom with the moisture of the air, whereas the dry " air doth extend them; and they make it a piece of the wonder, " that garden-clover will hide the stalk when the sun sheweth bright, " which is nothing but a full expansion of the leaves. For the bow- " ing and inclining the head, it is found in the great flower of the " sun, in marygolds, wart-wort, mallow-flowers, and others. The " cause is somewhat more obscure than the former, but I take it to " be no other, but that the part against which the sun beateth, wax- " eth more faint and flaccid in the stalk, and is thereby less able to " support the flower."—*Natural History*, Cent. 5.

The knowledge of botany, in general, ranked high amongst the liberal sciences. Its estimation in the East is well known. In the story of *The King, his Son, his Concubine, and his Seven Viziers*, the young prince is sent to study under a certain sage. His education completed, he sets off for his father's court, and is met on the road by the grandees and servants of the realm, " who place before him " a herb, that he may describe its genus and properties."—Scott's *Arabic Tales*, &c.

Wide was my sovereign skill in physic blown.—P. 78.

Skill in medicine was a necessary accomplishment to Melior, as a damsel of illustrious birth, one of whose most imperative duties was

an attendance upon wounded knights, nor less so as a proficient in magic: The cure of all distempers, in the space of *seven* days, either by natural productions, characters, or by the instrumentality of the superior spirits, ranking first amongst the *seven* greater secrets of this art. It has been observed, that, "in days of ignorance, when first "causes were entirely overlooked, and secondary frequently and wil- "fully misrepresented, the *vis medicatrix naturæ*, or that wonderful "property of animated being, which enables it to conserve its own "existence, to repel injurious stimuli, and to restore its diseased "functions to the standard actions of health, contributed, perhaps, "more than any other circumstance whatever, to inspire the belief "in, and establish the reputation of, supernatural agency." The same observation will, however, equally extend to other difficult attainments; and, in the East, this is still the easy solution of every mystery in science or in art.

Even when the principles of science were more generally understood, its more secret springs were still attributed to the powerful energies of magic; and hence the confusion of ideas respecting the communication of knowledge to men, partly through ordinary and natural channels, and partly through occult intelligences and the influence of the stars, which gave rise to the supposed union between medicine and judicial astrology.

When men had arrived at the point of at least disentangling their ideas on these subjects, and were agreed to ascribe things directly, either to natural, or preternatural agency, the term, magic, though not necessarily implying commerce, either with spirits or the heavenly bodies, still comprehended all liberal arts and intellectual accomplishments. The divisions of the science were then as follows: *Ma-*

gia mathematica et philosophica, magia dæmonaica, magia præstigiatrix.

And the seven sciences I made mine own.—P. 78.

The magic of the middle ages seems evidently to have been derived from the Orientals. This supposition is founded, as well upon its connection with judicial astrology, as upon its divisions into *Magia Alba et Nigra.* The union between astrology and magic is observable in many of the Eastern tales which treat of preternatural agency; and, notwithstanding the more general belief, that the wizards of Asia wrought their marvels through the aid of the earthly intelligences, or subjects of Eblis (Satan), it is clear, that others were willing to ascribe their power to a purer source. Thus, in the *story of the Second Calender*, a princess, in performing an enchantment, repeats verses out of the Koran.

In shewing that similar ideas, as I have before hinted, prevailed in Europe, respecting the communication of marvellous powers through two distinct mediums, the one good, the other evil, we shall observe a singular agreement in some of the particulars, as well as the general principles of the belief which prevailed on these mysterious subjects, in both quarters of the world. Unlawful magic was, with us, supposed to be accomplished by express compact with the children of darkness; and the same bond of alliance is testified, by the authorities to which I have antecedently referred, to have been common between men and demons throughout the East. The lawful species of magic was, on the other hand, ascribed, in Europe, *to a converse with seven spirits, deputed to the government of the world by the Creator of all things, under his divine controul, and to be invoked only through him, and in his name.* We shall here, again, perceive

somewhat of coincidence between the creeds of Europe and of Asia. "The ancient Arabs," says Gibbon, in his DECLINE AND FALL OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE, "*adored the seven gods, or angels, who directed* "*the course of the seven planets, and shed their irresistible influence upon* "*the earth.*" A succeeding passage shews, that the most rational amongst the people, before the introduction of Islamism, acknowledged also *the existence of one supreme God.*[a] There is again a resemblance in the mode of performing an enchantment, in the name of the Almighty. A queen and enchantress, in the *Arabian Nights*, in order to restore Prince Beder of Persia, transformed into a bird, to his natural shape, pronounces the following adjuration: "By virtue "of these holy and mysterious words, which I have just pronoun- "ced, and *in the name of the Creator of heaven and earth, who raises* "*the dead, and supports the universe*, quit that form of a bird, and "reassume that which thou hast received from thy Creator."

But to leave this short parallel, I shall proceed to give an outline of the principles of this art, as delivered by the best authorities on the subject. To the spirits, before mentioned, supposed to be the vicegerents of the Most High, were subjected other inferior

Thrones, dominations, virtues, princedoms, pow'rs.

They were believed to reside in the planets, to rejoice in distinguishing characters or signs, and to be styled as follows: ARATRON, BETHOR, PHALEG, OCH, HAGITH, OPHIEL, and PHUL.[b] These seve-

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[a] See SALE's Preliminary Dissertation.

[b] These are Hebrew words, and proper names, apparently taken at random, and having nothing characteristic.

rally presided over matters supposed to be under the influence of SATURN, JOVE, MARS, SOL, VENUS, MERCURY, and LUNA.[b] Their powers are thus defined: Each ruling spirit, with all his subordinate authorities, acts sometimes according to the accustomed course of nature, and sometimes according to his own pleasure, if not controlled by the Creator of all things. Whatever he, in the course of time, forms out of predisposed matter, he is able to effect instantaneously out of matter not predisposed. This is exemplified in OCH, who administers solar affairs. This spirit is a long time maturing gold in the mountains; he prepares it in less time by chemistry; in a moment by magic.

These spiritual intelligences were supposed to preside over the SEVEN SCIENCES alluded to in the text.

I. The first was the art of converting any animate or inanimate substance into any other animate or inanimate substance.

II. The second was the secret of transmuting treasures into coals, *(carbo pro thesauro)* and (what seems more desirable) coals into treasures.

III. The third gave Familiars with a definite power.

IV. The fourth contained the knowledge of alchymy and medicine.

V. The fifth conciliated the Pigmies; certain hairy men, says my text.

VI. The sixth rendered the proficient invisible.

VII. The seventh made the barren fruitful, and bestowed longevity.

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[b] The Japanese suppose seven spirits, from whom they derive their origin.

SEVEN appears to have been the favourite cabalistic number: For there were also supposed to be *seven* operative powers, *seven* preparatory rules, *seven* divisions, *seven* laws, *seven* precepts, *seven* greater, and *seven* lesser secrets of the art, and *seven* texts of Scripture which referred to and acknowledged it. [a]

It may be remarked, that we read, in the *Arabian Nights*, of the *seventy* rules of magic.

Though the principles, on which lawful magic was built, were thus innocent, and though an exemplary life was deemed an indispensible title to the prosecution of the science, and one of the principal keys to the secrets and treasures which it contained, the writers on this subject treat it as a study replete with difficulty and danger. The third and fifth precepts of the art will best explain the nature of these perils.

A true and inspired (*divinus*) magician, says the third, governs all the creatures of God at his will; for the (spiritual) rulers of the world stand before him and perform his behests. But this is done through the Disposer of all things, as the sun stood still at the bidding of Joshua. To inferior magicians these send spirits, who obey them in

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[a] There appears, indeed, to have been, amongst almost all the ancient nations, a predilection in favour of seven, as a mysterious and significant number. The Jews, and from them the ancient Persians, and modern Mahometans, have affected it. The Greeks, also, in their seven liberal sciences, seven strings of the lyre, and seven pipes of the fistula, seem to have considered it as sacred or symbolical. "Some modern writers have hence "endeavoured to discover somewhat that is peculiar in this number; and they have ob- "served, that it is so combined of three and four, that the aggregate of the progressive "numbers to seven, makes four times itself, and is thereby the director of time, accord- "ing to the course of the two great luminaries, even as the moon finishes her course in "four times seven days."—*Introduction to Philip Von Strahlenberg's Description of Russia*, p. 84.

predestined matters; but they hear not the false magicians, or delude them with demons, as God enjoineth, and cast them into peril.

According to the fifth, a true and inspired magician is he who is called into the art from his mother's womb. All others are unfortunate; and to these applies the saying of John the Baptist: "No one "can take any thing unto himself, unless it be given him from "above."

This art was, according to Arbatel, communicated to man, sometimes even unsought, through a variety of channels; often by spiritual intelligences in dreams, and often in open intercourse, face to face. This author gives directions for the erection of a figure or scheme, by which the nature, rank, and duties of the spirit to be invoked, may be ascertained. He then directs the magician to adjure him in faith and constancy; nor to doubt, but that he shall obtain that which he seeketh from God, who is the father of all spirits. To this, continues the same author, succeeds the characteristic mode, that is, an invocation through the virtue of some character or sign, peculiar to each preternatural intelligence in a planetary day and hour.—ARBATEL, *De Magia.—Magia Naturalis, &c.*

Mine art, an I had list to loose my power,
Had sped through summer skies the frozen shower;
Or strown amid the waste of wintry snows
The scented eglantine and blushing rose.—P. 78.

The reputed magicians or jugglers of the middle ages appear to have attained a marvellous degree of skill in this species of *prestige.* We read of a vision of a garden, flourishing in fruit and flowers, being shewn to the Emperor of Germany, during winter, by Cornelius Agrippa. His courtiers were allowed to apply their knives

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to the bunches of grapes, which hung in the most tempting luxuriance, but were strictly prohibited from severing the fruit till a given signal from the necromancer. On this being exhibited, the fairy scene vanished, and each of the German lords was seen grasping his nose, in place of a bunch of grapes, with the fore-finger and thumb of his left hand, the right holding the knife, in readiness to cut. The story in Chaucer, of tricks of this nature performed by a clerk, has been quoted by Strutt, who supposes the magic lanthorn to have been the engine for working these apparent wonders. It should seem, however, that our ancestors were altogether better skilled in optical delusions than ourselves.

————the spirits of air, earth, flood, and flame,
Heard my high hests, and trembled at my name.—P. 79.

The third, amongst the seven greater secrets of magic, enabled the proficient in that science to hold the elementary spirits in subjection.

Yet did I ne'er my fairy sleight employ,
Save at my father's will, to work him joy.—P. 79.

Here Melior probably alludes to the exhibitions which I have observed upon in a preceding note.

The reluctance which she shews to the exercise of her art, does not necessarily imply any doubt of its innocence, but is founded on one of the most imperative precepts of magic. As we are enjoined, in common life, to use the gifts of fortune with moderation, so was it deemed incumbent, both on the professors of the occult sciences and of alchymy, as well from moral scruples as prudential motives, to observe equal temperance in the enjoyment of the powers these

sciences bestowed. All the works on lawful magic abound with exhortations of this nature; and, in one, the proficient is recommended to have particular consideration for the ease of the spirit invoked, who, the author observes, is very much dissatisfied at being detained above an hour. This rule does not, however, extend to a familiar.

That art, which for thy sake I learn'd to prize,
No more shall screen thee from my subjects' eyes.—P. 79.

Two evils are the consequence of Partenopex's infringement of the promise he had given, to forbear from any attempt to view his mysterious love, till their *belle passion* should be sanctioned by the church. The first is, the destruction of Melior's fairy power; the second, the separation of the lovers. The latter consequence of his indiscretion is paralleled in many stories, both Eastern and European, and will form the subject of a subsequent note. The first incident appears to be perfectly original, though the principle of the fairy herself being severely punished, independently of the unhappiness she shared in common with her guilty lover, is recognized in the *History of Melusine*, between which and the present fable there exists a singular, though confused resemblance. I give a short account of the story which forms the groundwork of that celebrated romance.

The Fairy Pressine becomes enamoured of a king of Albany, (I suppose Scotland) and espouses him, on the condition of his never attempting to see her *pendant sa gesine.* She bears him three daughters at a birth; the first named Melusine, the second *Melior*, and the third Palatine. The king, forgetful of his compact, enters her apartment during the period of her accouchement; and the fay, after

reproaching him with his breach of promise, quits him for ever, and retires with her daughters into the isle of Avalon. These, arriving at years of discretion, are instructed in the disloyalty of their father, which they secretly determine to revenge. In pursuance of this resolution, they shut him up *dans la haute Montagne de Notheebelande,* (probably Northumberland) where he expires, after a long captivity. Though Pressine either could not, or would not, release him, she demeans herself, upon his death, with all the decorum befitting a widow of romance. She builds him a magnificent tomb, and stations the largest giant, that was to be had, for its defence. Nor is this all; she deemed herself bound to avenge, as well as to honour his memory, and thus passes sentence on the authors of his fate: "*Toy, Mélusine, qui est la plus ancienne, et qui deusse estre la plus* "*cognoissante, tout ce est venu par toy. Car je scay bien que ceste* "*chartre a esté donnée par toy á ton pere; et pour ceste cause, tu en* "*seras la premiere punie; car nonobstant la verité du germe de ton* "*pere, toy et tes sœurs eust attrait avec soy, et eussiez en brief esté* "*dehors des mains de l'adventure des Jamphes* (perhaps *Nymphes) et* "*de faées, sans jamais y retourner; desormais je te donne le don que tu* "*seras touts les samedis serpent depuis le nombril en bas; mais si tu* "*trouve homme qui te vieulle prendre a espouse, et qu'il te promette que* "*jamais le samedy ne te verra, ny le declarera à nulle personne, tu viu-* "*ras ton cours naturel, et mourras comme femme naturelle; et de toy* "*viendra moult noble et vaillante lignée qui sera grande et de haulte* "*proüesse; et si d'aventure tu estois decelée de ton mary, tu retourner-* "*as au tourment auquel tu estois paravant, et seras tousiours sans fin,* "*jusquez à ce que le tres-hault juge tiendra son grand jugement, et tu* "*apparoistras par trois iours devant la forteresse, que tu feras, et que* "*tu nommeras de ton nom, quand elle va muer de seigneur; et aussi,*

" *quand un homme de ta lignée deura mourir. Et toy, Melior, je te*
" *donne en la grande Armenie un beau et riche chasteau, ou tu garde-*
" *ras un Esprevier jusques a ce que le redempteur tiendra son grand*
" *jugement; et tous chevaliers de noble lignée qui y voudront aller veil-*
" *ler la surveille de la veille le vingtiesme iour de Juin, sans sommeiller,*
" *auront de toy un don de chose qu'on peut avoir corporellement, c'est*
" *à sçavoir des choses terriennes, sans demander ton corps ou ton amour*
" *pour marriage, ou autrement; et tous ceux qui le voudront demander,*
" *sans eux deporter, seront infortunez jusques à la neuffiesme lignée, et*
" *seront dechassez de leurs prosperitez du tout en tout. Et toy, Pala-*
" *tine,—tu seras enclose dans la montagne de Guido à tout le thresor de*
" *ton pere, jusquez à ce qu'un chevalier viendra de nostre lignée, lequel*
" *aura tout le thresor, et s'en servira pour ayder à la conqueste de la*
" *terre de permission et te delivrera de là.*"

My readers will probably agree with me in opinion, that this story, or, at least, the tradition on which it is founded, was of an earlier date than the Romance of Partenopex, towards the formation of which it seems to have furnished some material hints.

> *Hence let him speed! nor e'er again be found*
> *(Poor penance for his crime,) on Grecian ground.*
> *Hence let him part!*——P. 81.

This speech would, at first sight, lead to the belief, that the banishment of Partenopex was a voluntary act of Melior; but the declaration which she makes at their first interview, of this being an unavoidable penalty of his crime should he attempt to see her, proves the separation to have been as much a matter of necessity as of choice. This breach of covenant, and consequent punishment too, is, as I have before observed, paralleled in many sto-

ries of a similar description. We have a precedent in Pressine's withdrawing herself from her husband, and in the separation of Raymond and Melusine, from a similar cause, in a romance quoted in the preceding note. In the history of *Huon de Bourdeaux*, we shall find also more than one instance to support, what I shall, I think, be able to prove, by a variety of corresponding fables, to have been a branch of almost general belief, namely, that when a superior being received a mortal into favour, a test of obedience was required, in the resistance of some species of temptation; that the temptation was usually not resisted, and that the penalty of such disobedience was a temporary, or (what was more rare) eternal banishment from the presence of the protecting spiritual intelligence. With a reference to this idea, See the *Lays of Sir Launval* and *Sir Gruelan*, WAY's *Fabliaux*. See also the story of the familiar spirit in FROISSART, &c. &c. &c.

In the story of one of the *Three Calenders*, in the ARABIAN NIGHTS, a prince is magnificently entertained by damsels in an enchanted castle. He revels with his fair companions in every species of enjoyment, and is successively admitted to their beds. One thing only is prohibited to him; this is, the opening of a certain door. He is, however, unable to resist the workings of his curiosity; he turns the forbidden key, and enters a stable, where he finds a black horse, richly caparisoned. He springs into the saddle, and strikes the animal with a switch, who, neighing horribly, displays an immense pair of wings, which had before escaped his observation, rises from the ground, and, after traversing an immense tract of air, descends upon a terrace. He here shakes his rider from the saddle, and, whisking out one of his eyes with a stroke

of his tail, leaves him to balance, at his leisure, the good and evil which he has lately experienced.

There is a story, also, which bears a strong resemblance to this tale, both in its commencement, which I do not quote, and the subsequent events of which it treats, in SCOTT's Translations from the Arabic. A young man, becoming master of a palace, unlocks a door opening into a dark passage, which he spends three hours in traversing, and at length arrives on the shore of the ocean. As he is about to return, a large bird seizes him in her talons, ascends into the air, and, after a long flight, drops him upon an uninhabited island. Having recovered from the terror created by so unusual a mode of conveyance, he looks about him, and at length perceives a distant sail. As it approaches nearer, he discovers it to be a boat constructed of ivory, ebony, and sandal, the oars of aloes wood, and the sails of silk, navigated by beautiful damsels, shining like moons. These transport him in their barque to a country, governed by a beautiful queen, whom he marries, and with whom he lives in all prosperity and honour. Here, however, is also a prohibited door. My readers will anticipate the nature of the catastrophe. The new king enters it, again finds himself in the gloomy passage, is again seized by the most vigilant eagle, and deposited on the very spot from which he had been originally conveyed. Here he lingers, for some time, in the vain hope of a second transfer to the kingdom he had forfeited. At length, during a restless slumber, he hears a voice exclaim, "Alas! "alas! what is past cannot be recovered." He, from thenceforth, abandons hope, and wears out the remainder of his life in tears and lamentation.—SCOTT's *Arabic and Persian Tales*, p. 116. See a story of the same description in the *Bahar Danush, or Tales of Inatulla.*

A story in the *Persian Tales* is also built on a similar fiction, and bears a stronger resemblance to the present romance than those I have hitherto had occasion to quote. A king is engaged in the pursuit of a beautiful hind, which he loses after a long and laborious chase. In lieu of the quarry, he is surprised by the appearance of a brilliant palace, to which he is welcomed by the Queen of the Genies. She marries him; but prescribes a singular, though very convenient, piece of forbearance, as the bond of their alliance. This was, that her conversation and actions, of whatsoever nature, should pass without comment; informing him, at the same time, that, according to the law of Ginnistan, a breach of this agreement must be punished by their eternal separation. Some actions of his wife, which appear more than equivocal, provoke the king to violate his promise. This is immediately followed by the departure of the queen. This story differs from the others in one essential particular. The king, after a long term of misery and repentance, is restored to the embraces of his fairy spouse.—*Persian and Turkish Tales.* [a]

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[a] See a curious fable of Grecian mythology, in the fourth book of Apollonius Rhodius. I subjoin a close translation of the passage alluded to. I should here recal to the reader's recollection, that the cause of offence given to Cheristany, was her husband's outcry at her casting their child (as it afterwards turned out, for very wise purposes) into the fire.

——— What time his bed,
The young Achilles, cause of her mislike,
She * left offended: she at lone midnight,
With purifying flame, his body round
Did burn, nor less by day his tender limbs
'Nointed with juice ambrosial; so the boy
Had lived immortal, and unharmed by age.
But he, † from bed forth leaping, when he view'd

* *Thetis.* † *Peleus.*

The reader will have perceived more or less of resemblance, not only in the outline, but even in some of the particular features of most of these stories. We come now to the beautiful episode of Cupid and Psyche, in the Metamorphoseon of Apuleius; which, though still more closely connected with Partenopex than any of the preceding tales, is given last, as most favourable to the conclusion I shall hereafter draw from this singular accumulation of analogous stories. I shall collate all the points of similitude, for the information of those who are only acquainted with the main incident of the fable. Psyche is borne, on the wings of zephyr, to the palace of her divine spouse. Partenopex is transported, in a self-navigated barque, before a favouring breeze, to the fairy mansion of Melior. In the account of this castle: "*Sous l'auvent de la porte il offrait une mosàique,*" &c.;—and, in the description of Cupid's palace: "ENIMVERO PAVIMENTA IPSA, LAPIDE PRETIOSO CÆSIM DIMINUTO, IN VARIA GENERA PICTURÆ DISCRIMINANTUR." In the French romance: "*Ce lieu (c'est a dire Chedoire) renfermait dans ses murailles bois, mou-lins,*" *&c.* According to Apuleius: "MOX PROLECTANTE STUDIO PULCHERRIMÆ VISIONIS, MIRATUR (PSYCHE SCILICET) SINGULA, ET ALTRINSECUS ÆDIUM HORREA, SUBLIMI FABRICA PERFECTA, MAGNISQUE CONGESTA GAZIS CONSPICIT." In the account, also,

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His child so struggling in the flame, sent forth
(Ah! senseless man,) a lamentable cry.
That heard, she to the ground her infant cast,
And likest to a wind or passing dream,
Forth flitted from the house, and to the sea
Betook her, nor to him returned more.
Argonauticon, Liber Quartus, line 867.

There is an incident of a similar nature in Homer's Hymn to Ceres.

of the reception of Psyche and Partenopex, and the banquets with which they are respectively entertained, there is the same singular resemblance. The prince finds a feast ready prepared; he wishes to wash, as was the custom formerly before meals, and an invisible hand pours out water for that purpose. Having performed his ablutions, he places himself in the seat of honour: "*Des qu'il est assis, un des "plats vient se poser devant lui, puis un second, puis d'autres successive- "ment, &c. Il en est de même des vins. Tout ce que l'univers a de "meilleur en ce genre lui est presenté.*" Psyche, carried to Cupid's palace, after the use of the bath, finds, like Partenopex, preparations for a supper: "VISO STATIM PROXIMO SEMIROTUNDO SUGGESTU "PROPTER, INSTRUMENTUM CÆNATORIUM RATA, REFECTUI SUO COM- "MODUM, LIBENS ACCUMBIT; ET ILLICO VINI NECTAREI EDULIO- "RUMQUE VARIORUM FERCULA COPIOSA, NULLO SERVIENTE, SED "TANTUM SPIRITU QUODAM IMPULSA SUBMINISTRANTUR." The reader will recollect the night adventure of Partenopex. In Apuleius: "FINITIS VOLUPTATIBUS, VESPERA SUADENTE, CONCEDIT "PSYCHE CUBITUM. JAMQUE PROVECTA NOCTE, CLEMENS QUIDAM "SONUS AURES EJUS ACCIDIT.—JAMQUE ADERAT IGNOBILIS MARI- "TUS ET UXOREM SIBI PSYCHEN FECERAT, ET ANTE LUCIS EXOR- "TUM PROPERE DISCESSERAT." In the French romance, Melior warns Partenopex, desirous of returning to his mother, and imploring transport in the fairy barque, against the consequences of the voyage, and the insinuations of his parent; and denounces their eternal separation, as I have before observed, as one of the penalties attending the breach of her commandment, should he attempt to see her. He answers with protestations of love and obedience, and she consents. In the Latin story: "TUNC ILLA PRECIBUS, ET DUM SE "MORITURAM COMMINATUR, EXTORQUET A MARITO, CUPITIS AN-

"NUAT: UT SORORES VIDEAT, LUCTUS MULCEAT, ORA CONFERAT.—
"SIC ILLE NOVÆ NUPTÆ PRECIBUS VENIAM TRIBUIT.—SED IDEN-
"TIDEM MONUIT AC SÆPE TERRUIT, NE QUANDO SORORUM PERNI-
"CIOSO CONSILIO SUASA, DE FORMA MARITI QUÆRAT; NEVE SE
"SACRILEGA CURIOSITATE DE TANTO FORTUNARUM SUGGESTU PES-
"SUM DEJICIAT, NEC SUUM POSTEA CONTINGAT AMPLEXUM. GRA-
"TIAS EGIT MARITO. JAMQUE LÆTIOR ANIMO, 'SED PRIUS,' IN-
"QUIT, 'CENTIES MORIAR, QUAM TUO ISTO DULCISSIMO CONNUBIO
"CAREAM. AMO ENIM, ET EFFLICTIM TE, QUICUNQUE ES, DILIGO,
"ATQUE UT MEUM SPIRITUM, NEC IPSI CUPIDINI COMPARO. SED
"ISTUD ETIAM PRECIBUS MEIS, ORO, LARGIRE, ET ILLI TUO FAMU-
"LO PRÆCIPE ZEPHYRO, SIMILI VECTURA, SORORES HIC MIHI SIS-
"TAT."

In both stories, the lovers are seduced into disobedience by the false insinuations and advice of others; Psyche by her sisters, Partenopex by his mother. In both the conclusion is fortunate. Somewhat of resemblance may also, perhaps, be traced in the servitude of Psyche, and the captivity of Partenopex, in Le Grand; an incident which I did not think it necessary to preserve. [a].

The allegory veiled in the Latin fable, which seems, however, to be of Oriental extraction, may afford a key to the various stories which I have in this place assembled. I shall, therefore, first give the observations of Bryant on this subject, and afterwards venture some suggestions which have sprung from a consideration of the tale in Apuleius, as well as a collation of the other stories to which it

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[a] There is a very beautiful Gaëlic tale, in which figure many of the leading incidents of this story, tricked out with much additional circumstance and machinery.

seems to have any striking degree of affinity. "The most pleasing "emblem among the Egyptians, was exhibited under the character "of Psuche, Ψυχη. This was, originally, no other than the Aurelia, "or Butterfly; but, in after times, was represented as a lovely female "child, with the beautiful wings of that insect. The Aurelia, af- "ter its first stage as an *eruca*, or worm, lies, for a season, in a "manner dead, and is inclosed in a sort of coffin. In this state of "darkness it remains all the winter; but, at the return of spring, it "bursts its bonds, and comes out with new life, and in the most "beautiful attire. The Egyptians thought this a very proper pic- "ture of the soul of man, and of the immortality to which it aspi- "red. But they made it more particularly an emblem of Osiris, "who, having been confined in an ark or coffin, and in a state of "death, at last quitted his prison, and enjoyed a renewal of life. "This circumstance of the second birth is continually described un- "der the character of Psuche; and, as the whole was owing to di- "vine love, of which Eros was an emblem, we find this person of- "ten introduced as a concomitant of Psuche. They are generally "described as accidentally meeting and enjoying a pleasing inter- "view, which is attended with embraces and salutes, and every "mark of reconciliation and favour."—*Analysis of Ancient Mythology*, Vol. II. p. 388.

Such are the observations of a writer, to whom few will deny the praise of learning and ingenuity, set off by the graces of a style at once simple and elegant. But it does not seem to require much learning, or great ingenuity, to develope more of secret meaning in the story of which he treats, than what he has suggested; unless any conjecture of mine, on this point, may be considered as anticipated in the vague allusion cloaked in the preceding paragraph of this solution.

The fable of Apuleius, then, appears to me to contain also the story of the temptation of man, his transgression, fall, repentance, death, and subsequent reception into the favour of the Godhead, all, indeed, somewhat discoloured by poetic fiction. Psyche is admitted to a union with Eros, or Cupid, but prohibited from attempting to see him. She is induced, by the false suggestions of others, to infringe the command. The loss of the fellowship of the Godhead is the first penalty of her crime. She humbles herself, and repents, suffers much misery, and is forced to descend to the shades below; but is at length restored to the love of Cupid, and gifted with immortality. Is not every leading trait in the divine relation, before referred to, figured in this beautiful allegory? Compare, again, this part of sacred history with the story in the *Persian Tales*, we shall find a prohibition of a similar nature, a similar sort of transgression, punishment, penitence, and final reconciliation. We shall also see, with the occasional exception of the last incident, the same striking points of resemblance in the other stories, of which I have before given an analysis.[a]

——they view'd a crowd
Of Melior's vassals, factious, fierce, and loud.—P. 83.

During the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, great veneration was undoubtedly paid to women; but a deviation from strict propriety of conduct seems to have been considered as a forfeiture of the bond of allegiance and respect. That refined and factitious sys-

[a] See a very singular tradition respecting the creation, the cause of the divine favour being withdrawn from man, and the early ages of the world, among the Chepewyan Indians.—MACKENZIE'S *Journal of a Voyage through the North-West Continent of America.*

tem of gallantry, which inculcated the doctrine of respect and observance as due to the feminine character in the abstract, was, *in practice*, the growth of a later period of society.

The *principle* was, however, acknowledged, as will appear from a future note.

And for she trembled for her hapless charge,
Uraqua with the child would climb the barge.—P. 84.

The conduct of Uraqua upon this occasion, as well as that of Melior's damsels towards Partenopex,[a] is to be referred rather to extreme simplicity, than to indelicacy of manners. Their assisting him to dress, might be paralleled by many instances drawn from contemporary memoirs and romances.

————*though he borrow*
Plaint of her plaint, and sorrow of her sorrow.—P. 86.

————did borrow
Plaint of my plaint, and sorrow of my sorrow.
DRUMMOND.

But sure no gentle clerk did ever vex,
With foul discourtesy, the sovereign sex,
But churl, or villain, of degenerate mind,
Brutal and base, the scandal of his kind.—P. 90.

This tirade against the calumniators of the sex, very much resembles the commencement of the *Fabliau* of *Constant du Hamel*, transla-

[a] He must have been entirely without clothes, as both sexes slept naked during the middle ages. This custom still prevails amongst the lower classes of the people in Italy, and hence the vulgar English proverb of *going to my naked bed.*

ted by M. Le Grand: " *Je ne pardonne pas qu'on se moque des dames.* " *On doit toute sa vie les honorer et les servir et ne leur parler jamais* " *que pour leur dire choses courtoises. Qui agit autrement est un vil-* " *lain.*"

Clerk simply signified a man of letters; hence one of our kings is styled Henry Beauclerc.

Churl, or carle, and villain, were the lowest casts of society; the first holding land on condition of performing servile offices in husbandry; the last attached to the land as slaves: and hence, as Mr Ellis observes, these denominations were used " to signify any thing " of a character opposed to learning, courtesy, and knighthood."

In another *Fabliau*, the contrast between a knight, a clerk, and a villain, is illustrated by an incident sufficiently gross. A third by *Rutebeuf*, if not more delicate, has at least more humour. He sets out by predicating, as an acknowledged truth, that villains cannot be admitted into heaven; he then proceeds to establish an extension of this system of exclusion by a very singular anecdote:

A devil chanced to be near a peasant at the point of death. He conceived it impossible, that his soul should take its departure like that of a better man; so, reasoning from its base propensities, placed his *sac a chasse* at the least worthy channel of escape, and patiently waited the event. At this period, a happy crisis of flatulency relieved the tortured rustic. The imp, who thought all safe, drew the strings, and returned home well pleased with the produce of his hunt. He had scarcely, however, opened his bag, in order to exhibit its contents, when

" ——— *li pez sailli about.*

" All hell is in indignation. The devils

" ——*maudient l'ame au villain;*
" *Chapitre tindrent lendemain,*

" Et s'accordent à tel accort,
" Que jamais nus ame n'apport.
" Qui de vilain sera issue :
" Ne puet estre qu'elle ne pue."

The trouveur concludes by lamenting the fate of the unfortunate villains, who, shut out from Paradise, have not even the alternative of hell.

PARTENOPEX DE BLOIS.

CANTO THIRD.

PARTENOPEX DE BLOIS.

CANTO THIRD.

In Blois' wide courts no barded coursers neigh,
Nor knights, in hall, at chess or tables play;
Nor to the lute, nor sytole's lustier sound,
Link'd with gay dames in frolic measures bound;

For still what thing soe'er did smack of joy,
That wrought the love-lorn county sore annoy.
His hawks, that wont at quickest fowl to fly,
Moping and out of heart, are perch'd on high;
The steeds are fat with ease, and stabled all,
And listless, gnaw the crib, and grind against the stall.

Twelve months the boy, within his chamber mew'd,
All intercourse of friend and kin eschew'd.
One only wight he saw, and him his page:
Of paynim king begat, in tender age
To Christenty he journey'd, there to gain
Such nurture as beseem'd his noble strain;
In after time baptized with holy rite,
And by the count, his godsire, Aneel hight.

What food the county took, his hand did deal;
But coarse, and scant in substance, was the meal.

His cheeks, that whilom bloom'd like roses new,
Were faded to the pale and ashy hue;
And still he smote his breast, and, in that strife,
Would call on God to reave his wretched life.

Wide through the realm the doleful bruit is blown,
Till the sad tidings reach Cleoner's throne;
And, for the monarch ween'd that words had might,
To charm away the woe which clogg'd his sprite,
Troop'd from each creek and corner many a clerk,
Well fraught with ancient saws and science dark.
So will'd the king. And now, sans pause or stay,
These comforters have talk'd a live-long day;
Yet maugre of their rede and musty lore,
Wax'd the sad boy more wayward than before.
So fares it, when the leech's hand doth sound
And search the bottom of some fester'd wound;
Still as the surgeon plays his painful part,
Though tender be his touch, though quaint his art,
Yet doth the rankling sore but more severely smart.

Thus, in sad wise, weeks, months, and seasons roll'd;
When he, the page, of whom before I told,
So spake his lord: "Listen, Sir Count, my lore;
"Long have I kept this wholesome saw in store;
"Not, 'tis confess'd, by self-experience bought,
"Yet one full worldly-wise the secret taught.
"He said: 'The day may come when thou shalt need,
"My child, this plain but salutary rede;
"This,' quoth the senior, 'for a truth receive,—
"There is that may the cure of love achieve;
"Vicissitude of sports, of place, of clime.
"Though strong, the malady shall yield with time.'
"His recipe be thine; if not the range
"Of various travel work a happier change,
"Prick thy good steed upon some gainful quest,
"Or pluck thy faulchion forth, for dame distrest.
"Do this, so keep me heaven, as I no more
"Will Mahound hence or Termagaunt adore!"

Awhile the County ponder'd; then as bent
By what the page had proffer'd, spoke assent.
The sovereign office done, he bade to dight
Two steeds, well breathed, to bear them on their
flight.

Darkling they rode; but, from the dawn of day
Till even-song, conceal'd in covert lay.
So still secure they journey'd, and at last,
In a fair hostel rest, the frontier past.
The varlet slept: The child, who from the first
Within his breast a further project nursed,
Pall'd not the fair occasion with delay,
But clombe upon his steed, and rode his way.

The page some time I leave, though he ere long
Perchance again may figure in the song.
Now turn we to the Count, who late bestrode
His horse, and to the holts of Ardenne rode.

'Twas ebbing light; before him, on each side,
Stretch'd a huge waste of desert drear and wide.
There nothing throve was gladsome to the view;
The wood was gnarry thorns, and stobbs of yew.
But past this champaign, far as eye could reach,
Rose a deep forest, black with shadowy beech;
Within whose gloomy wilds were heard to bay
Fell pards and tigers, prowling for their prey;
The screaming eagle clamour'd for her food,
And, hissing, from their dens forth swarm'd the serpent brood.

He not for that, pardie, his way forewent;
The scene and season with his wild intent
Right well did sort; nor balk'd he at the last,
As cravens use, the fate he had forecast.
For far he had not fared these woods among,
Ere a gaunt tiger from the thicket sprung.
Stiff stood the frighted horse; but in his sell
Fearless the rider sat, when (strange to tell)

The sullen beast, with half-averted eye,
Glared fiercely on the child, and pass'd him by.

Then ween'd the boy, his courser might affray
The famish'd monster from his proffer'd prey,
So lighted down, and on a mossy bank,
O'ercanopied with trees, exhausted, sank.
But scantly had his hand the rein released,
Ere on the lighten'd palfrey leapt the beast,
And, couch'd upon his reeking shoulders, tore
The sinews, and assay'd his fangs in gore.
Loud shriek'd the horse, and, with a furious bound,
Launch'd forth, and shook the salvage to the ground;
And endlong fled through busket, brake, or lair,
And toss'd his head, and yerk'd his heels in air;
Till, twice two furlongs past, he, breathless, stood
On the broad margin of the briny flood.
There neigh'd so sharp and shrill, the rocks around
And winding shores rebellow'd to the sound.

It chanced that time a galliot pass'd, which bore
A youthful princess to her native shore:
Safe from the shelves, an aged wight did guide
The damsel's pinnance through the roaring tide.

To her the sire; "I wot, yon horse doth 'long
" To one, bewilder'd these waste woods among.
" Haste, let us land; and timely be our aid,
" To snatch the wretch from yon disastrous shade!
" Nor fear the assay: I have a charm, of might
" To freeze the lion's blood, or daze the lynx's sight."

He spoke; and to the shore the pinnance sped;
They moor, and through the mazy forest tread.
'Twas as the seer had said; the salvage race,
Low cowering at the potent spell, gave place.

Meanwhile the senior mark'd where new-spilt gore
(Bad omen of their search,) had stain'd the shore;

This backward traced, now served their steps to lead
To where the County loosed his hapless steed.
Arrived, they saw, outstretch'd upon the lair,
A wight all woe-begone, o'ergrown with hair.

Uraqua first; " For love of Jesus mild,
" Say whence; and wherefore in this sylvan wild?
" So may God mend whatever is amiss,
" And through my ministry restore thee bliss!"

To her in feeble tone the wretch replied,
And wish'd all joy; that was to him denied:
But will'd her, for his woes drew near an end,
To make not with those ills she might not mend.

He said and sobb'd aloud. To him the dame;
" Since not my sex may fairer reverence claim,
" Nor win thee, as I fain would speed, to live,
" And take such solace meet as I can give,

" Learn of what high estate, how greatly born
" Her, whose solicitude you rudely scorn;
" Own sister to the dame, whose puissant sway
" The many-languaged tribes of Greece obey."

She ended: at that name chill dews o'erspread
His visage, and his vital spirits fled.
Strait to his face a menial bore his light,—
Loud shriek'd the damsel at that piteous sight!
She in those features wan, though sore defaced,
The likeness of the lovelorn child retraced.
But the good sire, who felt life's pulses beat,
And the worn frame yet warm with genial heat,
Spoke the glad truth, and bade the attendants bear
The body to the neighbouring barque with care.

I will not tell what herbs that ancient dealt,
What characters, what sovereign charms he spelt:
Suffice, the boy, somedeal revived, they bore
A-shipboard, and then loosening from the shore,

Again o'erpast a tedious distance, land
Fast by a fortress on the Grecian strand.

Salence that fief was hight. There, for the dame
A maiden stay'd, Parseis was her name.
Back'd by her friendly aid, 'twas now, with art,
She cast her to complete the leech's part;
To soothe those pangs his salves had fail'd to right,
And pour the balm of comfort on his sprite.
Letters, for this, she forged from her so dear,
The better the desponding boy to cheer;
And pastimes quaint devised, which youth delight,
Chess, tables, and the crafty juggler's sleight,
The chase by day, and minstrelsy by night.
How well upon the Count such cordials wrought,
Lovers may guess, by like experience taught.

Haply this leech, while so she proved her skill,
Might catch some portion of her patient's ill.

To waste with such a youth, aye side by side,
In fellowship of feast, noon's jocund tide;
From the same dish to feed, from the same cup,
In sweet exchange, the rosy wine to sup;
And still, when nature, prank'd in trim attire,
Through air and earth and flood breathes new desire,
And the small fowl, they cannot choose but sing,
Through lustyhood of heart, and joy of spring;
With such a boy to sport in green-wood shade!
—'Twere perilous, in sooth, to coldest maid.

Yet might the damsel know not, all unskill'd
Of love, what flame within her bosom thrill'd;
Or if she better wist, as is the way,
To cheat her conscience, feign'd some new delay,
Though oft that conscience bade from peril hie,
Fearful to stay, yet impotent to fly.
So pass'd three months; and, in that little space,
Waxed the child in health and youthful grace;

His eyes again their wonted language speak,
And health's rich crimson mantled in his cheek.

And now, the boy besought Uraqua sore
(So, often had he made his suit before)
To plead his passion with the royal dame,
And further, as she might, his constant flame.
And, ever as he sued, with him combined,
Her voice to his the young Parseis join'd.
O'erborne the princess yields, and bids that may
With her to wend, the partner of her way.

'Tis said, the damsel well enforced the truth,
How solitude but ill accords with youth;
And ween'd the love-lorn boy, in lone retreat,
Might haply pine for lack of converse sweet.
Yet all might nothing stead; come weal or woe,
Parforce she with the royal dame must go.

Damsels, if ye sweet Uraque's truth mistrust,
Know this, the foul suspicion is unjust.
Too gentle, though perchance to passion prone,
To wreck another's bliss to work her own.
With honest zeal, though sore it irk'd her heart,
As best might serve the child, she cast her part.
So, after sweet salutes too long to tell,
But fitting sisters twain who loved so well,
She plain'd in Melior's ear, with faltering breath,
Partenopex upon the verge of death.
Wo was the dame; but quaintly feign'd a part,
Strange to the native temper of her heart.

'Her youth, her love might hold her well excused,
'If once that boy her easy faith abused.'—
"His was the crime," she said, "the mickle blame
"Be mine, if he again my passion shame."

"'Tis well," in brief, Uraqua made reply,
"Mine was a cunning tale thy truth to try;

" But sure such caution was bestow'd in vain;
" Mark now the truth, thy hate hath crazed his
brain."

She said: strange passion seized the moody fay,
And thrice, her wiles foregone, she swoon'd away.
But she, the sister, when her tale so wrought,
To wray the falsehood half-repentant thought:
Yet paused, for that she ween'd the dame might be
Thenceforth more harden'd in her cruelty.

There be who think, and haply guess aright,
With policy was mixt some little spite;
Unpraised by me. God, when he made this ball,
Some blessing, or defence, conferr'd on all;
Tusks on the boar who haunts the woodland brake,
Wings on the fowl, and venom on the snake,
Strength on the bull, and swiftness on the hare;
But on sweet woman, as his worthier care,

A melting heart, alive to others' woe,
The last best gift his bounty could bestow.

'Tis this, fair as ye are, and fraught with grace,
'Tis this, more than a shape, more than a face,
Than lovely limbs in nice proportion hung,
Or quickest wit that e'er inform'd the tongue;
'Tis this, of every gift and grace ye boast,
'Tis this, your best perfection, likes me most.
And sure, who doth this matchless charm forego,
Who builds her joy, unblest, on others' woe;
Or fails to deal the sovereign bliss she might,
—She certes against nature sins outright,
And has heaven's first commandment at despite.

But from these dames I turn, and, as before,
What sorts not with my humour hurry o'er.
Some here may think that I my subject wrong;
Passion best suits, 'tis said, the poet's song;

And scenes of plaintive woe, when touch'd with art,
Speak the best language to the feeling heart.
Yet is it harder, gentles all, I wiss,
To touch the strings of grief than those of bliss.
Who strives at this, must well accord his measure;
Sorrow indeed, chastised, is held a pleasure,
But, overstrain'd, the nicer sense offends,
And, like a broken spell, the sweet illusion ends.

Self too may mix in this conceit, and I,
Who in this glass my own sad fortune spy,
Fear, while of others' woes I make my moan,
To wake the sad remembrance of mine own.
But pass we this. Now will I backward tread,
And spin from where of late I snapt my thread.

I left where Uraque to a tale untrue
Of the child's ill her sister's credence drew.
He, sore aggrieved at her long delay,
Yet hoped fair tidings from that friendly may;

And as one morn his wayward fancy led,
Hopeless of rest, upstarted from his bed;
So back'd his horse; when, borne on palfrey gray,
He view'd a page come posting on the way.
A messenger, succinct for better speed,
He seem'd, and often spurr'd his jaded steed.

Of Uraque's train, he news of high import
Bore, at her bidding, from the Grecian court.
How Melior's barons cast their liege to wed,
And sought a worthy partner of her bed.
He, was he king, or knight, who best should wield
The sword, or curtall axe in listed field,—
He, victor in the just, should have to wife
That gracious dame, the guerdon of the strife.
Ere that a troop of squires of gentle race
Would challenge at her hands fair knighthood's grace.
Hence, swiftly to Chedore his lady gay
Will'd him in borrow'd shape to wend his way.

Hence was he task'd upon his steps to wait,
And furnish forth a train of princely state.

He, for their freight, hath found for gold and fee,
A gallant barque; but they upon the sea
Three leagues had scantly sail'd, when, piping loud,
The hollow wind 'gan sing in either shroud,
And trooping from the south, with troubled cry,
A cloud of sea-fowl wheel'd about the sky.
Behind, the deafening tempest raved amain,
And in one ceaseless deluge drove the rain.
Cracks every cord; mast, yard, and bowsprit springs,
And the stunn'd vessel whirls in giddy rings;
Now shoots an end, now broaching to, her side
Yields to the tempest, and admits the tide.
One doleful day and one more dismal night,
The weather-beaten galley drove outright;
But with the second morning clear'd the sky,
And shew'd a friendly shore, and harbour nigh.

Thither they steer, there ship their oars, and last
In the firm sand the crooked grapnel cast.

Here learn'd he that a town, which crown'd the bay,
Scarce distant from Chedore two journeys lay.
The Count, for store of besants, bought a steed,
Was wighty and well-breath'd, and good at need;
And for the page a nag, sans spur or rod,
Would amble as upon the winds he trod.

So riding, they o'ertake an errant knight,
Well horsed, and large of limb, Sir Gaudwin hight.
He nor of castle nor of land was lord;
Houseless, he reap'd the harvest of the sword;
And now, not more on fame than profit bent,
Rode with blithe heart unto the tournament.
For cowardice—he held it deadly sin;
And sure his mind and bearing were akin,
The face an index to the soul within.

It seem'd that he (such pomp his train bewray'd)
Had shaped a goodly fortune by his blade.
His knaves were, point device, in livery dight,
With sumpter-nags, and tents for shelter in the night.

He, for he saw the boy was ill bested,
Proffer'd fair harbourage of board and bed;
And, 'mid their social cups, soon learn'd the scope
Of his mischances past, and present hope.
For wine unlocks the heart, and, sooth to say,
Quick friendship springs from fellowship of way.

It was the second noon, and, far before,
Rose to their view the ramparts of Chedore.
And now so nigh they came, that they might see
The walls and windows throng'd with bravery.
The sea was on the castle's further side,
And loud upon the shingle lash'd the tide;

There gilded shallops rode, with silken sail,
With mariners, with shout of 'how and hail!'
Upon the spacious field, without the gates,
Camp'd feudatory lords and great estates.
Here lusty gallants prick'd across the plain;
There bawling gamesters threw the merry main;
Here their quaint art the shifting jugglers ply,
And there in frolic strife the jesters vie.
Still from the crowd a busy hum upwent,
Loud laughter, and the sound of merriment;
Shrill minstrels pipe, and barded coursers neigh,
Drums thunder, trumpets flourish, ban-dogs bay.

Short space was given that gallant show to view,
Ere night upon the scene her curtain drew;
Then to the castle (such Uraqua's hest)
The County, with her page, his steps address'd.
Him the boon damsel to a distant tower
Led darkling, and lock'd fast in secret bower.

There he with beating heart the moments told,
Till down the sky the westering shadows roll'd.
Then, don'd the knightly helm, the ventail laced
And his young limbs in twisted mail incased,
O'erjoy'd, he mingles with the youthful band,
Suitors for knighthood at his Melior's hand.

She on a throne of ivory sate; a vest,
Of cloth of scarlet, her light form compress'd:
From Heatheness was fetch'd the precious stuff;
With orfrays wrought the collar and the cuff;
Of ruby were the buttons, and the hasp,
Beneath her dainty chin the robe to clasp;
Her arms, which lovely shew'd through finest smock,
Bracelets of pearl and diamond did inlock;
And, o'er her snowy shoulders quaintly flung,
(This too was rough with gold,) a mantle hung:
Well lined it was with ermine white within,
And border'd with the marten's chesnut skin.

Yet sure, beneath that pomp, her cheer confess'd
Some deep and inward sorrow, scarce supprest.

But for the child—so wrought upon his sprite
The vision of that damsel passing bright,
He, but for Uraque's care, who, close at hand,
Each motion of his eyes and gesture scann'd,
Had pierced the crowd, reckless of time and place,
And prostrate at her feet had sued for grace.

I, simple as I am, were she I prize,
And cheer above the apple of mine eyes—
Were she to motion me with look or hand,
—Did I in Mary's blessed bosom stand,—
Parfay for her I'd leave the saints above;
So witching are her ways, so wonder sweet her love.

Laugh'd dame and damsel gay, and page, to see
The boy so lost in amorous extacy;

Laugh'd youthful knight and squire; from tongue
to tongue
Was many a scornful jibe in whisper flung.

Not so the dame; to 'scape his glances hot
And troubled guise—albe she knew him not—
She, stepping from her throne, first of that band,
Loos'd from his neck the broider'd belt and brand;
And, while all lost and wilder'd was his sprite,
Begirt him with the sword, and dubb'd him knight.
Ah! little wist that bonnibell, around
Whose cherish'd form the knightly steel she bound;
Yet certes she let 'scape one piteous sigh,—
Or was it chance, or secret sympathy!

END OF CANTO THIRD.

NOTES TO CANTO THIRD.

——— *no more*
Will Mahound hence or Termagaunt adore.—P. 122.

"*Termagaunt,*" says Dr Percy, "is a name given in the old ro-
"mances to a god of the Saracens; in which he is constantly linked
"with *Mahound,* or Mahomet." The origin of this name, which, from the supposed character of the deity distinguished by it, afterwards came to signify a violent or turbulent person, has not been very satisfactorily traced. It is, however, very certain, that the Saracens themselves knew nothing of him. But the ignorance of foreign manners, which characterized our ancestors, and the generous contempt in which they held infidels of every description, prevented them from making very nice observations on the creeds of their unbelieving adversaries.

——— *and to the holts of Ardenne rode.*—P. 123.

Here we have again the forest of Ardenne, the favourite scene of romantic adventure. "This tract of wood," says Sir William Temple, "in Charlemaign's time, extended as high as Aix, and the rough
"country some miles beyond it; and was commonly used by that
"emperor for his hunting. This appears by the antient records of

" that city, which attribute the discovery, or at least the retrieving " the knowledge of these hot baths, to the fortune of that prince, " while he was hunting: For his horse, poching one of his legs into " some hollow ground, made way for the smoking water to break " out, and gave occasion for the emperor's building that city, and " making it his usual seat, and the place of coronation for the fol- " lowing emperors."

The name of *Ardenne* is derived from the British words, *Ar*, great, and *Denne*, a forest. Hence our *Arden*, and *Denny Walk*, in the New Forest, and probably the forest of *Dean*. BULLET's *Memoire sur la Langue Celtique.*

——— *when (strange to tell)*
The sullen beast, with half-averted eye,
Glared fiercely on the child, and pass'd him by.—Pp. 124, 125.

Here we shall find somewhat of resemblance to another incident in the tale of Apuleius. Psyche, distracted with grief at the loss of Cupid, seeks the first opportunity of ending her woes by a voluntary death. " *Per proximi fluminis marginem præcipitem sese de-* " *dit. Sed mitis fluvius, in honorem Dei scilicet, qui et ipsas aquas* " *urere consuevit, metuens sibi, confestim eam innoxio volumine super* " *ripam florentem herbis exposuit.*"—APULEII Metamorphoseon, Liber V.

——— *I have a charm of might,*
To freeze the lion's blood, or daze the lynx's sight.—P. 126.

In the fabliau of *The Mule without a Bridle*, translated by Mr Way, the hoof of that animal has the power of repulsing all the monsters

of the forest. A belief in charms, which could subdue the rage of wild beasts and noxious reptiles, seems to have been, and is indeed at present, common to many different nations. Pliny, amongst the Romans, recommends an unction of cock-broth, (such is the singular correspondence between his senses,) as a certain preservative against the attacks of a lion. Leo, in his history of Africa, exposes a still more singular secret, by which a woman may put this 'most delicate monster' to a discomfiture. I cannot give the words of that explicit Moor: It is enough to say, that his recipe may, literally speaking, be termed an appeal *ad verecundiam.* The reader will also recollect the virtues of the signet of Solomon in the *Persian Tales,* which preserves the Prince Seyf el Mouluk from certain ferocious animals resembling ants, but as large as tygers. Chardin observes, that he has seen jugglers suffer serpents to entwine themselves about them, without sustaining any injury; while the effect of the bite of those reptiles upon animals exposed to their fury proved, beyond a doubt, that they were not divested of the power of mischief: and I might extract a curious passage from Grose's Travels, in confirmation of the belief respecting the incantation of snakes, recognised in classical writings, and more than once alluded to in Scripture.

Those who have seen the discipline to which rats and bees have been reduced, will probably not withhold their assent from these assertions. Nor is the mode of taming vicious horses, lately practised by an Irish smith, (a fact witnessed by persons of high rank and reputation,) less marvellous. This man, at a race in Ireland, proffered to reduce an animal to obedience, which had hitherto been perfectly unmanageable. He was for a short time shut up with

him in a stable. What passed on the occasion is not known. The result was, that the horse proved not only disciplined to all useful purposes, but after receiving a whisper, (for it was thus he pretended to convey his commands,) for the first time, performed a variety of tricks, with the utmost readiness and docility. The man professed his intention of communicating his secret; but he died suddenly, and the wonder is yet unexplained.

From the same dish to feed, &c.—P. 130.

A piece of gallantry frequent in the old fabliaux and romances. See the story of *The Hermit and the Provost*, in LE GRAND, &c. &c.

The Count, for store of besants, &c.—P. 138.

The besant, or bysant, was a gold coin issued by the Greek emperors, and said to have been so called from Byzantium, the ancient name of Constantinople. D'Herbelot deduces its etymology from the Arabian *beizat-zer*, (golden egg,) and says, that the Saracens called by this name a Persian coin in the form of an egg, which they introduced into circulation in Asia. The word frequently occurs in the *Fabliaux;* and it appears from some of them, either that the bysant was current in France, and introduced there by the crusades, or that the name was indifferently applied to all sorts of gold coin. From a passage in Joinville it appears, that the bysant was valued in his time at about ten sous, which were nearly equal to ten livres of the present day. See ELLIS's *Notes* to WAY's *Fabliaux*.

And now not more on fame than profit bent,
Rode with blithe heart unto the tournament.—P. 138.

A numerous class of poor knights derived their whole means of subsistence from tournaments. In one of Barbasan's fabliaux we have a bachelor of this description:

" *Il n'avoit ne vignes ne terres.*
" *En tournoiement, et en guerres*
" *Estoit trestoute son atendance.*
" *Il savoit bien ferir de lance;*
" *Hardis estoit et combatans,*
" *En grans besoingnes embatans:*
" *Mais li tornoi sont deffendu.*
" *Tout a mangié et dispendu.*"
Vol. III. p. 96.

" Field or vineyard had he not;
" He by war his living got.
" He could just, and breast a steed,
" Stout of heart, and good at need.
" But his substance was expended,
" And tilts and tourneys are defended."

The observation contained in the last line but one, probably alludes to one of the many edicts of councils, by which tournaments were prohibited. Pope Eugenius the Second, says the author of a prefatory advertisement to the *Histoire de Jehan de Saintrè*, excommunicated those who appeared at jousts, and interdicted them the privilege of sepulture in holy ground. This sentence was frequently

repeated, but never produced any permanent effect; the policy of sovereigns, the gallantry and ambition of the richer, and the interest of the poorer classes of chivalry, all uniting to support these schools of war against ecclesiastical censure.

There gilded shallops rode with silken sail.—P. 140.

The extravagant decoration of vessels was a piece of ostentatious splendour not unfrequent in the middle ages. The progress of luxury amongst nations is nearly uniform. It begins in those amusements and pursuits, which are most peculiar to a barbarous state of manners. Hence it is principally exhibited in the equipage of war, and of the chace. According to the growth of refinement, it is afterwards displayed in modes more congenial to the change of character which society has assumed. Mr Leyden, in his Preliminary Dissertation to the *Complaynte of Scotland*, p. 115, has collected some curious details upon the subject of ancient naval magnificence.

With mariners with shout of 'how and hail!'—P. 140.

In the *Morte Arthur*:—"Whereas were many ships, and mariners' "noyse with *hale and how!*"

> "Takand their cours with mony a *how and hail!*"
> *Ballad of Impossibilites, MS.*

With orfrays wrought the collar and the cuff.—P. 141.

The French word *Orfroy*, derived from the Latin word *Aurifrigium*, seems, according to its composition, to have at first signified gold embroidery, or fringe. It is, however, indifferently used for every species of ornamental needle-work.

Loosed from his neck the broider'd belt and brand.—P. 143.

The candidate for the order of knighthood appeared first at the altar, his sword attached to his neck. The priest received and blessed the weapon, which he returned to the novice, who afterwards presented himself before the person who was to dub him, with the weapon suspended as before.

PARTENOPEX DE BLOIS.

CANTO FOURTH.

PARTENOPEX DE BLOIS.

CANTO FOURTH.

THE sun had clombe the sky, and drunk the dew,
When merrily to field the bugles blew;
And trooping fast from camp or castle round,
(So swarm the mustering gnats with drowsy sound,)

Rode paladins and dukes of princely mein,
And kings whose tissued housings fired the green;
With bucklers wrought about with bone of Ind,
And banderols that rattled in the wind.

What knights of worship came were long to tell,
Grecian or Gaul, baptised or infidel.
Yet may I briefly touch their steeds of price,
And banners gay with many a rich device;
How some the mace, and some the faulchion whirl,
Their reins encrusted o'er with shell and pearl;
How music, various as the weeds they wore,
Blew, loud and long, the jolly troops before;
How strove the trumpet with the clarion's song,
Sackbut with fife, the cymbal with the gong,—
Earth shook, and roll'd the rattling sounds along.

When, on a sudden, ceased the din of war,
And breathed a softer symphony from far,

Wide flew the castle gates, and pour'd amain
Gay palfrey'd dames and damsels o'er the plain;
In sendal was the shining band array'd,
And at their head the merry minstrels play'd.
Foremost their Empress rode, upon a steed
Of Araby, bedeck'd with gorgeous weed.
He, pacing in his pride, so lightly trod,
His nimble hoofs did scantly print the sod.
Held by a jesse of silk and silver twist,
A tiercelin sate perk'd upon her fist.
Or were it skill, or rather careless hap,
Upon her head she wore nor hood nor cap,
To shrowd her crisped locks; but only round
Her brows a golden coronal was bound;
So that, all unconfined, her yellow hair
Stream'd with the wind, and wanton'd here and there.

Forth to a tower she rode; from thence her eye
The landscape round might measure far and nigh;

There, with Parseis and Uraqua bland,
Amid six reverend elders took her stand;
Six tributary kings, who had in trust
To name the glorious victor in the Just.

A bridge the listed field did well divide;
Beneath, a river roll'd its crystal tide.
Here held a king, whose gay device reveal'd
The lilies, blazon'd on a golden shield.
With him Partenopex and Gaudwin rode,
Diverse their colours as their coursers show'd.
This furnish'd as beseem'd a virgin knight,
His horse, his shield, and surcoat lily white.
Sir Gaudwin back'd a bay in Murcia bred,
His weapon was an axe, his weeds were red.

Tower'd on the farther bank a Soldan grim,
Well thew'd he was, and wonder large of limb;
With him the kings of Almayn and of Spain,
And lords of Tartary and Sericane.

The rest betwixt themselves the just divide;
Some with the christen'd king, more with the Soldan ride.

Impatient for the charge, the coursers fleet
Champ on the bit, and thunder with their feet.
Now loud the clarions ring, and, east and west,
Forth spur the rival bands with staves in rest:
Then joustling on the bridge, their lances broke;
And to the sky flew splinter, spark, and smoke.

There had the lilies been with odds o'erlaid,
But for the County, back'd by Gaudwin's aid.
He at the Soldan drove, and with a thrust
O'erturn'd the lordly Sarzin in the dust.
Then first beheld his Melior, bright as flower,
In balcony forth-built from lofty tower.
Fair o'er the dust and vapour show'd her form;
So streams the day-star through some wintry storm.

Thither he drove an end; and, right and left,
Through the thick crowd a ready passage cleft;
Then sheath'd his glittering faulchion, as he stay'd
His horse beneath the tower where stood the maid;
And, with a deep-drawn sigh,—" Liege dame, whom I,
" Pardi, did first unto my peril spy,
" Deign,"—(and he raised his pensil as he spake)
" Deign, lady mine, this pledge of truth to take."

The damsel heard, and, bending from the stage,
Reach'd, with a sober smile, the tender'd gage.

Thus they; but 'mid the press, from man to man,
A murmur as of deep displeasure ran.
Such is the sovereign sex's boasted bliss!
We construe whatsoe'er they do amiss.
Foul fall such evil thought! and sure that deed
Nought save befitting courtesy did breed.

Yet this I freely own, had she but spelt
The knight, whose hand that precious favour dealt,
Perchance had she been safe from tell-tale voice,
Some sweeter boon had graced her maiden choice.

But this is random guess; and so I glance
It o'er, and pass to what in sooth did chance.
Though not his Melior, of the stranger knight
Parsëis and Uraqua guess'd aright:
And either, in her fellow's crimsoning hue,
Read, as she ween'd, her own conjecture true.
That saw the restless dame, whiles in her ear
Sounded the voice of him so passing dear;
And, for she caught some hope of better lot,
A glimpse of happiness she knew not what,
To 'say this phantasy by surer proof,
She sought the youthful pair who talk'd aloof.

Then thus: "Uraqua, to thy blood unjust,
"That ever wrap'st thine heart in cold mistrust!

" Say, cruel, have I e'er, in word or thought,
" Fail'd in the love a friend or sister ought?
" Then spare me not, thy secret grief allege,
" And, in sure trust of quittance, take my pledge."
She said, and from her hand of snowy hue,
Her glove, embroider'd round with silver, drew.

" Sweet sister mine,"—Uraqua said, and pass'd
Her arms about her neck, and clipt her fast,
" Sweet sister mine, take back thy proffer'd glove;
" I tax thee not in sooth with lack of love."
Then wray'd from first to last her late deceit;
But ween'd its end might sanctify the cheat.

Thus they; when good Sir Coursol rose and cried,
First of the associate kings for valour tried;
" What ho, liege-lady mine! if in thine eyes
" Or chivalry find worth, or bold emprize,
" Turn, and behold yon knight with lifted glaive,
" He who whilere to thee his pensil gave;

To face page 163.

R. Smirke Jun.r del.

F. Englehcart sculp.

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" Scarce by thy favour graced, ere on his shield
" Burst the collected thunder of the field.
" Lo! yonder, where the dust and where the din,
" He threads the triple crowd that hedged him in."

Now breathe the troops, and now at speed advance;
These whirl the mace; these couch the beamy lance.
Their lances brast, forth flew the sparkling steel,
And coursers rallied at the goring heel:
Not all; for these at random scour the plain;
Their lords afoot the doubtful strife maintain.
Here, one the bridge with biting faulchion keeps;
And here, a frighted steed the breast-work leaps;
Down hurtling from that arch's topmost span,
Deep in the torrent flounder horse and man:
Loud *lelies* mingle with the Christian cry,
Montjoy, St Denys! Greece, and Victory!
And tumult fills the plain, and clamour rends the sky.

But now 'twas even-song; fast fell the dew;
And shrill the bugles green to lodging blew.

Past was the motley crowd, and closed the night;
I not assay to paint the lovers' plight.
Let this suffice; either from bed did leap,
Their blood all-fever'd, unrefresh'd by sleep,
As dawn'd the morn, the fatal cause must try,
And fear and hope be lost in certainty.

Yet hold I it not fitting, unexpress'd
To pass the pomp and order of the 'quest.
With close-compacted swards a ring was wrought,
There, where the knights of late in tourney fought.
In midst, all sheathed in mail, the worthies stood,
Voiced by the heralds first for hardihood,
Sir Gaudwin, Sir Partenopex, and he
The Soldan, and the King of Christenty.
There too the royal umpires sate, and there,
With the two partners of her amorous care,

Adverse, the imperial Dame was throned high,
Trapp'd in the plenar pride of sovereignty.
Ranged in gradation round, tier upon tier,
Her feudatories rose, prince, prelate, peer.
The uttermost circumference shut out
The more ignoble herd, and rabble rout.

Nought saw Partenopex, amid the press,
Save her, who did his every thought possess.
Not so Sir Gaudwin; he in Uraque's face
Spied out, as he divined, a livelier grace.
And sure, to give that bonnibell her due,
She taper was of form, and fair of hue;
Yet might she not, in sober truth, compare
With her so passing sweet, so wondrous fair.

'Tis strange, 'tis passing strange, and yet 'tis well,
That not alone the dame is boon and bell,
But fair or foul, of rich or poor estate,
Simple or wise, need never lack for mate.

Joy to the sex, to widow, maid, or dame!
At this I much admire, but nothing blame.
Such want of better sense stands well with me;
For, had men ears to hear, and eyes to see,
Then gallants all, knight, clerk, or squire would vye
With me, for my sweet lady's amity.
Yet out, alas! it bodes me little boot,
That I stand single in a hopeless suit.—
But, harping on this string, I aye prolong,
And nought advance, the purpose of my song.

Now answer'd first each rival to his name,
Then pursuivants at arms made loud proclaim,
Whilere enjoin'd, that of the worthies four,
Prick'd from the medley by those judges hoar,
In favour of the child two waved dispute;
So 'twixt the Count and Soldan lay the suit.

Right glad I pass the prosing council: seld
Profits the tedious eloquence of eld;

But most it doth provoke mine honest rage,
That rank dishonesty should lurk in age.
Those doting kings, by fear or interest sway'd,
Against all right the worser cause upstay'd :
They spake, as much they fear'd the Soldan's power,
Rejected ; if espoused, how rich in dower !
Then told how he his princely word had plight,
Upon the faith and honour of a knight,
He, wedded, would forego false Mahound's lay,
He and the swarthy tribes which own'd his sway—
Thus all, save good Sir Coursol ; only he,
Stampt in the mould of truth and chivalry,
For their false council check'd those elders sore ;
Then thus in brief exposed his better lore :

" So stint we farther brangle. From the dame
" Why hold we rights our stronger sex doth claim?
" To King, or Count, who best shall please her eye,
" Award we, sirs, the prize of empery !"

He ceased, the counsel pleased; confest to view,
The Soldan strode in robes of sanguine hue;
Of giant bulk his limbs, and stern his air,
And cluster'd round his brows his raven hair.

Next stood the County forth; a rising blush,
(For worth misdoubts itself,) his cheek did flush.
Simple his garb, nor other weed he wore,
Save that which late beneath his arms he bore;
Fair crimson trews, and shirt so white as milk,
Unwrought; the collar was a net of silk,
Which match'd his hose in dye; and from within,
Like alabaster, show'd his dainty skin,
Razed, maugre of the bath, in many a wail,
By the keen pressure of the griding mail.
A girdle did his slender waist infold;
This too was crimson sendal, fringed with gold.

All wishes centre in Blois' youthful lord;
All, shouting, to his arms the prize accord;

Yet Melior for a while her head down hung,—
She, in good sooth, might fear to trust her tongue.
Then, as slow-yielding to her people's choice,
As she but echo'd back the public voice,
(Such pretty shifts may well beseem the sex,)
Half sunk and half pronounced, 'Partenopex.'
No more she could; loud shouts the name repeat,
And the next moment saw him at her feet.
Then vanish'd cold reserve and maiden pride;
Wrapt in themselves, lost to the world beside,
They, cheek to cheek fast laid, and lip to lip,
Stood close impaled in each others' clip;
And, for words lack'd to speak their perfect bliss,
That want they well supplied with many a thrilling kiss.

This told, it were unprofitable lore
To speak how chafed the Soldan long and sore;
Or how, the County crown'd, what game and glee
Graced his high feast and rich solemnity:

What gifts with lavish hand he dealt about,
What merrimake was there, what revel-rout;
What yeomen at the butts with arrows shoot,
What minstrels blow the pipe, or touch the lute,
Or carol amorous descants, or rehearse
Legends of knightly lore in dittied verse.

Yet it were well to fill some gaps were left
In this my tale; Ancel, who late, a weft,
Was thrown upon the world, in a young knight,
Who tourney'd with the lilies, sprang to light.
He found his guerdon in Parseis' hand;
Sir Gaudwin had to wife Uraqua bland.
And each, thrice happy in her proper lot,
Her short-lived fondness for the Count forgot.

To wind up all; for him and his sweet mate,
Glad was their love, and glorious their estate;
Loud-voiced by rumour through this middle earth,
For paragons of praise and matchless worth.

So shines the mid-day sun, whose disk did swim,
At dawning, amid mist and shadows dim ;
And those dank vapours, as they clear away,
Prove but the promise of a brighter day.

Sirs all, here ends my lay; but should the maid,
For whom I have this pretty task assaid,
New toil enjoin; though thankless be the pain,
Her bidding to gainsay I wot were vain :
For who would 'gainst the will of love abide,
He saileth in the teeth of wind and tide.

Now chance what may, for long, or for a spell,
Lordings, and dainty bonnibells, farewell!

END OF CANTO FOURTH.

NOTES TO CANTO FOURTH.

——— *upon a steed*
Of Araby.———————P. 157.

Arabian horses were imported from Alexandria, for the purposes of the chace or common riding. They were not of sufficient bone or stature for tournaments and warfare.

—— *take back thy proffer'd glove.*—P. 162.

This was a security for the performance of a promise, as well as a gage of combat. Thus, in the MS. romance of Alisaunder, we find one of Darius's officers giving his glove to that monarch as an earnest of his achieving a signal success against the enemy.

Loud lelies mingle with the Christian cry,
Montjoy, St Denys, &c.——P. 163.

The Arabic *lelies* are nothing but a quick repetition of the cry of "*allah, illah, allah!*" the Mahometan profession of faith. *Mountjoy, St Denys,* or, by abbreviation, *Montjoy,* was the ancient *cri de guerre* of the French.

He, wedded, would forego false Mahound's lay,
He and the swarthy tribes which own'd his sway.—P. 167.

There is little doubt but that a proposal of a similar nature (however extravagant the fact may appear) was made by Tammas Couli Khan to Catharine, Empress of Russia.

Razed, maugre of the bath, in many a wail,
By the keen pressure of the griding mail.—P. 168.

Frequent recourse was had to the warm bath, in order to restore elasticity to the skin, chafed and indented by the mail armour.

Loud voiced by rumour through this middle earth.—P. 170.

Mid erd, or middle earth, is a common phrase in romance, probably referring to the central position of our globe, according to the Ptolemäic system.

GLOSSARY.

THE

RED KING.

ADVERTISEMENT.

The Romance of PARTENOPEX DE BLOIS *was printed many months ago. A delay on the part of the Engravers has been the cause of its remaining thus long unpublished. I have yet to learn whether a part of the interval, between its completion and appearance, has been well employed in the composition of the following Stanzas.*

THE

RED KING.

The Red King lies in Malwood-Keep;
To drive the deer o'er lawn and steep,
He's bown'd him with the morn.
His steeds are swift, his hounds are good;
The like, in covert or high-wood,
Were never cheer'd with horn.

And he hath hawks all fowl to take,
By field, by forest, or by lake :
Right royal is his geer.
Among his merry-men is not
A simple groom, but by the slot
Can track the stricken deer.

But hound and brach are kennell'd all,
His merry-men are fast in hall,
His hawks are on the perch :
For they have flown at high and low ;
And his good dogs have chased a doe
From Knowl to Brockenhurst church.

Red William's bow'r was closely barr'd,
His knights without kept watch and ward,
All clad in hunter's green :
The horn about their necks was hung,
And at their sides the quiver swung,
With store of arrows keen.

In baudricks of the grey wolf's hide,
Their faulchions strait and short were tied,
And mantles gay they wore;
Sharp knives were in their girdles stuck,
Hafted with antler of the buck,
Or tusk of Denney boar.

The watchman on the castle top
Almost might hear an acorn drop,
It was so calm and still;
Might hear the stags in Hocknell groan,
And catch, by fits, the distant moan
Of Kingsgarn's little rill.

Save when the rustling birches play'd,
In shifting hues of light and shade,
By some chance zephyr swept;
Whiles riding over Lady-Cross,
On waste and woodland, moor and moss,
The silvery moon-shine slept.

Then all again was hush'd and still,
All but the trickling of the rill,
When loud the king 'gan cry.
His knights without upstarted all,
And heard him on St Mary call,
Like one in misery.

And "Ho!" he cried, "ho! bear a light,
"And leave me not this live-long night,
"But while the time with talk."—
They roll'd them in their mantles round,
Then laid them lightly on the ground,
And carp'd of hound and hawk.

Yet little burden in their lore
(Whatso the song) the Red King bore;
Nor when they spake of fight,
Of siege and sally, knightly gest,
Rough pastimes which he loved the best,
Kindled his heavy sprite.

But now the mist hung thin and low,
Or drifted o'er the moor-land slow,
In many a curly wreath :
His whistle first the plover blew,
Then sharp and shrill the black-cock crew,
And flapp'd along the heath.

Thin amber clouds bespoke the prime ;
These changed to red ; and in less time
Than I can tell the story,
Through Dear-Leap's grove of aged oak,
And Langley's shadowy thickets, broke
The sun in all his glory.

And with a lusty roundelay,
The throstle welcom'd in the day ;
And, towering from the lair,
The sky-lark from his feathers flung
The dew-drops, mounting, as he sung
His matins in mid-air.

With lords and lemmans clad in pall,
Revell'd the Norman in his hall,
Till roof and tow'r did ring;
Whenas a monk of orders black,
With scrip and wallet at his back,
Stood up before the king.

"Sir king," he said aloud, "let be
"Thy wassel, wine, and minstrelsy,
"And list what I deliver:
"Better it were to watch and pray,
"To fast and sanctify this day,
"Than wend to wood or river.

"Last night I dreamt a dream; behold!
"I saw a church was fret with gold,
"With arras richly dight:
"There saw I altar, pall, and pix,
"Chalice, and font, and crucifix,
"And tapers burning bright.

" You too I saw in little tide:
" You paced as overgrown with pride,
" Nor brook'd to doff your cap;
" And straitways as you enter'd in,
" (Though wind was none) with heavy din,
" The great church-door did clap.

" —Who of Christ's body doth partake
" In love, and for his passion's sake,
" Thrice blessed is his meed;
" But woe to him that eats the flesh
" Of God, and crucifies afresh
" His Saviour in the deed!—

" I may not tell, I may not shew,
" The deadly sin I saw thee do.—
" —But He, whom thou didst scorn,—
" Lo! waxing in his anger, He
" Did smite thee, like the scaithed tree.—
" Oh wo! that thou wast born!

" I saw how from thy lips forth came
" As it were smoke and smoldering flame,
" Which scatter'd far and near;
" And then the visions of the night
" Went upwards from before my sight,
" And I awoke in fear.

" And thus, O king, I read my dream:
" Thy faulty balance kicks the beam;
" The cup of wrath stands high.
" That God, who did man's flesh inherit,
" That God, whom thou hast griev'd in spirit,
" Forewarns thee thou shalt die."

" Sirs,"—quoth the king, in merry thought,
And mock'd the man of God to nought—
" Monk-like, he dreams for gain.
" Give him an hundred pence—But mark,
" Thou bode me better luck, sir clerk,
" What time thou dream'st again.—

"Now, lordings mine, for hart or deer!
"Ho! merry huntsmen, call '*Arere!*'
"And couple up your pack."
With spurs loud rang the castle hall;
And yeomen good their coursers all
Untether'd from the rack.

The draught is made, the tale is told;
They take their horns, those yeomen bold;
And now they give them breath.
All blasts of venery they knew
For field or forest; yet they blew
A tokening of the death!

And they have slung their bugle-horns;
Yet still in Sloden's haunted thorns
The pealing echo hung;
Nor once, as wont, the coursers neigh'd,
Nor dogs in merry chorus bay'd,
What while the larum rung.

And groom or gallant, for a space,
Each gazed upon his fellow's face,
Yet not a word they spake;
Then each man clomb unto his steed,
And forth they rode, down hill and mead,
By busket and by brake.

It was a pleasure but to hear
The bridles ringing sharp and clear,
Amid the forest green;
To hear the rattle of the sheaves,
And coursers rustling in the leaves,
With merry blasts between.

Foremost, amid his knights of pride,
The Red King paced, and at his side,
Sir Walter Tyrrel free:
For England's love he left his home,
And sail'd across the salt sea-foam,
From woods of Normandy.

He bare his bow before the king,
And led two grey-hounds in a string,
With skins of snowy hue.
He was a ready man on horse;
Was better none to hunt of force,
Or brace the sounding yew.

Now fast beside the path-way stood
A ruin'd village, shagg'd with wood,
A melancholy place;
The ruthless Conqueror cast down
(Wo worth the deed!) that little town,
To lengthen out his chace.

Among the fragments of the church,
A raven there had found a perch,—
She flicker'd with her wing;
She stirr'd not, she, for voice or shout,
She moved not for that revel-rout,
But croak'd upon the king.

Here first the merry huntsmen loose
Lyme-dog and grey-hound from the noose;
Crack sapling, gorse, and thorn:
Then each man's hand was to his quiver,
Then rang the woods as they would shiver,
With hound and bugle-horn.

Loud wax'd the merry cry, "*Avaunt!*"
While shrouded close in woody haunt
The gallants take their stand;
When lo! a hart came bounding by;
The king a grey goose-shaft let fly,
Then raised his bridle-hand.

So looking underneath the sun,
He saw the branching quarry run,
Unscaith'd, o'er bent and low;
And "ho!" he cried, "the game's afoot!
"Ho! in the fiend's name, Tyrrel, shoot."—
Sir Walter drew his bow.

He draws his bow with right good-will;
The shaft, if it go true, must kill;
Back leaps the sounding string:
Miss'd of the deer the whistling reed;
A nobler prey was doom'd to bleed,—
No less than England's king.

The random dart an oak-tree grazed,
(I said the king's left arm was raised,)
It smote him in that side:
Deep in the flesh the fork-head stood,
And, quivering, drank his heart's best blood
Which well'd a crimson tide.

East, west, and north, his meiny fled,
The sad Sir Walter first, for dread:
So without pray'r, or host,
Without a priest his soul to speed,
Or friend to help him in his need,
He yielded up the ghost.

A Minestead churl, whose wonted trade
Was burning charcoal in the glade,
Outstretch'd amid the gorse
The monarch found; and in his wain
He raised, and to St Swithin's fane
Convey'd the bleeding corse.

And still, so runs our forest creed,
Flourish the pious woodman's seed
Even in the self-same spot:
One horse and cart their little store,
Like their forefather's, neither more
Nor less the children's lot.

And still, in merry Lyndhurst-hall,
Red William's stirrup decks the wall;
Who lists, the sight may see;
And a fair stone, in green Malwood,
Informs the traveller where stood
The memorable tree.

Thus in those fields the Red King died,
His father wasted in his pride;
For it is God's command,—
Who doth another's birth-right reave,
The curse unto his blood shall cleave—
—And God's own word shall stand.

NOTES.

The Red King lies in Malwood-Keep.—P. 179.

The *Red King*, and *Red William*, names which applied equally to the colour of his complexion and of his hair, are the denominations by which William the Second is distinguished in the Chronicles.

Malwood Castle, seated upon an eminence, embosomed in wood, at a small distance from the village of Minestead, in the New Forest, was the residence of this prince when he met with the accident which terminated his life. No remains of it exist; but the circumference of a building is to be traced; and it yet gives its name to the walk in which it was situated.

Or tusk of Denny boar.—P. 181.

Denny is another and very extensive walk. I have observed upon this word, which is Armoric-Celtic, in the Notes to Partenopex; but, on turning again to Bullet, I see that he makes *Denn* a forest; and *Denny* near a forest, from *Denn*, and *I*, near.

And heard him on St Mary call.—P. 182.

Idem rex pridie ante necem suam, vidit per somnum sese fleubotomiæ ictu sanguinem emittere, et radium cruoris in cœlum usque extentum, lucem obnubilare et Dei interpellare claritatem. Rex autem, sanctâ Mariâ invocatâ, et somno excussus, lumen inferri præcepit, et cubicularios a se discedere non permittens, residuum noctis insomne peregit. This memorable invocation of the Virgin has not saved Rufus from the

reproach of infidelity, and of a most undisguised contempt for the supposed mediation of saints.

Of siege and sally, knightly gest,
Rough pastimes which he loved the best, &c.—P. 182.

He was doubtless of a very gallant spirit; for the proofs of which, see various anecdotes related by the old chroniclers.

—— *and in less time*
Than I can tell the story, &c.—P. 183.

See the description of a sun-rise in Gray's Letters.

With lords and lemmans clad in pall, &c.—P. 184.

"He was," says one of the monkish histories, "a most especiall follower of lemmans."

Last night I dreamt a dream, &c.—P. 184.

Monachus quidam transmarinus, qui, pro ecclesiæ suæ negotiis, regis curiam sequebatur, Roberto filio Hamonis, viro potenti et regi familiari somnium retulit, quod nocte eâdem viderat, mirificum et horrendum. Vidit enim, per somnum, regem in quandam venire ecclesiam: Gestuque superbo et insolenti, (ut solebat) cœpit despicere circumstantes: Ubi crucifixum dentibus apprehendens, brachia illius corrosit, et crura pene detruncavit. Quod crucifixus cum diu tolerasset, regem demum dextro pede ita depulit, ut caderet in pavimentum supinus; et ex ore jacentis tantam exire flammam conspexit et ita diffusam, ut fumorum nebula, quasi chaos magnum, usque ad sydera volitaret. Hanc visionem cum Robertus regi retulisset, cachinnos ingeminans, ait: "Monachus est, et lucri causâ monachiliter somniavit. Da ei centum solidos ne videatur

inaniter somniasse."—MATTHEW PARIS.—He then proceeds to recount another dream of the king's the night before his death, with little difference of circumstance from the vision of the monk. There is also a similar story in Peter Langtoft:

" On a Thurday at nyght, at even he yode to reste;
To hunte then he had tight in his New Foreste.
On slepe sone he felle; the sueven before him ran;
Him thouht in his chapelle he was withouten man.
Ne non he sau no herd, and he bihelde aboute;
The dures were so sperd, he might in no stede out.
So grete hunger him cam, and mete had he none,
Ne he ne wist to wham that he mot mak his mone.
His hunger was so grete, he wend haf woxen wode;
Upon the rode he schete, and ete it als it stode.
When he had eten that, yit him hungred eft;
The Mariole ther scho sat, of hir no thing he left.
Whan he was turned and went out of that affray,
For a bishop he sent at morn whan it was day;
Sir Ode[a] of Wynchestere, so that bishop hight;
He told him of alle the estere that him mette that nyght.
The bishop gan it rede :—' God is he turned grym;
' Outher in word or dede has thou greved him.
' Therfor all that thou may, to penance take thou space,
' That never on Friday to wood thou go to chace:
' The river salle thou forsake on Friday ilka dele.
' That penance I the take, sir kyng, thou kepe it wele."

This portentous vision of the monk, in which the king was represented gnawing the arms and biting off the legs of our Saviour crucified, and devouring the Virgin, the circumstance of the flame, smoke, &c. may perhaps have originated in an accident which took place during his reign, and which is commemorated by Speed; who

[a] Odo de Baieux, maternal uncle to Rufus.

relates, that a flash of lightening pierced the steeple of the abbey at Winscombe, cast down the crucifix, broke off the right leg, and overthrew the image of the Virgin standing by, filling the church with smoke. Possibly the hint of the king's dream, stated in Matthew Paris, might be furnished by another extraordinary circumstance related by Speed:—"Most fearefull was the wel of blood, which for fifteene daies rose up out of the ground at Finchamstead, near Abingdon, in Berkshire."[a]

Give him an hundred pence—But mark,
Thou bode me better luck, sir clerk,
What time thou dream'st again.—P. 186.

"He is a right monke," said the king, "and to have a peece of monie, he dreameth such things. Give him therefore an hundred shillings, and bid him dream of better fortune to our person."—HOLINSHED.

Ho! merry huntsmen, call 'Arere!'
And couple up your pack.—P. 187.

The cry of "Arere" (*arriére*) answered to our shooting phrase of "to heel."

"The fyrst worde to the houndes that the hunter shall out pit,
Is at the kennel doore, when he openyth it;
That all maye hym here, he shall saye, '*Arere!*'
For his houndes wolde come to hastely.
And when he hath cooplyd his houndes echoon," &c.

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[a] This phenomenon, I believe, arises from the water being tinctured with some sort of red earth.

All French terms of chase were retained long after that language was generally disused by the Anglo-Norman nobility. Some of these, though somewhat metamorphosed, are yet to be found in our sporting vocabulary. Such as *So ho!* on viewing a hare sitting, originally *Cà, ho!* and *Iloicks*, a term used to hounds in drawing a cover, a corruption of the old word *Illocques*.

> "Then saye, *Illocques, Illocques*," &c.
> LADY JULIANA BERNERS.

Of this description is *Tally-ho*, the original word being *Taillis-hors;* to express the quarry having broke cover. *Gagner le taillis* is still a figurative and proverbial mode of speech. To this may be added *Tayho*, appropriated to the stag-chase, the same with the French *Taïaut*, as written according to modern orthography. It is, as I imagine, derived from *Tai-hors; Tai* signifying a wet or swampy place, (see *Barbasan's Vocabulary to his Fabliaux, Vol. II.*) to which this animal usually resorts when hard pressed by the hounds. This action is so usual as to be expressed by a particular term, and is called *Soiling*, in our hunting phraseology.

> *He bare his bow before the king,*
> *And led two grey-hounds in a string,*
> *With skins of snowy hue.*—P. 189.

According to Baker's *Chronicle*, Sir Walter Tyrrell was bow-bearer to Rufus. The same tradition was once, as I have been informed, current in the Forest.

The bow-bearer is, by the custom of the New Forest, to be provided with a brace of milk-white grey-hounds. He is obliged to pre-

sent the king with these on his first entrance within the boundaries;[a] at which time, he is to offer him his bow with an arrow; the king is expected to shoot the arrow, and return the bow with his purse. This was not observed when his present majesty entered that country. It is his duty to attach any one for trespasses committed on the "vert and venison," or "green hue and hunting," as they are, in the same love of alliteration, occasionally styled. This he swears to perform in his oath of office, as well as "to be of good behaviour towards his majesty's wild beasts." According to the usage of the New Forest, he ranks next to the lord-warden, and takes precedence of all other officers whatsoever. His salary is forty shillings a-year, and he is entitled to one buck in the season.

I may be pardoned this detail, as successor in office to Sir Walter Tyrrel.

The ruthless Conqueror cast down
(Wo worth the deed!) that little town,
To lengthen out his chase.—P. 189.

M. Voltaire, the first, if I remember rightly, who professed disbelief of the early history of the New Forest, founded his opinions as well upon the apparent absurdity of the account, as the suspicious nature of the evidence on which it rests. He certainly was not aware, that Domesday-Book, the record of the Conqueror himself, establishes the fact. As to the seeming extravagance of the measure, it must naturally appear unintelligible to one, little conversant

[a] An estate belonging to the Mills family, on the borders of the forest, is held by a similar tenure.

with the manners of the times. Some of the inducements to it have been incidentally noticed in another place; the most especial, the love of the chase, an amusement which, next to the pleasures of sense, constitutes the chief enjoyment of a rude period of society. To this may be added, the insurement of a large supply of fresh provisions during the winter, and many rights and privileges, either specified, or alluded to in the *Charta de Forestâ.* As to the supposed absurdity of the immediate creation of a forest, it arises from a misconception of terms. "*In libro rubro, in scaccario,*" says Manwood, in his Treatise on Forest Law, it appeareth: "*Non in quibuslibet locis est foresta domini regis, sed in certis, videlicet, in sylvestribus locis.*"[a] Making a forest, therefore, was a mere appropriation of a tract of country by the crown. It appears, then, that William the Conqueror, finding a large portion of the south-western part of Hampshire adapted to his views, seized upon the waste; in some instances contented himself with stripping estates and manors of their uncultivated and wooded lands, and, in others, either insulated fertile spots, or totally absorbed them, in the surrounding wilderness.

Mr Warner, in his "*Topographical Remarks on the South-Western Parts of Hampshire,*" has taken pains to ascertain the amount of damage which property suffered in this afforestation. He has, with this view, extracted from Domes-day a table, containing two valua-

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[a] It should seem, that *sylvestribus locis* must mean pure waste, or wooded country; as it is not to be supposed that any one could have made choice of hunting grounds where there was not a certain mixture of coverts. This obvious consideration certainly prevailed in the creation of the New Forest, (before called *Ytene* or *Ytchene,* a name yet partially preserved,) which, it is clear from Domes-day, contained a great proportion of woodland.

tions and assessments of all the manors, &c. in any degree affected; the first made in the reign of Edward the Confessor, the second the famous census, taken by the Conqueror at an æra subsequent to the transaction in question. "It appears," says Mr Warner, "that, in an extent of nearly ninety miles in circumference, one hundred and eight places, manors, villages, or hamlets, suffered in a greater or less degree: and that the aggregate of the partial or entire loss was more than two-thirds of the original value." It will be enough to give the sum of this table. Before the survey of the Conqueror, these manors, &c. were estimated at 198½ hides, 56 yard-lands, 8 acres. 271 pounds, 2218 shillings. In the second census, they are represented as consisting of 59 hides, 52½ yard-lands, 6½ acres. The value is rated at 85 pounds, 964 shillings. The amount of the loss occasioned by the afforestation, therefore, will be 139½ hides, 2½ yard-lands, 1½ acres; 186 pounds, 1254 shillings.[a]

We come now to the demolition of villages, castles, churches, &c. with which William the First has been charged by our early historians. This part of history Mr Warner appears to discredit, reasoning from the non-existence of ruins, or other traces of such desola-

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[a] "I confess myself," says Mr Warner, "obliged to that great and useful work, Mr Gough's edition of Camden's *Britannia*, for the idea of this table, though the learned editor will perceive I differ from him, both in arranging the particulars comprized in it, and in certain other trifling circumstances."

Mr Warner observes, that the Saxon pound was three times the weight of ours. It consisted of forty-eight shillings, each shilling equal to fifteen-pence of our money. He allows thirty acres for every yard-land.

I have not carried the shillings to the pounds, from an idea that there might prevail some doubt as to the value of the first mentioned coin.

tion; a supposition which appears to have staggered even Dr Warton, a writer much disposed to cling to the traditions of antiquity.

It should, however, seem impossible, but that the spoliation of the Conqueror must have greatly depopulated the country, though it may remain a question whether this was only a consequential effect of the measure, or whether it actually made part of his system of devastation.[b] I am myself strongly inclined to the latter opinion. For first, the internal evidence of the falsehood of this point of history, namely, the seeming extravagance of the proceeding altogether, is

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[b] The demand for labour must have been extremely diminished by the throwing such a quantity of land out of tillage; many valuable servitudes and rights of common, particularly *pannage*, or the feeding swine in the woods, appear to have been abrogated, or at least restrained; and at a time when internal commerce, owing to the difficulty of communication, was little cultivated, it is probable that severe distress might be occasioned by a local scarcity of grain. What confirms this supposition, is a great rise in the value of the property which was untouched. In one instance, an estate lessened one-half in extent, continued the same in value at the second census as at the first; and in another, the worth of a half-hide of land was doubled. It may be objected to my reasoning, founded on these data, that the present population of the New Forest much exceeds the *ordinary* and *legitimate* means of subsistence, and has been for some time most rapidly increasing; but it is, in the present state of things, ridiculous to suppose, that the inhabitants of this tract would be more affected by a local scarcity of grain, than the people of a county, fifty miles removed. The temporary emigration, to which a considerable portion of them are subjected in pursuit of labour, might indeed produce a more severe effect, were they not indemnified by many real, or usurped rights upon the forest, which affords them both pasturage and fuel. To this great increase of population, to the encroachments on the waste, which involve many indirect, but more serious evils than the mere appropriation of the soil which is occupied, to the neglect of all those wholesome limitations, by which the law had qualified the exercise of rights of common, and (not the least) to the faulty mode of paying the keepers, whose principal emoluments arose from what has been a grand source of destruction to the wood, namely the deer and rabbits, is to be traced that total want of succession in the New Forest, which may truly be considered as a national evil. The last mischief which I have enumerated is now corrected. The keepers are prohibited cutting underwood as *browse* for the deer, and have been indemnified for the destruction of the rabbits.

rebutted by the most satisfactory external testimony to the fact. Nay, we not only have the authority of Domesday-Book, in proof of this individual act of tyranny, we find from the *Charta de Forestâ*, before cited, and from *Magna Charta*, that such a monstrous exercise of power was by no means infrequent.[c] The first seeming barrier to our belief thus removed, and the main fact of the devastation incontestably established, it is not much to say, that the verification of that part of a story which has been accurately sifted, may naturally dispose us to place faith in that which either has not been, or cannot, from the nature of circumstances, be, subjected to an equally rigid examination. But what if I prove, notwithstanding the assertions of former writers, that vestiges of ancient buildings yet exist in the New Forest, and that it is difficult to assign any cause for their demolition, but that of the tyranny of William? The establishment of the first assertion, and the concurrence of all probabilities in favour of the last, must substantiate the general truth of the story, however facts may have been warped, or exaggerated in detail.

The idea that no vestiges of ancient buildings yet exist in the New Forest, is utterly unfounded; though the fact is certainly little known, and almost confined to the small circle of keepers and ancient inhabitants. In many spots, though no ruins are visible above ground, either the *enceinte* of erections is to be traced, by the elevation of the earth, or fragments of building-materials have been discovered, on turning up the surface. The names also of those places would

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c In Magna Charta; "*Omnes foreste, que afforestate sunt tempore nostro, statim deafforestentur.*"—In another passage it speaks, "*de forestis deafforestandis vel remansuris forestis, quas Henricus, pater noster, vel Ricardus, frater noster, afforestaverunt.*"

almost, if other evidence were wanting, substantiate the general fact, and even the nature of each individual edifice. As it may be a temptation to some to prosecute further local researches, I subjoin a list of the places in question. *Castle Malwood* I have already mentioned. There remain *Castle-Hill*, on the banks of Avon; *Lucas Castle*, in Broomey-Walk; *Thomson's Castle*, which is, if I recollect rightly, in Ashley-Walk; the *Castle* in Burley, near which the foundation of a church or chapel is said to have been formerly visible; and *Queen's-Bower*, in Rhinefield-Walk. In Ashurst-Walk also is a spot called *Church-Place*, where a ridge of elevated earth incloses a square of about forty feet, and a similar appearance is visible in *Denny-Wait*; though here the square is of somewhat smaller dimensions. Tradition also marks this as the site of a church. Not far from this place, near where the old pound of Denny formerly stood, are several elevations of soil. Digging in these spots, I found very minute fragments of brick and mortar. I discovered the same materials, in the same state of decay, in *Denny-Wait* and in *Church-Place*. In the latter also were dug up fragments of a species of rock, of which there is a great quantity at Burley, situated at the other extremity of the forest, and which was probably used for a foundation, chalk, and slate cut thin and bored with holes, like that now used for the covering of buildings. The groom-keeper too informed me, that a bunch of keys was some years since discovered there. The name of *Church-Moor*, a bog close to No-Man's Walk, seems at least to argue the prevalence of a belief at some period or other, of such an edifice having existed on this spot. But the nature of the soil renders a search for materials almost impracticable. On *Peel-Hill* also, in Ashurst-Walk, I had some openings made in the ground considering the name, (which signifies a square tower,) and the appearance

of the place, an eminence, flat on the top, with four sides sloping regularly into planes, all inclined at the same angle to the horizon, as a certain clue to further discoveries. I was in this instance, however, disappointed, though a more extensive removal of the earth may possibly be attended with better success.

The total rasure of these buildings, and the scanty remains of materials under the surface, appear at first a singular circumstance. But it is to be observed, that the mansions, and even the churches of the Anglo-Saxons, were built of the slightest materials, frequently of wood; and that of all countries, a forest is the least favourable to the preservation of ruins. As they are the property of the crown, neither the pride nor interest of individuals is concerned in their preservation. They are a strong temptation to the lower classes of the community, nursed in habits of depredation upon the waste, while in no instance is there greater facility of plunder. The "vert and venison" are under the care of particular officers, who are responsible for nothing beyond. These buildings were also situated in remote and solitary places, little subject to observation, and perhaps unvisited, but with the view of spoil, for weeks together.

This absence of remains of ruins above the surface need not, therefore, reasoning from all the instances which I have adduced, lead us to despair of further discoveries, and these are perhaps yet designated by the names of places. May we not consider the termination of *ham* and *ton*, yet annexed to some wood-lands, as evidence of the former existence of hamlets and towns?[a]

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[a] The names of two existing villages in the forest have this common termination. *Fritham*, (*Frith*, a forest, Celt. and Sax., and *ham*, a hamlet, village, or town,) and *Wooton*, (Wood-town.)

But it is very probable also, that such an investigation, founded upon a careful examination of the soil, might be successful even where no similar index exists, as we have seen in two of the cases recapitulated.[a] Such is the veneration for sylvan scenes in early periods of society, that towns and villages, thus situated, usually preserve the original name of the places in which they were built. Thus, in the wilds of Kent, and other woodland districts, the names of villages usually end in *hurst*, a wood, (Saxon,) while the preceding division of the word, always compound, usually refers to its character or properties. Thus, *Midhurst* in Sussex, *Lyndhurst*,[b] *Lyme-wood*, and *Brokenhurst*, Broken-wood in the New Forest. *Bramshaw*,[c] in the same district, may be added to this class.

Having shewn, I think, that a certain degree of depopulation must either have made part, or at least have been a necessary consequence, of the measures of the Conqueror; having stated actual traces of many buildings long since demolished, and accounted for the scantiness of the materials which are yet preserved; and having explained with what prospect of success a further research may be prosecuted, it yet remains to determine, whether the destruction of the edifices in question can be certainly adduced in support of the veracity of our ancient chronicles.

And first for the castles; though their destruction might be attributed to time, this would not account for their being disparked

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[a] In Denny Wait, (*Væt*, wet, Saxon,) in the Walk of Denny, and near the old Pound of Denny.

[b] Though *Lyndhurst*, in its primary sense, certainly signifies Lyme-wood, many authorities might be cited to prove, that the acceptation of Lynd was usually much wider, and that it stood for large trees in general. This appears to have been the case in the present instance; for the lyme is no where indigenous in the New Forest.

[c] I do not know the meaning of *Bram*. *Shaw* signifies coppice or underwood.

and insulated in the forest: and this circumstance I consider as strongly corroborative of the truth of history; for such edifices were always surrounded with domains of greater or less extent; and the non-existence or afforestation of these, if we set aside the cause to which I am disposed to attribute it, can only be accounted for in two ways, either by supposing that they were originally royal residences, or that they had lapsed by forfeiture to the crown. But we know of no royal castle in the forest, with the exception of *Malwood;* and it is not probable that so many buildings, within so small a space, should have incurred this penalty. Nor would the supposition solve the difficulty, with respect to other buildings and to the supposed remains of churches, which I have before described.

I know but two instances of traces of ruins which cannot be comprized under the head of castles and churches. The first of these is *Queen's-Bower.* Here the name explains the nature of the edifice, which is gone. I imagine this an erection subsequent to the Conquest; the more so, as a large field, called *Queen's-Mead,* yet inclosed, was annexed to it. The vestiges of habitations near the old pound at Denny, I should conjecture, composed a hamlet or village; for the destruction of which it will be difficult to account, but on the supposition of its forming one of those said to have been demolished.

For the churches; they exactly correspond, in form and aspect, with those of an Anglo-Saxon æra;[a] but as no one can suppose the inhabitants of the Forest informed upon such a point of antiquarian knowledge, their belief, founded on tradition, will tend to establish

[a] They are, as I before observed, square. In one of these, a line drawn through the centre would point due east and west. In the other, the deviation is not greater than is even common in many old churches yet existing. See Grose's Preface to his *Antiquities.*

the character which I should, on other grounds, assign to these edifices. I ought, however, to remind the reader of a circumstance, which he may think subversive of the opinion which I hazard; I mean the discovery of slate, certainly not in use till a much later period, amongst the materials discovered in *Church-Place.* It is not, however, uncommon to see the ruins of palaces and churches pieced, or transformed by later additions.

> " As in those domes where Cæsars once bore sway,
> Defaced by time, and tottering in decay,
> There in the ruin, heedless of the dead,
> The shelter-seeking peasant builds his shed,
> And wondering man could want the larger pile,
> Exults and owns his cottage with a smile."

A pent-house, or inclined roof of slate, might, in the present case, have been added to some part of the upright walls; and (these crumbling away, or thrown down, for the purpose of spoil,) be mingled with the materials of a remoter age. But more on this subject in the succeeding note, which is immediately connected with the present.

Among the fragments of the church.—P. 189.

The scene in which I have laid the death of Rufus is no poetical fiction. " Walter Hennyngforde," says Grafton in his *Chronicle,* " wryteth, that in the place where the king was slaine, had been a church in old tyme, the which church, with other in his father's tyme, was pulled downe and destroyed for the enlargyng of his said forest." I certainly also recollect to have read, in some old writer, of the remains of such a church existing in his time. Baker, in his Chronicle, supposes, that this church or chapel was erected in consequence

of the death of Rufus;[b] but he is posterior in point of date, and his authority on a matter of fact is, therefore, less valid than that of Hennyngforde. No vestiges of such a building are at present visible.

In excuse for all this circumstance, I must observe, that this can hardly be considered as one of those "historical doubts," the solution of which involves nothing beyond the mere disentanglement of an intricate knot. It may be considered as making one of a series of acts of tyranny, unvarnished with any plea which might palliate or disguise its enormity, and, as such, forming a curious feature in the history of manners.

When lo! a hart came bounding by, &c.—P. 190.

A hart is, properly speaking, a stag in his sixth year; though it is more commonly used to designate the male of the species in general. The Lady Juliana Berners, treating of the manner of hunting "bestys, whether they ben bestys of venery, or of chace, or rascall," and also "shewing al termys convenyent, as well to the houndes as to the beastys aforesaid," thus defines him in all his stages:

"And for to speke of the harte, yf ye woll it lere,
Ye shall hym a calfe call at the fyrste yere;
The seconde yere a broket, so shall ye hym call;
The thyrde yere a spayad, lernyth thus all;
The fourth yere a stagge call hym by ony waye;
The fyfth yere a grete stagge your dame bydde you say;

[b] Baker was perhaps unacquainted with Hennyngforde, and formed his conjecture upon a practice more frequent in a later period than in the beginning of the twelfth century; I mean the custom of erecting a chapel on the spot where a distinguished person had perished, and endowing it for the celebration of masses for the repose of his soul.

The syxte yere call him an harte.
Doott so, my chylde, whyles ye ben in quarte."

Then raised his bridle-hand, &c.—P. 190.

This and the other circumstances of his death are closely copied from the *Chronicles.*

Ho! in the fiend's name, Tyrrel, shoot.—P. 190.

Trahe, diabole! was, according to Matthew Paris, the exclamation of the king. The *diabole* is apparently a translation of the French favourite apostrophe, "*Diable!*"

—— *and to St Swithin's fane*
Convey'd the bleeding corse.—P. 192.

Winchester cathedral.

And still, so runs our Forest creed,
Flourish the pious woodman's seed, &c.—P. 192.

This man's name was Purkess. He is the ancestor of a very numerous tribe. Of his lineal descendants it is reported, that, living on the same spot, they have constantly been proprietors of a horse and cart, but never attained to the possession of a team. A supposed wheel of the cart, which conveyed the body of Rufus, was some years since exhibited by this family.

And still, in merry Lyndhurst-hall,
Red William's stirrup decks the wall, &c.—P. 192.

A large rusted stirrup of coarse workmanship, and resembling in form those used in the middle ages, is still preserved in the court-hall at Lyndhurst. This stirrup, according to tradition, belonged

to Rufus. It is yet the favourite ensign of the forest; and was formerly applied to a very singular purpose, namely, as a test for ascertaining what dogs should suffer expeditation. Those who could not be drawn through the iron were subjected to this operation, in order to incapacitate them from the pursuit of deer. It is thus described by Manwood:—

"In the 31st canon of Canutus, the lawing of dogs is called *genuscissio*, which was cutting or laming them in the hams,[a] and therefore the old foresters called it *Hamling* or *Hoxing*, and some called it *Hock-sinewing*.

"King H. 2. was the first who cut off the claws of the forefeet of mastiffs, and therefore he called it *expeditatio*, that is, by making them unable to run *expede*, viz. from the hurt of the foot, by cutting off three claws. *Assis: Woodstock, Article* 6. Serjeant Fleetwood was of opinion, that 'tis called *expeditatio, quasi ex pede statio*, a let or stay to run, and caused by that hurt of the foot. But this seems to be a jingle."

Our custom appears to have been a very severe local extension of the forest law, which, according to the author cited above, confined the operation of hamling to mastiffs, (p. 112.)

The stirrup, suspended among smoked escutcheons of the royal arms, and stag-antlers, makes a good addition to the forest ornaments of the hall of judicature. The justice-seat and bar are of ancient and massive oak; an enormous bacon-rack, of the same age and materials, surmounts the whole. The green habits of the judges and their officers

[a] I should rather imagine, from the name, that it must have been some injury inflicted on the knee.

assort well with the rest; and it is impossible to see a court held under this sylvan pomp and circumstance, to view the mixed and oddly accoutred rabble of people attached, to hear their defences, founded on some wild notions of natural law, delivered in an uncouth jargon, still considerably dashed with Anglo-Saxon, to observe the *sang froid* with which they hear the decision of their judges, and, not least, to observe the prompt dispatch of justice,—it is impossible, I say, to witness such a scene (as a spectator once observed to me) without being transported in imagination back to the fourteenth century.

And a fair stone, in green Malwood,
Informs the traveller where stood
The memorable tree.—P. 192.

In a bottom in Castle-Malwood Walk, near Stoney-Cross, is a triangular stone, on the three sides of which are graved:

1.

"Here stood the oak-tree, on which an arrow, shot by Sir Walter Tyrrel at a stag, glanced, and struck King William II., surnamed Rufus, in the breast; of which stroke he instantly died, on the 2d of August 1100."

2.

"King William II. being thus slain, was laid on a cart, belonging to one Purkess, and drawn from hence to Winchester, and buried in the cathedral church of that city."

3.

"That the spot, where an event so memorable happened, might not hereafter be unknown, this stone was set up by John Lord Delaware, who has seen the tree growing in this place."

An addition to this inscription, by the late Lord Delaware, notices the present king's visit to the spot, &c.

John Lord Delaware had probably the authority of tradition for his assertion respecting the tree. "They," says Mr Gilpin, in his *Remarks on Forest Scenery*, "who think a tree insufficient to record a fact of so ancient a date, may be reminded, that seven hundred years (and it is no more since the death of Rufus) make no extraordinary period in the age of an oak."

Thus in those fields the Red King died,
His father wasted in his pride;
For it is God's command,—
Who doth another's birth-right reave,
The curse unto his blood shall cleave,—
—And God's own word shall stand.—P. 193.

An extraordinary coincidence of circumstances strengthened the universal belief in an immediate manifestation of the vindictive justice of Providence.

"The death of William Rufus," says Dr Milner, in his *History of Winchester*, "happened in the year 1100, and was considered, at the time it happened, as a mark of the divine wrath against the family of the Conqueror, and the person of his son Rufus, and has an immediate relation with the history of this city. Being on a hunting party in the neighbouring forest, so famous for the devastations and sacrileges which his father had committed in it, and also for the fatal accidents which had there befallen a brother of his and a nephew; if we may believe ancient historians, he received different intimations of the fate which awaited himself, at the same place, which intimation had the effect upon him, of causing him to

stay within doors, at the castle of Mallwood, where he then resided, during the early part of the day on which the accident happened; but, being heated with wine at dinner, he began to ridicule the warnings of the monk, who had come to caution him not to hunt that day, and issued into the thickest part of the forest, where, at the distance of half a mile from the said castle, having called upon his bow-bearer, in a strain of impetuous profaneness, to shoot at a stag, which he had missed, he received the arrow into his own bosom, and died upon the spot. The next day the royal corpse was brought to this city, defiled with blood and dirt, in no better vehicle than a charcoal-maker's cart. Here, however, it was treated with proper respect, and buried in the centre of the cathedral choir, many persons looking on, says our historian, but few grieving. A proof of the bad opinion which the people entertained of the deceased monarch is, that they interpreted the fall of a certain tower in the cathedral, which happened the following year, and covered his tomb with its ruins, into a sign of the displeasure of heaven that he had received Christian burial."

I have little to observe upon this passage, except that De Courtois, or Courthose, (his christian name also is variously given,) a natural son of the Conqueror, and the brother of Rufus, is believed also to have met his fate in the New Forest. He was, according to the Chronicles, killed by a pestilential blast, which crossed him while hunting. The West Indian fever is said to be often embodied in something like a fog or vapour; and those who have the misfortune to find themselves within its sphere, seldom escape the malignant influence. When this tract of country abounded more with swamp and underwood, it might possibly be obnoxious to a similar evil. For the other judgment on the descendants of the Conqueror; Graf-

ton, in his Chronicle, affirms, "In the same forest, by a like chance, was slaine also a little before, Richard, sonne unto Robert Duke of Normandy, by a knight of his owne." Camden assigns *him* also both a different name and catastrophe; "Henrie likewise, his grand child, by Robert of Normandy," says that writer, "whiles he hotly pursued his game in this chace, was hanged amongst the boughes, and so died," &c.

The reader will be surprised to hear of the translation of the bones of Rufus, after these supposed indications of the wrath of heaven. "We have hitherto omitted," says Dr Milner, "to mention the tomb of the last of our monarchs, who was interred in this ancient mausoleum of royalty, viz. William Rufus, though this is one of the most conspicuous objects in this part of the church, being situated near the step, in the middle between the north and south doors of the choir. It consists of English grey marble, being of form that is dos d'ane", *(the lid rising to a ridge in the middle, with both ends sloped off triangularly, like the roof of a house,)* "and is raised about two feet above the ground. By whom, or on what occasion, his bones were removed out of the tomb and enshrined, does not appear; it is probable, however, that this was done by Bishop de Blois," *(Henry de Blois, brother to King Stephen, and Bishop of Winchester,)* "from a too partial respect for his uncle, when he paid that honor to the remains of so many other more deserving personages. It may be asked, why the tomb of Rufus was left to remain, after the bones had been removed out of it? The answer is, that this was the usual practice on similar occasions. For we are to observe, the bones only, and of these probably only the greater bones, were translated, after they had been washed in wine and water. The other remnants of mortality, with the clothes and ornaments, were usually

left behind in the tombs. Hence we find the tombs of many saints, or other illustrious personages, still remaining, after the bones had been enshrined. In conformity with this account, we are informed, that when the present royal tomb was violated by the rebels of the last century, there was found in it the dust of the king, some pieces of cloth embroidered with gold, a large gold ring, and a small silver chalice."

* * * * * *

"The third chest (these are ranged along the wall) contained part of the remains of persons of very opposite stations and characters, the other part of them having been deposited in the corresponding chest on the other side. These were the bones of Canute, the great and good Danish king, and of his queen, the fair Maid of Normandy, Emma, the special friend of this cathedral, *of the tyrannical Rufus*, of the good Bishop Alwyn, and of the simonaical prelates Wina and Stigand. It appears that these remains, by some means or other, had got so intermixed, from the time of De Blois, that it was impossible to distinguish to whom they severally belonged. This circumstance alone can account for the manner of their disposal by Bishop Fox, in these chests, as likewise for the equal honour which is thereby paid to characters of very unequal merits. The said chests having been, in part, violated by the rebels in the great civil war, and part of the bones which they contained having been taken out of them, and scattered about the church, such of them as were recovered at the Restoration, were laid in the two chests last mentioned."

GLOSSARY.

A.

Albe, although.

B.

Bale, evil, misfortune.

Banderol, the small flag at the end of the lance.

Barded, a barded horse, a horse clothed in defensive armour.

Benempt, named.

Bewray, to discover.

Bonnibelle, a flattering woman. *Bonne et belle.*

Boon, gay, lively.

Bown, to prepare, to make ready.

Brach, a bitch-hound.

Brand, a sword.

Brangle, dispute.

Bruit, noise, report.

Busket, (*bosquet,*) a thicket.

C.

Cark, trouble of mind, solicitude.

Carl, a churl. See Notes, p. 115.

Castellain, a lord of a castle.

Cates, provisions.

Cheer, air of the countenance, frame of mind.

Child, a chivalric designation, answering to *damoisel* in French. It properly signifies a young gentleman not yet knighted. It is, however, sometimes applied to a knight.

Christenty, Christendom.

Claret. See Notes to Canto First.

Clepe, to call, or name.

Clip, to embrace.

Clip, subs. an embrace.

Contrarious, opposite, repugnant to.
Could, (perf. *can*,) knew.
County, a count.
Craven, a coward.

D.

Daze, to dazzle.
Dight, to prepare, dress, set in order, or arrange.
Dole, sorrow. *Duil*, Celtic, *dolor*, Latin.
Don, (*do on*,) put on.

E.

Eld, old age.
Ensample, an example.
Eschew, to avoid.
Evanish, to vanish.

F.

Fay, a fairy.
Fay, faith.
Fayëry, the art of fairery, also Fairy-Land.
Force, to hunt of force; *chasser à force*, to run down the quarry with the hounds, in contradistinction to the *chasse à tirer*, in which it was shot.
Foredone, fatigued, exhausted.

G.

Garniture, ornament.
Gainsay, to deny, or controvert.
Glaive, a sword.
Gonfainoun, the small flag worn at the end of the lance. *Gonfalone.*
Grammary, magic.
Guerdon, reward.

H.

Harbourage, lodging.
Hest, command.
Hight, called, named.

I.

Jesse, or *jesset*, the string by which the hawk was attached to the hand.
Ill. For guilt is ill to hide, for guilt is difficult to hide.
Journey, a day's journey.

K.

Keep, inner part of an ancient castle, occasionally used for the whole.
Kirtle, a sort of jacket.
Knave, in its general sense, a servant.

L.

Lair, harbour of wild beasts, or rough uncultivated ground.
Lay, (according to Tyrwhitt,) a species of serious narrative poetry, of a moderate length, in a simple style, and light metre. *Laoi*, Celtic.
Lay, law.
Lede, a rule. *Approve this lede,* prove the truth of this rule.
Lelies, the Arabic war-cry. See Notes, p. 173.
Leman, a mistress.
Lett, hindrance, impediment.
Lief, dear, beloved.
Liege, a sovereign, or lord, to whom others were bound by feudal tenure.
Lordings, sirs, masters.
Lorn, lost, forsaken. *Love-lorn,* forsaken of his love.
Losel, an infamous person.
Lout, to bow.
Lusty, stout, vigorous, joyful.

M.

Make, to meddle or interfere.
Maugre, in despite of.
May, a maid.
Meed, reward.
Meiny, attendansts.
Mickle, much, great.
Might. The drink of might, the drink of power.

N.

Nathless, nevertheless.

O.

Owe, to own or possess.
Orfrays, embroidery. See Notes, p. 150.

P

Paragon, a pattern, a model.
Pardie, Par dieu.
Parfay (Parfoy), by my faith.
Parforce, of necessity.
Parlous, keen, facetious.
Pensil, vide *Banderol.*

Phantasy, fancy.
Pigment. See Notes to Canto First.
Point device. Clad point device, clothed exactly, or studiously.
Pranked, studiously adorned.
Prew, valiant, brave.
Prise, notes sounded at the taking of the deer, *Prise,* French.
Purfled, embroidered.

Q.

Quaint, skilful, ingenious, subtle.
Quaintance, acquaintance.
Quarry, any thing chased.
Quest, search, search of adventure.
'Quest, inquest.

R.

Rack, small fleecy cloud. (*Rauch,* smoke.)
Reck, to care, to heed.
Rede, advice.
Rote, conjectured to be a species or hurdigurdy.
Rouncey, a horse of burden
Ruth, pity.

S.

Sadness, sobriety, gravity.
Sarzin, Saracen.
'Say, for assay.
Scant, scantly, scarcely.
Scathe, loss, injury, damage.
Sell, a saddle.
Sendal, a species of thin silk.
Serried, closely compacted.
Shrift, confession.
Shrive, to hear at confession.
Slot, the track or footsteps of the deer. *Sliocht,* Celtic.
Solace, joy, satisfaction. *Solas,* joy, Celtic, *solatium,* Latin.
Sore, (adverbially,) very much, intensely.
Sprite, a spirit; the spirit or soul.
Stiff, strong.
Stower, battle.
Suzerain, a feudal lord, possessing a fief, under which other fiefs were held

T.

Tables, it should seem a game similar to backgammon.
Tale. Passing tale, passing computation.

Thrall, a captive, a slave.
Tiercelet, tiercelin, a species of falcon.
Trews, pantaloons or trowsers. *Triu'ais*, Celtic.
Twain, two. *The twain*, the pair.

V.

Valet, a young prince or gentleman not yet knighted. See *Notes to Canto First.*

W.

Wardress, warder, governor or lord of a castle.
Well, to flow.
Weft, a waft, or stray.
Wighty, strong.
Won, a dwelling.
Wray, to discover.

Y.

Yerk, to kick.
Ypight, fixt.

FINIS.

My great distance from the Press must be my excuse for the following Errata:

Page 48, line the 3d of the Note, for *by*, read *of*.
54, 6, for fenxit, read finxit.
120, 14, for aneel, read ancel.
183, 10, for Dear-Leap, read Deer-Leap.
142, 12, for *bosom*, read *presence*.
173, last line, for *Catharine*, read *Elizabeth*.

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STANZAS,

ADDRESSED

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

LADY VISCOUNTESS KIRKWALL.

WHAT tho' with feeble hand I strike the lyre,
I will not sigh to gain the poet's bays;
Or soar with Genius on the wing of fire,
If gentle bosoms prize my artless lays.

For still, inspir'd by soft affection's glow,
Or true to melting gratitude sincere,
"Warm from the heart," my native measures flow,
Unknown to fame, yet still to friendship dear.

Fair patroness of my untutor'd strain,
Oh! if the numbers please thy feeling breast,
These wild effusions are not pour'd in vain,
My song is honor'd, and my muse is blest.

When early led by nature's charms divine,
My youthful vows to Poesy I paid;
And bending low at fancy's rural shrine,
Of opening buds a fragrant offering made;

Thy hand with laurel crown'd my infant head,
Thy cheering kindness fann'd my rising flame,
And oh! whate'er the future path I tread,
My grateful heart shall ever love thy name.

May pleasure wing thy lightly fleeting hours,
And health attend thee on thy smiling way!
May hope and joy unite, congenial pow'rs,
To gild thy prospect with propitious ray!

The muse for thee a votive wreath shall twine,
Sweeter than vernal roses bath'd in dews;
For there the flowers of gratitude combine,
Of simple beauty, but of lasting hues.

F. D. B. AGED 13.

Gwrych, 1st *Oct.* 1807.

POEMS.

ON MY MOTHER's BIRTH-DAY.

CLAD in all their brightest green,
This day the verdant fields are seen;
The tuneful birds begin their lay,
To celebrate thy natal day.
The breeze is still, the sea is calm,
And the whole scene combines to charm;
The flowers revive, this charming May,
Because it is thy natal day.
The sky is blue, the day serene,
And only pleasure now is seen;
The rose, the pink, the tulip gay,
Combine to bless thy natal day.

F. D. B. AGED 8.

A PRAYER.

Oh! God, my father and my friend,
Ever thy blessings to me send;
Let me have virtue for my guide,
And wisdom always at my side;
Thus cheerfully thro' life I'll go,
Nor ever feel the sting of woe;
Contented with the humblest lot,
Happy, tho' in the meanest cot.

F. D. B. aged 9.

ON A ROSE.

How short, sweet flower, have all thy beauties been,
An hour they bloom'd, and now no more are seen:
So human grandeur fades, so dies away;
Beauty and wealth remain but for a day.
But virtue lives for ever in the mind,
In her alone true happiness we find:
The perfume stays, altho' the rose be dead;
So virtue lives, when every grace is fled.

ON HEALTH.

Oh! tell me, Cambrians, tell me true,
Does fair Hygeïa 'bide with you?
" Yes, she with us for ever dwells,
In groves, in shady woods, or dells.
Oh! stranger, turn and stay—for here
She deigns to give her influence dear.
In yonder vale her temple stands;
Her brows entwin'd with roseate bands:
In Cambria's land she ever dwells,
In groves, in shady woods, or dells."

WRITTEN IN NORTH WALES.

Oh! happy regions of delight and joy,
And much-loved scenes of bliss without alloy;
Hail! to your mountains, groves, and woodlands dear,
Hail! to your flowery lawns, and streamlets clear;
Hail! to your lowly cots, and stately parks,
And hail! your meadows green, and soaring larks.
Observe yon verdant fields, and shady bowers,
Wherein I've passed so many happy hours;

See, too, yon rugged hill, upon whose brow
Majestic trees and woods aspiring grow.
There to the right, the vale of Clwyd ends;
Here to the left, huge Penman-mawr extends:
Look to the south, the Cambrian mountains o'er;
Hark! to the north, the ocean's awful roar.
Remark those lowing herds and sportive sheep,
And watchful shepherds too, their flocks who keep.
Behold yon ships, now on the glassy main,
Which spread the sails, their destin'd port to gain.
These lovely prospects, how they cheer my soul,
With what delight and joy I view the whole!
Accept Great God, thanks for these blessings giv'n,
And may my gratitude ascend to heav'n.

WRITTEN ON THE SEA-SHORE.

How awful how sublime this view,
Each day presenting something new.
Hark! now the seas majestic roar,
And now the birds their warblings pour;
Now yonder lark's sweet notes resound,
And now an awful stillness reigns around.

F. D. B. AGED 10.

MORNING.

Now rosy morning clad in light,
Dispels the darkling clouds of night,
The sun in gold and purple drest,
Illumines all adown the east;
The sky-lark flies on soaring wings,
And as he mounts to heav'n, thus sings:
" Arise, ye slothful mortals, rise!
See me ascending to the skies:
Ye never taste the joys of dawn,
Ye never roam the dewy lawn,
Ye see not Phœbus rising now,
Tinging with gold the mountain's brow;
Ye ne'er remark the smiling land,
Nor see the early flowers expand,
Then rise ye slothful mortals, rise,
See, I am mounting to the skies."

ON

THE DEATH OF MY DEAR SISTER ELIZA.

INSCRIBED TO MY MOTHER.

If spotless innocence, and truth refin'd,
With every virtue of the feeling mind;
If these can raise to heaven's eternal sphere,
Be comforted—Eliza's surely there.
Oh, hark! I hear the immortal spirit sing:
" I rise above on light ethereal wing;
" Then weep no more; ah! cease those flowing tears,
" No more Eliza death or sickness fears;
" Earth and its fading pleasures far behind,
" In heaven a happy, happy seat I find.

" Mourn not for me—'tis you I mourn for now;
" I soar on high, while you remain below.
" In heaven we all at length shall meet again,
" Where all is happiness, all free from pain.
" Then weep no more; ah! cease those flowing tears;
" No more my spirit death or sickness fears."

PITY;

AN ALLEGORY, VERSIFIED.

In that blest age when never care annoy'd,
Nor mortals' peace by discord was destroy'd,
A happy pair descended from above,
And gods and mortals nam'd them Joy and Love.
Together had they seen each opening day,
Together shar'd each sportive infant play;
In riper years with glowing warmth they lov'd;
Jove saw their passion and his nod approv'd.
Long happy did they live, when cruel fate
From bliss to misery chang'd their envied state.
Mankind grew wicked and the gods severe,
And Jove's dread anger shook the trembling sphere.
To Joy he sent his high behest to fly
On silken pinions to her native sky.

Reluctant she obeys, but Love remains,
By Hope his nurse, led to Arcadia's plains:
When from his starry throne, the mighty Jove
In thunder spoke: "Let Sorrow wed to Love!"
The awful stern command Love trembling hears;
Sorrow was haggard, pale, and worn with tears,
Her hollow eyes and pallid cheeks confest,
That hapless misery "knows not where to rest."
Forc'd to submit, Love's efforts were in vain;
The thunderer's word must ever firm remain.
No nymphs and swains to grace the nuptial day
Approach, no smiling Cupids round them play;
No festal dance was there, no husband's pride,
For Love in sadness met his joyless bride.
One child, one tender girl, to Love she bore,
Who all her father's pensive beauty wore;
So soft her aspect, the Arcadian swains
Had nam'd her Pity—and her name remains.
In early youth for others' woe she felt;
Adversity had taught her how to melt.
Love's myrtle, Sorrow's cypress she combin'd,
And form'd a wreath which round her forehead twin'd.
She oft sat musing in Arcadia's shades,
And play'd her lute to charm the native maids.
A ring-dove flew for safety to her breast;
A robin in her cottage built its nest.

Her mother's steps she follows close; to bind
Those wounds her mother made: divinely kind,
Into each troubled heart she pours her balm,
And brings the mind a transitory calm.
But both are mortal; and when fades the earth,
The nymph shall die, with her who gave her birth;
Then, to elysium Love shall wing his flight,
And he and Joy for ever re-unite.

F. D. B. AGED 11.

ON THE 16TH DECEMBER, BEING AS FINE AS MAY-DAY.

UNLIKE December's frown this gladsome day
Inspires my bosom, and invites my lay.
The sun meridian darting from on high,
Lights the gay scene, and brightens all the sky;
Soft rolls the glassy main; the lightsome breeze
Brings to my heart serenity and ease.
Here calmness reigns; nought but the lowing herds,
The waters falling, and the twittering birds,
Invade the ear; here, in this tranquil scene,
Far from the notice and the noise of men,
Here, could I peaceful live, nor breathe a sigh
For gayer views, and happy could I die.

TO FANCY.

Oh! thou visionary Queen,
I love thy wild and fairy scene,
Bid for me thy landscape glow;
To thee my first effusions flow.
I court the dreams that banish care,
And hail thy palace of the air.
Oh! bless thy youthful poet's hours,
And let me cull thy sweetest flowers.
Ever can thy magic please,
And give to care a transient ease.
View the poor man toiling hard,
Of the joys of life debarr'd,
Thy power his lovely dream will bless,
In thy brightest rainbow dress;
With flattering pleasures round him smile,
In soft enchantment for a while.
Thy dear illusions melt away;
Ye heavenly visions, why decay!
Oh! thou visionary maid,
Form'd to brighten life's dark shade,
Let me soar with thee on high,
To realms of immortality!

Hope, thy sister, airy queen,
Forms with thee her lovely scene.
" Oh! thou visionary maid,"
Lend my soul thy magic aid,
To cheer with rainbows every shade.

THE SPARTAN MOTHER AND HER SON.

Mother.

My son, let virtue animate thy breast;
Fly to the battle—spurn inglorious rest!
Take up the spear and lance—with ardour go,
March proudly forward to repel the foe!
Let all the spirit of thy noble sire,
With rising energy thy soul inspire!
Thy bleeding country calls thee to the fight,
And duty prompts thee to defend the right.
Fly swiftly, Isadas, for glory says,
" Why dost thou waste in peace thy slothful days?"

Son.

I go my mother, for the deathless crown
Which fires the youthful hero to renown!
And if thy soldier shall return to thee,
And bring the laurel-wreath of victory,

Ah! let the tribute of thy praise impart,
The dearest pleasure of my glowing heart.
And should I fall—oh! be my glorious grave
Crown'd with the patriot-honours of the brave.
Think that I died in virtue's sacred cause;
Think that I died to win her bright applause.

Mother.

My noble Isadas, to me what pride,
Wert thou to die—as thy brave father died!
Go, young enthusiast, to the battle go,
Repel with native zeal the daring foe.
Oh! that I were a bird, with thee I'd fly,
And search the ranks among with piercing eye,
For thee my son: thy actions brave I'd mark,
And grave them in my breast.——But hark! oh, hark!
The martial trumpet sounds to war's alarms;
Farewel! my hero, haste thee from my arms.

Son.

Adieu! my mother, if with glory crown'd
Home I return not, scarr'd with many a wound,
I'll brave[illegible] fall in battle's rushing tide;
Conquer or die—"as my brave father died!"

THE REIGN OF DECEMBER.

In winter awful, lovely in the spring,
Romantic Cambria hail! to thee I sing.
No longer now I view thy verdant trees,
Thy joyous harvest waving to the breeze;
Thy mountain streams, thy vallies filled with corn,
Thy larks which fly to greet the roseate morn;
Thy summer sun cheering all nature round,
Thy meads with Flora's early primrose crown'd;
The stores Pomona's liberal hand bestows,
And from her lap in rich profusion throws:
Of these no more I sing; those cheerful days
Are fled, and winter claims my pensive lays.
Yet even in winter charms may oft be view'd,
If by the philosophic mind pursu'd:
Yes, even in chilling frost, and blustering wind,
The grandeur of the Almighty Power we find.
Do not the winds aloud his praise declare?
Look at the snowy hills—we view him there!
Whether by cold we're nipp'd, or heat oppress'd,
In either is the Great Supreme confess'd.
But let me now assume the festive song,
And to the lyre let sportive notes belong;
For all th' endearments of the social powers,
Shall bless December's consecrated hours.

Now tho' joyful summer's fled,
Why regret her garlands dead!
For in the winter we can see
The beauties of variety.
And if 'twere summer all the year,
Variety would ne'er appear;
But in the seasons moving round,
If sought for, she is always found;
Then tho' summer's reign is fled,
Mourn not if the flowers be dead;
Tasteless would she ever be,
Wanting sweet variety.
Hail! then, December's pleasing reign,
In the wild enraptur'd strain;
And let the winter sacred be
To mirth and hospitality.

TO HOPE.

Fair enchantress gaily kind,
Sweet the dream inspir'd by thee;
Ever bless thy poet's mind
With thy heavenly energy!
Thine, oh! Hope, the magic art,
To charm the sorrows of the heart;
To chase the fond, the plaintive sigh,
With visions of felicity!

Ah! when real joys are o'er,
And love and peace delight no more,
Then thy melting syren-voice
Bids the pensive mind rejoice.
Ah! thy dreams are too beguiling;
Ah! thy prospect is too smiling.
Welcome still thy dear illusions;
Ever sweet thy wild effusions;
"Fair enchantress, gaily kind,
Ever bless thy poet's mind!"
Thine th' inspiring song of peace,
Soon the plaint of woe shall cease;
Soon again a brighter guest
Calm the mourning soul to rest.
Roses in thy path shall bloom;
Think, oh! think of joys to come!
Come Hope, and all my steps attend,
Oh! ever be my bosom-friend;
To me thy fairest dreams impart,
And whisper comfort to my heart.
Oh! shed thy sweet enchanting ray,
To bless my wild romantic way.
In thy magic scene we view
Gay delusions, seeming true.
"Sweet musician, gaily kind,
Ever bless thy poet's mind!"

TO FRIENDSHIP.

Oh! Friendship, sweetest, exquisite delight,
For fine according spirits form'd alone!
'Tis thine our feeling bosoms to unite,
And youthful hearts thy melting ardours own.

To give the mind its animated glow,
Kindle the languid virtues to a flame,
To bid the genial tear of pity flow,
To raise the "blushes of ingenuous shame,"

These arts, oh! child of sympathy, are thine;
And I will bless thy consecrated power;
Will pour my early offering at thy shrine,
And oft invoke thee in the pensive hour.

Ah! when our brightest prospects fade away,
And Hope shall cease her glowing hues to blend:
Then, when the bright illusive scenes decay,
'Tis then we prove the blessings of a friend.

Diffuse thy influence o'er my youthful mind,
The artless song I dedicate to thee;
What pleasing sorrows oft in thee we find,
Oh! child of tender sensibility.

With thee in pensive pleasure I would melt;
To me thy raptures, thy endearments give:
Oh! ye, who these according joys have felt,
Say, with a generous friend, how sweet to grieve

Oh! yes, we love our sorrows to impart,
And meet our comfort from a kindred heart;
The elevated soul, by thee refin'd,
Once to thy dear enchanting sway resign'd,
Shall ever pour the genuine vow to thee,
Oh! child of tender sensibility.

THE RETURN OF THE MARINERS.

When the blythe mariners with glowing hearts,
Guide the proud vessel to their native shore,
Then Hope the animating lay imparts,
And whispers of the rapture yet in store.
Their spreading sails the lingering breezes gain,
The airy streamers waving o'er the main;
That main, which causes many a heart to mourn,
Now softly rolls to favour their return.

Now, with the balmy summer gale they glide;
Ah! soon the seaman hopes to meet his bride.
Now, to the coast enraptur'd they advance,
While o'er the wave the setting sun-beams dance.
Now shouts of joy, impetuous joy, arise,
The cliffs of Albion meet their sparkling eyes;
With ardent cheers they hail the native shore,
"Our toil, our care, our dangers, are no more."
No more from love the mariners will roam,
But dwell with peace and festive mirth at home.
And now they spring exulting from the wave,
To meet the sacred honours of the brave;
Their friends, their loves, they welcome on the strand,
And acclamations greet them as they land.
Ah! then the tears of manly transport flow,
The tears that bid the generous bosom glow.
He who could stand by battle compass'd round,
Stand unconcern'd, nor heed the deathful wound;
He, who could boldly face the cannon's roar,
Now melts in tears, to see his native shore.
Then let my country's lasting honours crown
The brave defenders of her bright renown;
With rapture hail the heroes of the wave,
Or strew her weeping laurels on their grave.

ADDRESS TO THE DEITY.

THE infant muse, Jehovah! would aspire
To swell the adoration of the lyre:
Source of all good, oh! teach my voice to sing,
Thee, from whom nature's genuine beauties spring;
Thee, GOD of truth, omnipotent and wise,
Who saidst to Chaos, "let the earth arise."
Oh! author of the rich luxuriant year,
Love, truth, and mercy, in thy works appear:
Within their orbs the planets dost thou keep,
And even hast limited the mighty deep.
Oh! could I number thy inspiring ways,
And wake the voice of animated praise!
Ah, no! the theme shall swell a cherub's note;
To thee celestial hymns of rapture float.
'Tis not for me, in lowly strains to sing
Thee, GOD of mercy,—heav'n's immortal king.
Yet to that happiness I'd fain aspire;
Oh! fill my heart with elevated fire:
With angel-songs an artless voice shall blend,
The grateful offering shall to thee ascend.
Yes! thou wilt breathe a spirit o'er my lyre,
And "fill my beating heart with sacred fire!"
And when to thee my youth, my life, I've giv'n,
Raise me, to join Eliza, blest in heav'n.

TO INDEPENDENCE.

Hail! Independence, source of blessings, hail!
Nurse of the towering thought, the gallant deed;
When blest by thee how sweet the simple vale,
How charms with thee the brook, th' enamell'd mead!
And when the lark, the messenger of day,
Proclaims the roseate morn will soon appear;
With thee what melody inspires the lay,
How soft the carol, how distinct, how clear.
With thee how doubly fair by Cynthia's beam,
The starry lamps resplendent in the sky:
How gently flows the chrystal purling stream,
How radiant Phœbus meets the dazzled eye.
With thee how jocund fleets th' ecstatic hour,
How shine the lucid drops which bend the flower;
How gay the sylvan scene, whene'er we rove,
Wandering with thee, and with the maid we love.

TO THE MOON.

Cyllene rise! yon osier trees,
Waving their branches to the breeze,
Court thee in hollow gentle sighs,
And whisper, " Fair Cyllene rise."

Heaven's canopy is studded bright,
With countless stars, in streams of light;
Yet what avail their beams divine,
If thou fair queen, refuse to shine?

The shepherd's lute with sprightly sound
Awakes the mountain echoes round;
And as the warbling cadence dies,
It murmurs forth, " Cyllene rise."

Down in yon vale the minstrel's hand
Strikes the loud harp to glory's band;
And as the glowing theme's pursu'd,
Feels all his youthful fires renew'd.

And now to thee he tunes the lay,
And courts thy soft and placid ray;
Romantic melody awakes the skies,
To thee he carols, " Fair Cyllene rise."

YOUTH.

Oh! halcyon Youth, delightful hours,
When not a cloud of sorrow lowers;
When every moment wings its flight,
To waft new joy and new delight.
Kind, unsuspecting, and sincere,
Youth knows no pang, no jealous fear;
And sprightly Health, with cherub face,
Enlivens ev'ry opening grace;
And laughing Pleasure hovers near,
And tranquil Peace to youth is dear.
If Sorrow heave the little breast,
There plaintive sorrow cannot rest;
For swiftly flies the transient pain,
And Pleasure re-assumes her reign.
The tale the sons of woe impart,
Vibrates upon the youthful heart;
The soul is open to belief,
And Pity flies to soften grief.
Hope with sweet expressive eye,
Mirth, and gay Felicity,
Fancy in her lively dress,
Pity who delights to bless;
Innocence, and candid Truth,
These and more attend on Youth.

HYMN.

GREAT GOD! at whose "creative word,"
Arising Nature own'd her Lord;
At whose behest, from gloomy night
The earth arose in order bright!
To whom the poet swells the song,
And cherub's loftier notes belong:
To Thee be glory, honour, praise;
Great GOD! who canst depress or raise.

Say all ye learned, all ye wise,
What towering pillars prop the skies?
What massy chain suspends the earth?
'Tis His high power who gave it birth.
'Tis He who sends the grateful shower;
'Tis He who paints the glowing flower.
Let the loud anthem raise the strain,
While echo murmurs it again.

And ye who wander o'er the sheaf-crown'd fields,
Praise Him for all the plenty harvest yields;
Let harp and voice their swelling notes combine,
To praise all nature's GOD, the architect divine

THE EXILE.

Why memory recal the chearful hours,
The tranquil time that never can return;
When gaily wandering in my native bowers,
I once was smiling as the summer morn.

And why recal my early friendships dear,
Why lead my thoughts to fond illusions past:
They claim the plaintive tribute of a tear;
I weep for dreams of joy that fled so fast.

Ah! still will Fancy all the scenes revive,
The favorite scenes that charm'd my youthful breast;
She bids them now in softer colours live,
And paints the cottage of domestic rest.

When pleasure lighted up my sparkling eye,
And on swift pinions flew the social day;
Ah! then I pour'd the simple melody,
To hail the brilliance of the matin ray.

Ah! still retentive only to my woe,
Will memory trace the picture of my cot;
And while in vain the tears of sorrow flow,
I rove in fancy to the sacred spot:

There fragrant woodbines form'd a mantling bower:
And there I planted the luxuriant vine;
There love and friendship bless'd the festive hour,
While every rural happiness was mine.

Ah! thus will "sadly-pleasing" memory dwell
On all the hopes, the fond illusions o'er;
And still with touching power she loves to tell,
Of happy moments to return no more.

THE LILY OF THE VALE.

See bending to the gentle gale,
The modest lily of the vale;
Hid in its leaf of tender green,
Mark its soft and simple mien.
Thus sometimes Merit blooms retir'd,
By genius, taste, and fancy fir'd;
And thus 'tis oft the wanderer's lot,
To rove to Merit's peaceful cot,
As I have found the lily sweet,
That blossoms in this wild retreat.

INVOCATION TO THE FAIRIES.

FOR MY SISTER'S GROTTO.

Fays and Fairies haste away!
This is Harriet's holiday:
Bring the lyre, and bring the lute,
Bring the sweetly-breathing flute;
Wreaths of cowslips hither bring,
All the honours of the spring;
Adorn the grot with all that's gay,
Fays and Fairies haste away.

Bring the vine to Bacchus dear,
Bring the purple lilac here,
Festoons of roses, sweetest flower,
The yellow primrose of the bower,
Blue-ey'd violets wet with dew,
Bring the clustering woodbine too.
Bring in baskets made of rush,
The cherry with its ripen'd blush,
The downy peach, so soft so fair,
The luscious grape, the mellow pear:
These to Harriet hither bring,
And sweetly in return she'll sing.
Be the brilliant grotto scene
The palace of the Fairy Queen.
Form the sprightly circling dance,
Fairies here your steps advance;
To the harp's soft dulcet sound,
Let your footsteps lightly bound.
Unveil your forms to mortal eye;
Let Harriet view your revelry.

LIBERTY.

AN ODE.

WHERE the bold rock majestic towers on high,
Projecting to the sky;
Where the impetuous torrent's rapid course
Dashes with headlong force;
Where scenes less wild less awful meet the eye,
And cultur'd vales and cottages appear;
Where softer tints the mellow landscape dye,
More simply beautiful, more fondly dear;
There sportive Liberty delights to rove,
To rove unseen,
In the dell, or in the grove,
Midst woodlands green.

And when placid eve advancing,
Faintly shadows all the ground;
Liberty with Hebe dancing,
Wanders through the meads around.

Fair wreaths of brightest flowers she loves to twine,
Moss-rose, and blue-bell wild;
The pink, the hyacinth with these combine,
And azure violet, nature's sweetest child!

When the moon beam silvery streaming,
Pierces through the myrtle shade;
Then her eye with pleasure beaming,
She trips along the sylvan glade.

She loves to sing in accents soft,
When the wood-lark soars aloft;
She loves to wake the sprightly horn,
And swell the joyful note to celebrate the morn!

In the dell, or in the grove,
Liberty delights to rove;
By the ruin'd moss-grown tower,
By the wood-land, or the bower;
On the summit thence to view,
The landscape clad in varied hue.
By the hedge-row on the lawn,
Sporting with the playful fawn;
Where the winding river flows,
And the pensile osier grows,
In the cool impervious grove,
Liberty delights to rove.

HYMN.

Oh! thou Creator, Father, Friend,
Source of all blessings mortals prize,
Let nature's praise to thee ascend,
In swelling chorus to the skies.

Most high, ineffable, supreme,
Celestial, awful, brightest bright;
The cherubim's inspiring theme,
Enrob'd in glory, crown'd with light!

When solemn thunders distant roll,
And when the vivid lightnings dart,
They strike upon th' astonish'd soul,
And speak thy pow'r to ev'ry heart.

TO A BEAUTIFUL VINE AND A ROSE-BUSH.

Thou fair expanding mossy-rose,
Long may thy opening foliage twine
With this luxuriant cluster'd vine;
Which round thee wreathes its tender boughs.

Fair vine, long may thy leaves extend,
While gentle showers refresh thy root;
Long may thy graceful branches bend,
Enrich'd with purpling luscious fruit.

Sweet rose, long may thy flow'rs receive
The lucid tears of morn and eve;
Long mayst thou in profusion spread,
Thy straying buds of brigthest red.

ODE TO THE EVENING STAR.

Lovely Hesperus arise,
Why so tardy, glittering star?
See already in the skies,
Cynthia guides her beaming car.
The night is placid, sweet, and clear,
Hesperus, appear, appear.

Deign this festive eve to bless,
Thou, than glowing gems more bright!
Beaming in thy fairest dress,
Shed thy lustre on the night.
Auspicious Hesperus, appear,
In thy radiance, soft and clear.

From the busy world retiring,
Now the pensive eve we hail;
Let thy ray so calm inspiring,
Cheer us in this happy vale:
Hesperus, arise, arise,
Shine amid the azure skies.

Light as gossamer that's borne
Floating on the breath of morn;
Light as fays that haunt the shade,
We lead the dance along the glade:
Hesper with thy light serene,
Gild the merry merry scene.

TO

MY BROTHER AND SISTER, IN THE COUNTRY.

WRITTEN IN LONDON.

Happy soon we'll meet again,
Free from sorrow, care, and pain;
Soon again we'll rise with dawn,
To roam the verdant dewy lawn.
Soon the budding leaves we'll hail,
Or wander through the well-known vale;

Or weave the smiling wreath of flowers,
And sport away the light-wing'd hours.
Soon we'll run the agile race,
Soon, dear play-mates, we'll embrace;
Through the wheat-field or the grove,
We'll hand in hand delighted rove;
Or, beneath some spreading oak,
Ponder the instructive book;
Or view the ships that swiftly glide,
Floating on the peaceful tide:
Or raise again the caroll'd lay;
Or join again in mirthful play;
Or listen to the humming bees,
As their murmurs swell the breeze;
Or seek the primrose where it springs;
Or chase the fly with painted wings:
Or talk amidst the arbour's shade;
Or mark the tender shooting blade;
Or stray beside the babbling stream,
When Luna sheds her placid beam;
Or gaze upon the glassy sea;
Happy, happy, shall we be.

ASTRE DE LA NUIT.

(Par ANNA COXE, agée de douze ans et demi.)

Belle astre de la nuit charmante,
Aimable et clairvoyante ;
Que je t'aime, que je t'adore,
Quand tu disparais avant l'aurore.

Rivale timide de la lune modeste,
Encore plus belle, et plus celeste ;
Brillante avec eclat dans l'air,
Parmi le doux atmosphere.

Continue oh ! belle astre luisante,
De guider mes pas errants ;
Et de soirée en soirée,
Eclairer mes promenades égarées.

TRANSLATION.

Heavenly star of lovely night,
Glittering in the azure sky,
How I love thy halo bright,
When stealing from Aurora's eye.

Rival of Phœbe's placid gleam,
Still more celestial is thy beam;
How brilliant is thy lustre clear,
Amidst the balmy atmosphere.

Continue lucent shining star,
To guide my wandering steps afar;
And still each evening as I stray,
Shed o'er my walk thy silver ray.

F. D. B.

CHANSON.

(WRITTEN IN LONDON.)

QUAND j'etois en Galles, ce pays charmant,
Avec mes oiseaux,
Pres de mes ruisseaux;
Mes ruisseaux si transparens;
Parmis les vallées
Humides de rosée;
De doux eglantiers,
Je fus couronnée:
Oh! que je me trouvois toujours gaie.

F. D. B.

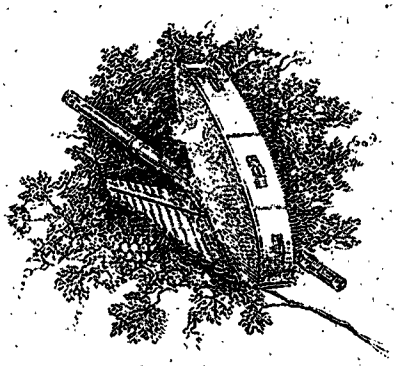
THE APRIL MORN.

Now a smile, and now a frown;
Brightening now, and now cast down;
Now 'tis cheerful, now it lowers;
Yet sunshine in the midst of showers.

Now the sky is calm and clear;
Now the frowning clouds appear:
Evanescent soon they fly;
Calm and clear again the sky.

Such the face which April wears,
Now in smiles, and now in tears;
Like the life we lead below,
Full of joy, and full of woe.

Lovely prospects now arise;
Vanish now before our eyes:
Yet, amid the clouds of grief,
Still a sun-beam sheds relief.
Like the face which April wears,
Now in smiles, and now in tears.



ODE TO MIRTH.

Thou, oh! Mirth, with laughing eye,
Spread thy empire o'er my soul;
No cares obtrude when thou art by,
To crown the bright nectareous bowl.

Leave the rich to pomp and splendour;
Happiness they cannot render.
Let the miser heap his hoard;
Mirth shall bless the festive board.
Friendship and the smiling muse
Their influence all around diffuse.

Now the flute with mellow sound
Invites thee to the feast;
The lively hautboy echoes round,
We form the sprightly jest.

O'er the mantling generous wine,
Good humour and delight combine:
Genial Pleasure for a while,
Bids her votaries gaily smile.
Pleasure twines the rosy wreath,
And bids inspiring music breathe,
While we lead the circling dance;
Oh! Mirth, to join the airy maze, advance.

Mirth has heard the festive measure,
We devote the day to pleasure;
Let the miser heap his hoard,
Mirth shall crown the social board.

CEBA.

AN INDIAN LOVE SONG.

Smooth the ocean's glassy breast,
The winds and waves are lull'd to rest;
Zephyr, breathing soft and calm,
Whispers through the grove of palm:

Haste, my Ceba to the bower,
Love demands one social hour;
Here the tamarind waves its head,
And weeping gums their spicy riches shed.

Come listen to the pleasing sound
Of all the dashing falls around;
Of all the birds that sweetly sing,
While the mountain-echoes ring:
To me their carols seem to say,
"Lovely Ceba, haste away."
Here the tamarind waves its head,
And weeping gums their amber riches shed.

Come, repose my lovely maid,
Beneath the arching plaintain's shade;
Hasten Ceba, hasten here,
Fragrant lemons blossom near;
Long lianas, blue and red,
Fringing o'er the rocks are spread;
Here the tamarind waves its head,
And weeping gums their balmy riches shed.
Hasten, hasten, then my love,
To the arbour, to the grove.

THE RUINED CASTLE.

Oh! let me sigh to think this ruin'd pile
Was favour'd once with fortune's radiant s
These moss-grown battlements, these ivy'd
Have seen prosperity's uncertain hours;
Their heroes triumph'd in the scenes of w
While victory follow'd in her trophied ca
Here, where I muse in meditation's arms,
Perhaps the battle raged with loud alarms
Here glory's crimson banner waving spread
While laurel crowns entwin'd the victor's
And here, perhaps, with many a plaintive
The mourner has bedew'd the soldier's bie
The scene of co pensive fancy draw
Where thousand ts in thei

Yon turret, moulder'd by the hand of time,
Shaded by silver ash and spreading lime,
Was once, perhaps, the hall of mirth and joy,
Where warriors sought no longer to destroy;
And where, perhaps, the hoary-headed sage,
Would lead them o'er the animating page;
Where history points to glorious ages fled,
And tells the noble actions of the dead.
Still fancy with a magic power recalls
The time when trophies grac'd the lofty walls:
When with enchanting spells the minstrel's art,
Could soften and inspire the melting heart;
Could raise the glowing elevated flame,
And bid the youthful soldier pant for fame:
While deeds of glory were the themes he sung,
The pleasant harp in wild accordance rung.
Ah! where is now the warrior's ardent fire?
Where now the tuneful spirit of the lyre?
The warrior sleeps; the minstrel's lay is still;
No songs of triumph echo from the hill.
Ah! yet the weeping muse shall love to sigh,
And trace again thy fallen majesty;
And still shall Fancy linger on the theme,
While forms of heroes animate her dream.

JEU D'ESPRIT.

FANCY lend thy magic aid,
Let me draw a heavenly maid.
Bring the azure of the sky,
For the fair one's lovely eye;
Join the rose-bud's damask glow
To the lustre of the snow;
Juno's dignity of mien,
Venus' smile and look serene;
Taste and genius to excel;
All that fabling poets tell
Of the Goddesses divine,
The Graces, or the Sister Nine;
Native elegance refin'd,
Lovely person, lovely mind:
To these add candour, pity, truth,
All that can embellish youth.
Now the finished picture see,
Sportive Fancy's jeu d'esprit.

TO MY BROTHER.

Muse of friendship wake the lyre,
Strike it with unwonted fire;
Now my brother asks the lay,
The pleasing tribute let me pay.
Let the measure softly flow,
To give him all the thanks I owe;
To wish him all my heart would say,
All that's happy, all that's gay.
Cherub health with beaming eye,
Well-deserv'd prosperity,
Joy and honour, fortune, fame,
All that merit e'er can claim;
Inward peace with placid mien,
And domestic joy serene.
May Heaven propitious deign to hear,
This a sister's genuine prayer.

MELANCHOLY.

When autumn shadows tint the waving trees,
When fading foliage flies upon the breeze;
When evening mellows all the glowing scene,
And the mild dew descends in drops of balm;
When the sweet landscape placid and serene,
Inspires the bosom with a pensive calm;
Ah! then I love to linger in the vale,
And hear the bird of eve's romantic tale;
I love the rocky sea-beach to explore,
Where the clear wave flows murmuring to the shore;
To hear the shepherd's plaintive music sound,
While Echo answers from the woods around;
To watch the twilight spread a gentle veil
Of melting shadows o'er the grassy dale,
To view the smile of evening on the sea;
Ah! these are pleasures ever dear to me.
To wander with the melancholy muse,
Where waving trees their pensive shade diffuse.
Then by some secret charm the soften'd mind
Soars high in contemplation unconfin'd,
To melancholy and the muse resign'd.

FAIRY SONG.

ALL my life is joy and pleasure,
Sportive as my tuneful measure;
In the rose's cup I dwell,
Balmy sweets perfume my cell;
My food the crimson luscious cherry,
And the vine's luxurious berry;
The nectar of the dew is mine;
Nectar from the flowers divine.
And when I join the fairy band,
Lightly tripping hand in hand,
By the moonlight's quivering beam,
In concert with the dashing stream;
Then my music leads the dance,
When the gentle fays advance;
And oft my numbers on the green,
Lull to rest the fairy queen.
"All my life is joy and pleasure,
"Sportive as my airy measure."

SHAKSPEARE.

I LOVE to rove o'er history's page,
Recal the hero, and the sage;
Revive the actions of the dead,
And memory of ages fled:
Yet it yields me greater pleasure,
To read the poet's pleasing measure.
Led by Shakspeare, bard inspir'd,
The bosom's energies are fir'd;
We learn to shed the generous tear,
O'er poor Ophelia's sacred bier;
To love the merry moonlight scene,
With fairy elves in vallies green;
Or borne on Fancy's heavenly wings,
To listen while sweet Ariel sings.
How sweet the "native wood-notes wild"
Of him, the Muse's favorite child;
Of him whose magic lays impart,
Each various feeling to the heart.

TO A BUTTERFLY.

LITTLE fluttering beauteous fly,
With azure wing of softest dye,
Hither fairy wanton hie,
Nor fear to lose thy liberty:
For I would view, thou silly thing,
The colours of thy velvet wing.
Its lovely melting tints outvie
The glories of the summer sky.
Can pencil imitate the hue,
So soft, so delicate a blue?
Well I know thy life is short,
One transient hour of idle sport:
Enjoy that little halcyon hour,
And kiss each fair and fragrant flower;
No more I'll stay thy mazy flight,
For short thy moments of delight.

WISDOM.

All Wisdom's ways are smooth and fair,
No treasures can with hers compare;
More precious than the ruby bright,
She leads to honour and delight.
Seek her, and she is quickly found,
With never-fading olives crown'd.
Riches may fly within an hour,
Pale sickness wither beauty's flower,
Death may our dearest friendships sever,
And rend the social tie for ever;
Ah! what but Wisdom then remains,
To cheer the heart beneath its pains!
To bid each murmuring thought arise,
And soar with rapture to the skies.
She calms the passions of the breast,
With soothing hopes of future rest;
And like a minister of heaven,
She tells us "mortals are forgiven."
Then Ophir's gold to her is nought,
Nor polished silver finely wrought;
Nor all the jewels of the mine,
Compar'd with Wisdom's gem divine.

FLORA TO CLAUDE, ON HIS PLUCKING A ROSE.

Ah! you thoughtless cruel boy,
'Tis all your pleasure to destroy;
Fairer was my blushing rose,
Than any fragrant flower that blows.
Already, lo! it droops and dies,
And all its lovely crimson flies.
'Twas I who breath'd the sweet perfume,
I shed the rich luxuriant bloom;
And when the bud in embryo lay,
I chased the nipping blight away.
'Twas I the silken texture spun:
Now my work is all undone;
And now I mourn my fairest flower,
The glory of my summer bower.

THE DREAM OF JOY.

In life's young morn, with fairy wiles,
Hope cheats the soul, and Fancy smiles;
They lull with flattering dreams of joy,
Ah! why must truth the dreams destroy?

Those halcyon days too soon are past,
The lovely visions will not last;
The golden dream of frolic joy,
Alas! ere long will truth destroy.

The glowing scene by fancy spread,
Gay hope by youthful ardour led,
The flattering dream of frolic joy,
Ah! soon, too soon will truth destroy.

SONG.

Why should we with fancied cares,
Shade the sun-shine hope bestows;
When, alas! our being bears
But too many real woes?

Time is cheating, life is fleeting,
Why then half its bliss destroy!
Friendship blessing, hope caressing,
Let us quaff the cup of joy.

THE BEE.

INSCRIBED TO MY SISTER.

MARK how the neat assiduous bee,
Pattern of frugal industry,
Pursues her earnest toil;
All day the pleasing task she plies,
And to her cell at evening hies,
Enrich'd with golden spoil.

She warns us to employ the hours,
In gathering stores from learning's flowers;
For these will ever last:
These mental charms will fill the place
Of every beauty, every grace,
When smiling youth is past.

INSCRIPTION FOR A COTTAGE.

OH! give me, Heaven, whate'er my lot,
Or in the palace, or the cot,
A noble generous mind;
Exalted in a lowly state,
At fortune's favours not elate,
To all her frowns resign'd.

SONG.

Say, does calm Contentment dwell,
In palace rich, or lowly cell?
Fix'd to no peculiar spot,
Gilded rooms, or simple cot,
She will grace the courtly scene,
Or love to haunt the village green:
Where Virtue dwells, Content must be.
And with her Felicity.

HYMN.

Oh! God of mercy, let my lyre
Speak with energetic fire;
And teach my infant tongue to raise,
The grateful animated lays.
While musing at thy hallow'd shrine,
I listen to thy word divine;
I bless the page of genuine truth;
Oh! may its precepts guide my youth.
To Thee, thou Good Supreme! I bend,
Do thou the humble prayer attend.

F. D. B. aged 12.

SONG OF ZEPHYRUS.

When sportive hours lead on the rosy spring,
Then in the frolic smiling train I come;
And wander with the bee on sylphid wing,
To kiss each floweret in its tender bloom.
And at the fragrant time, the close of day,
Or at the sweet and pensive moonlight hour,
Then in the summer air I love to play,
And sport with Flora in the dewy bower.
Oft o'er the harp of winds with gentle sigh,
I breathe a mellow note, a mournful lay;
And then enraptur'd with the melody,
I list with pleasure till the sounds decay.

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF LORD NELSON.

While British hearts with noble ardour glow,
Warm with the genuine spirit of the brave;
Ah! still a grateful tear of joy must flow,
The sacred tribute o'er a hero's grave.

Oh! yes, a sweet enthusiastic tear
Shall tremble in the generous Briton's eye;
And own with melting energy sincere,
A Nelson's worth, a country's liberty,

The mournful muse shall consecrate his name
With all the inspiration of the lyre;
And loyal bosoms kindling at his fame,
Shall glory in the patriotic fire.

And o'er the tomb that holds his sacred dust
Shall glory weave the brightest laurel crown;
While in the noble records of the just,
His name shall live in virtue's fair renown.

HOLIDAY HOURS.

INSCRIBED TO MY BROTHER CLAUDE.

Dear boy, let us think of the pleasures in spring,
When the season is welcom'd with garlands of flowers;
How thy moments will fly with delight on the wing,
How thy fancy will dwell on the holiday hours.
And sweet are those moments the young bosom knows,
Preceding the social endearments of home;
Where maternal affection so tenderly glows,
And invokes the gay holiday pleasures to come.
And oh! my sweet boy, when our years shall expand,
When we wander no more thro' our favorite bowers;
Perhaps we may sigh for the pleasures so bland,
The sportive delights of the holiday hours.

SONNET TO THE MUSE OF PITY.

Oh! mistress of the melancholy song,
I love to bend before thy sacred shrine;
To thee my fondest early vows belong,
For pity's melting tenderness is thine.
Thine is the harp of wild expressive tone,
'Tis thine to touch it with entrancing art;
Till all thy numbers vibrate on the heart,
And sympathy delights thy powers to own.
Oh! sweetest muse of pity and of love,
In artless song thy plaintive lyre I hail;
Be mine to weep with thee o'er sorrow's tale,
And oft thy pleasing visions may I prove.
"Thou mistress of the melancholy song,
"To thee my fondest early vows belong."

THE SONG OF A SERAPH.

"*Hark! they whisper, angels say,*
"*Sister spirit! come away!*" POPE.

Lo! the dream of life is o'er;
Pain the christian's lot no more!
Kindred spirit! rise with me,
Thine the meed of victory.

Now the angel-songs I hear,
Dying softly on the ear;
Spirit, rise! to thee is given,
The light ethereal wing of heaven.

Now no more shall virtue faint,
Happy spirit of the saint;
Thine the halo of the skies,
Thine the seraph's paradise.

SONNET, TO MY MOTHER.

To thee, maternal guardian of my youth,
I pour the genuine numbers free from art;
The lays inspir'd by gratitude and truth,
For thou wilt prize th' effusion of the heart.
Oh! be it mine, with sweet and pious care,
To calm thy bosom in the hour of grief;
With soothing tenderness to chase the tear,
With fond endearments to impart relief.
Be mine thy warm affection to repay
With duteous love in thy declining hours;
My filial hand shall strew unfading flowers,
Perennial roses to adorn thy way:
Still may thy grateful children round thee smile,
Their pleasing care affliction shall beguile.

THE MINSTREL TO HIS HARP.

When youthful transport led the hours,
And all my way was bright with flowers,
Ah! then my harp, thy dulcet note,
To songs of joy would lightly float;
To thee I sung in numbers wild,
Of hope and love who gaily smil'd.

And now tho' young delight is o'er,
And golden visions charm no more;
Tho' now my harp, thy mellow tone,
I wake to mournful strains alone;
Ah! yet the pleasing lays impart
A pensive rapture to my heart.

I sung to thee of early pleasures,
In sweet and animated measures;
And I have wept o'er griefs and cares,
And still have lov'd thy magic airs:
To me thy sound recals the hours,
When all my way was bright with flowers.

ON MY MOTHER's BIRTH-DAY.

IN AFFLICTION.

Ah! withering sorrow wilt thou come,
And steal the roses of to-day,
Nor leave one lonely sweet to bloom,
And cheer us in this mournful May.

Oh! yes, one blossom yet shall smile,
And filial childhood shall expand,
Maternal anguish to beguile,
And crown the wish affection plann'd.

Then ah! tho' withering sorrow come,
And steal the early birth-day rose;
Let hope reserve one sweet to bloom,
"Tho' thorns its dewy leaves enclose."

TO E. B. ON HER BIRTH-DAY.

To thee, sweet girl, these lays impart,
The genuine friendship of my heart.
Oh! be this day for ever blest;
I hail it with my gayest measure;
And may thy sympathetic breast
Enjoy affection, love, and pleasure.

And if thy heart should ever mourn,
May friendship soothe the anxious sorrow;
Till hope with lovely smile return,
To promise thee a brighter morrow.

And ah! may health benignly shed
Her blessings o'er thy sister's head;
And nurse the charge with influence bland,
Till on her cheek the rose expand.

TO MY AUNT, ON HER BIRTH-DAY.

The muse shall breathe a native lay,
And sweetly consecrate the day;
While Anna by the power of truth
Leads on our emulative youth;
While each young virtue of the heart,
To her a rapture can impart.
The genuine thoughts her soul may prize,
Endear'd by fond affection's ties;
Warm from the bosom's ardent glow,
The wild effusions gaily flow.
"The muse shall breathe a native lay,
"And sweetly consecrate the day:"
While love and friendship's pure delight,
To bless our little band unite.

TO THE MOONLIGHT HOUR.

Sweetest of the pensive hours,
Welcome to our Cambrian bowers;
While the harp with plaintive close,
Bids us love the song of woes;
Or the lute so gaily sweet,
Echoes thro' this wild retreat;
While our hearts with frolic pleasure,
Vibrate to the dulcet measure;
We will bless thy soothing power,
Sweet and pensive moonlight hour.

By the soft expressive sigh
We breathe to mournful melody;
By the poet's melting trance,
And by his visions of romance;
By the lover's trembling tear,
To sorrow and to rapture dear;
Ever be thy shadowy beam
Sacred as the minstrel's theme.
Sweetest of the pensive hours,
Welcome to our Cambrian bowers.

TO MY ELDEST BROTHER,

LIEUTENANT IN THE TWENTY-THIRD REGIMENT OF FOOT; OR, ROYAL WELCH FUZILEERS.

ON HIS COMPLETING HIS TWENTY-FIRST YEAR.

WHILE Hope, the syren fair and gay,
Tells of some future happy day,
Let Pleasure with benignant power,
The empress of the social hour,
Smile on the day to love so dear,
And smile more softly thro' a tear.

Yet, while on fancy's raptur'd sight,
Beam the sweet visions of delight,
For thee affection fondly sighs,
And fears, and doubtful wishes rise:
Yet lovely Hope again appears,
And lifts the veil of distant years.

" For thee," she sings, " shall fancy bloom,
" And love the path of life illume;
" For thee shall health her roses shed,
" And glory's laurels twine thy head.
" Then joy shall drop a precious tear,
" To hail the gallant fuzileer."

TO PATRIOTISM.

Genius of Britannia's land,
Hither lead thy chosen band:
Honour with the laurel crown,
Valour, panting for renown;
Enterprize, who waves on high
The British flag of victory;
And Fortitude, with awful state,
Who soars above the storm of fate.

Oh! by the spirits of the brave,
The heroes of Trafalgar's wave;
And by our Nelson's sacred name,
And by our Abercromby's fame,
Do thou Britannia's sons inspire
With all thy energy and fire:
Teach them to conquer or to die
With firm unshaken loyalty.
Then may some bard record their praise
In sweet enthusiastic lays;
And hail the patriotic band,
The guardians of their native land;
Whose names shall live in warlike story,
Consigned to everlasting glory.

TO MY YOUNGER BROTHER,

ON HIS ENTERING THE ARMY.

HAIL! thou dear thou gallant boy,
Oh! be our hero, be our joy;
May "love and glory" fire thy soul,
Inspir'd by virtue's pure controul;
And then our hearts with joy sincere,
Would bless our noble fuzileer.

Tho' we are now resign'd to grief,
It may be thine to bring relief;
Oh! let us see thy patriot name
Recorded in the lists of fame;
And then our hearts with joy sincere,
Will bless our noble fuzileer.

SONNET.

WHERE nature's grand romantic charms invite
The glowing rapture of the soul refin'd;
In scenes like these the young poetic mind
May court the dreams of fancy with delight;
And dear to those by every muse inspir'd,
The rural landscape, and the prospect fair;
They love in mountain solitudes retir'd,
To own illusions that may banish care.
These gentle visions ever shall remain,
To soothe the poet in his pensive hours;
For him shall Fancy cull Pierian flowers,
And strew her garlands o'er the path of pain:
For him shall Memory shed her pensive ray,
O'er the soft hours of life's enchanting May.

TO AUTUMN.

No more the glowing flowers of spring,
Enrich the sweet romantic dell;
Yet ah! the tints of Autumn bring,
A fading charm, a soft farewell.
Dear Autumn! as thy sober hues
Adorn the scene with shadowy grace;

A mellow beauty they diffuse,
  Which pensive pleasure loves to trace.
And dearer is thy transient calm,
  That wakes the mild and soothing tear,
Than summer air of fragrant balm,
  Than all the treasures of the year.
And sweeter is thy partial ray,
For ah! too soon it melts away.

F. D. B. AGED 13.

SONNET.

'Tis sweet to think the spirits of the blest,
  May hover round the virtuous man's repose;
And oft in visions animate his breast,
  And scenes of bright beatitude disclose.
The ministers of Heaven with pure controul,
  May bid his sorrow and emotion cease;
Inspire the pious fervour of his soul,
  And whisper to his bosom hallow'd peace.
Ah! tender thought, that oft with sweet relief,
  May charm the bosom of a weeping friend;
Beguile with magic power the tear of grief,
  And pensive pleasure with devotion blend;
While oft he fancies music sweetly faint,
The airy lay of some departed saint.

THE PETITION OF THE REDBREAST.

Ah! why did thy rude hand molest
The sacred quiet of my nest?
No more I rise on rapture's wing,
The ditties of my love to sing.
Restore me to the peaceful vale,
To wander with the southern gale;
Restore me to the woodland scene,
Romantic glen, or forest green;
To hail the Heaven's ethereal blue,
To drink the freshness of the dew;
Now, while my artless carols flow,
Let pity in thy bosom glow.
For this, at morn's inspiring hour,
I'll sing in thy luxuriant bow'r:
To thee the breeze of airy sigh
Shall waft my thrilling melody;
Thy soul the cadence wild shall meet,
The song of gratitude is sweet.
And at the pensive close of day,
When landscape-colours fade away,
Ah! then the robin's mellow note,
To thee in dying tone shall float;—

" Now, while my plaintive carols flow,
" Let pity in thy bosom glow;"
And I will consecrate to thee,
The wildest note of liberty.

INSCRIPTION FOR A HERMITAGE.

PILGRIM, view this mossy dell,
View the woodland hermit's cell;
And if thou love the rustic scene,
And love to court the muse serene;
If virtue to thy soul be dear,
And sometimes melancholy's tear;
Oh! thou wilt view the vale around,
As if 'twere consecrated ground.
The pious hermit here retir'd,
With love of solitude inspir'd;
He lov'd the scene of this retreat,
This smiling dell to him was sweet;
And here he sought for hallow'd rest,
To calm the sorrows of his breast;
And resignation with a smile,
His tear of grief would oft beguile;
Would soothe to peace his tranquil age,
In this romantic hermitage.

THE MINSTREL BARD.

WHERE awful summits rise around,
With wild and straggling flowerets crown'd;
'Tis there the poet loves to sigh,
And touch the harp of melody:
And wake the measure of delight,
Or melt in fairy visions bright:
And sometimes will his soul aspire,
And feel almost etherial fire.
Ah! then the fond enthusiast dreams,
(Enraptur'd with celestial themes,)
That happy spirits round him play,
And animate the magic lay:
Their floating forms his fancy sees,
And hears their music in the breeze.
Then, while the airy numbers die,
He wakes his sweetest harmony;
To imitate the heavenly strain,
Which memory fondly calls again.
To Fancy then he pours his song,
To her his wildest notes belong.
Oh! spirit of the lyre divine,
I deck with flowers thy sacred shrine;
Thus let me ever melt with thee,
In the soft dreams of poesy.

TO THE MUSE.

Goddess of the magic lay,
Ever let me own thy sway;
Thine the sweet enchanting art,
To charm and to correct the heart;
To bid the tear of pity flow,
Sacred to thy tale of woe;
Or raise the lovely smile of pleasure,
With sportive animated measure.

"Oh! Goddess of the magic lay,"
To thee my early vows I pay;
Still let me wander in thy train,
And pour the wild romantic strain.
Be mine to rove by thee inspir'd,
In peaceful vales, and scenes retir'd;
For in thy path, oh! heavenly maid,
The roses smile that never fade.

GENIUS.

Now evening steals upon the glowing scene,
Her colours tremble on the wave serene;
The dews of balm on languid flowers descend,
The mellow tinges of the landscape blend;
Hail! placid eve, thy lingering smiles diffuse
A pensive pleasure to the lonely muse.

I love to wander by the ocean side,
And hear the soothing murmurs of the tide;
To muse upon the poet's fairy-tale,
In fancy wafted to the moonlight vale:
Sometimes I think that Ariel's playful bands
Are lightly hovering o'er "these yellow sands."

'Tis thus that Shakspeare with inspiring song,
Can lead the visionary train along;
Then by his magic spell the scene around,
The "yellow sands" become enchanted ground.

But when the lingering smile of even dies,
And when the mild and silvery moonbeams rise,
Then sweeter is the favourite rustic seat,
Where pensile ash trees form the green retreat,
And mingle with the richer foliage round,
To cast a trembling shadow on the ground;
'Tis there retir'd I pour the artless rhyme,
And court the muses at this tranquil time.

Oh! Genius, lead me to Piërian bowers,
And let me cull a few neglected flowers:
By all the poets, fanciful and wild,
Whose tales my hours of infancy beguil'd,
Oh! let thy spirit animate my lyre,
And all the numbers of my youth inspire.

Perhaps, where now I pour the simple lays,
Thy bards have wak'd the song of other days;
Some Cambrian Ossian may have wander'd near,
While airy music murmur'd in his ear:
Perhaps, even here, beneath the moonlight beam,
He lov'd to ponder some entrancing theme;

And here, while heavenly visions fill'd his eye,
He rais'd the strain of plaintive melody;
This fond idea consecrates the hour,
And more endears the calm secluded bower.

Sweet was the Cambrian harp in ancient time,
When tuneful bards awak'd the song sublime;
And minstrels caroll'd in the banner'd hall,
Where warlike trophies grac'd the lofty wall;
They sang the legends and traditions old,
The deeds of chivalry, and heroes bold.
Oh! Cambria, tho' thy sweetest bards are dead,
And fairies from thy lovely vales are fled;
Still in thy sons the musing mind may trace
The vestige of thy former simple race:
Some pious customs yet preserv'd with care,
Their humble village piety declare;
Ah! still they strew the fairest flowers and weep,
Where buried friends of sacred memory sleep.
The wandering harper, too, in plaintive lays,
Declares the glory of departed days;
And, Cambria, still upon thy fertile plains,
The power of hospitality remains.

Yet shall my muse the pleasing task resign,
Till riper judgement all her songs refine;

But let my sportive lyre resume again
The purpos'd theme, to hail another's strain.
Yes, heavenly Genius, I have heard thee raise
The note of truth, of gratitude, and praise.
'Twas thine with modest indigence to dwell,
And warble sweetly in the lowly cell;
To rove with Bloomfield thro' the woodland shade,
And hail the calm seclusion of the glade:
Beneath the greenwood canopy reclin'd,
'Twas thine to elevate his artless mind.
While in the lovely scene "to him so dear,"
He trac'd the varied beauties of the year;
And fondly loiter'd in the summer bower,
To hail the incense of the morning hour;
Or thro' the rich autumnal landscape rov'd,
And rais'd a grateful hymn for all he lov'd.

Oh! Genius, ever with thy favour'd band
May Piety be seen with aspect bland;
And conscious Honour with an eye serene,
And Independence with exalted mein.
Ah! may'st thou never to Ambition bend,
Nor at the shrine of Luxury attend;
But rather consecrate some tranquil home,
And in the vale of peace and pleasure bloom.
There may'st thou wander from the world retir'd,
And court the dreams by poesy inspir'd;

And sometimes all thy pleasing spells employ,
To bid affliction own a transient joy:
For oft 'tis thine to chase the tear away
With soothing harp and melancholy lay;
And sorrow feels the magic for a while,
And then, with sad expression, learns to smile.
Oh! teach me all the soft bewitching art,
The music that may cheer a wounded heart:
For I would love to bid emotion cease,
With sweetest melodies that whisper peace;
And all the visions of delight restore,
The soften'd memory of hours no more.

Ah! Genius, when thy dulcet measures flow,
Then pleasure animates the cheek of woe;
And sheds a sad and transitory grace,
O'er the pale beauty of the languid face.

But when 'tis thine to feel the pang of grief,
Without one melting friend to bring relief;
Then, who thy pain shall soften and beguile,
What gentle spirit cheer thee with a smile;
And bid thy last departing hopes revive,
And all thy flattering dreams of rapture live?
Oh! turn to Him thy supplicating eye,
The God of peace and tenderest charity;

And He will bless thee with consoling power,
And elevate thy soul in sorrow's hour.
Ah! then a pensive beam of joy shall play,
To cheer thee, weeping Genius, on thy way:
A lovely rainbow then for thee shall rise,
And shed a lustre o'er the cloudy skies.
Tho' all thy fairy prospects are no more,
And tho' the visions of thy youth are o'er;
Yet Sorrow shall assume a softer mein,
Like Melancholy, mournful yet serene:
The placid Muse to thee her flowers shall bring,
And Hope shall "wave her golden hair," and sing;
With magic power dispel the clouds on high,
And raise the veil of bright eternity.

RURAL WALKS.

Oh! may I ever pass my happy hours
In Cambrian vallies and romantic bow'rs;
For every spot in sylvan beauty drest,
And every landscape charms my youthful breast.
And much I love to hail the vernal morn,
When flowers of spring the mossy seat adorn:
And sometimes thro' the lonely wood I stray,
To cull the tender rosebuds in my way;

And seek in every wild secluded dell,
The weeping cowslip, and the azure bell;
With all the blossoms, fairer in the dew,
To form the gay festoon of varied hue.
And oft I seek the cultivated green,
The fertile meadow, and the village scene;
Where rosy children sport around the cot,
Or gather woodbine from the garden spot.
And there I wander by the cheerful rill,
That murmurs near the osiers and the mill;
To view the smiling peasants turn the hay,
And listen to their pleasing festive lay.
I love to loiter in the spreading grove,
Or in the mountain scenery to rove;
Where summits rise in awful grace around,
With hoary moss and tufted verdure crown'd;
Where cliffs in solemn majesty are pil'd,
"And frown upon the vale" with grandeur wild:
And there I view the mouldering tower sublime,
Array'd in all the blending shades of time.

The airy upland and the woodland green,
The valley, and romantic mountain scene;
The lowly hermitage, or fair domain,
The dell retir'd, or willow-shaded lane;
"And every spot in sylvan beauty drest,
And every landscape charms my youthful breast."

THE ALPINE SHEPHERD.

In scenery sublime and rude,
In wild romantic solitude,
Where awful summits crown'd with snow,
In soft and varied colours glow;
There, in some grassy shelter'd spot,
The Alpine shepherd forms his cot;
And there, beside his peaceful home,
The fairest mountain-flowerets bloom;
There oft his playful children climb
The rock fantastic and sublime,
And cull the mantling shrubs that creep,
And sweetly blossom o'er the steep.
'Tis his to mark the morning ray,
Upon the glittering scenery play;
To watch the purple evening shade,
In sweet and mellow tinges fade;
And hail the sun's departing smile,
That beams upon the hills a while:
And oft, at moonlight hour serene,
He wanders thro' the shadowy scene:
And then his pipe with plaintive sound
Awakes the mountain-echoes round.

How dear to him the shelter'd spot,
The waving pines that shade his cot;
His pastoral music wild and gay,
May charm his simple cares away;
And never will he sigh to roam,
Far from his native mountain-home.

SONNET, TO AGNES.

Ah! could my Agnes rove these favourite shades,
With mirth and friendship in the Cambrian vale,
In mossy dells, or wild romantic glades,
Where flowers uncultur'd scent the sportive gale;
And could she wander at the morning hour,
To hail with me, the blest return of May;
Or linger sweetly in the woodbine bower,
When early dews begem the weeping spray;
Ah! soon her cheek the lovely mantling bloom
Of sprightly youth, and pleasure, would disclose;
Her lip the smile of Hebe would resume,
And wear the blushes of the vernal rose;
And soon would cherub health with lively grace,
Beam in her eye, and animate her face.

CHRISTMAS.

THE sunbeams glitter on the mountain snow,
And o'er the summit cast a transient glow;
Now silver frost adorns the drooping bower,
My favourite seat in summer's happy hour.
'Twas there, when spring the mantling blossoms shed,
The sweet liburnum cluster'd o'er my head;
And there the robin form'd a mossy nest,
And gaily caroll'd in retirement blest;
Still memory loves to paint the glowing scene,
When autumn tints enrich'd the foliage green.

Even yet the bower is lovely in decay,
Gilt by the "sunbeam of a winter's day;"
For now the frost befringes every thorn,
And sparkles to the radiant smile of morn:
The lucid ice has bound the mountain rill,
No more it murmurs by the cheerful mill.
I hear the village bells upon the gale;
And merry peasants wander thro' the vale;
In gay convivial bands they rove along,
With genuine pleasure and inspiring song;
I meet the rustic troop, and love to trace
The smile of health in every rosy face.

Oh! Christmas, welcome to thy happy reign,
And all the social virtues in thy train;
The Cambrian harper hails thy festal time,
With sportive melody and artless rhyme:
Unlike the bards who sung in days of old,
And all the legends of tradition told;
In gothic castles deck'd with banners gay,
At solemn festivals they pour'd the lay:
Their poor descendant wanders thro' the vales,
And gains a welcome by his artless tales;
He finds a seat in every humble cot,
And hospitality in every spot;
'Tis now he bids the sprightly harp resound,
To bless the hours with genial plenty crown'd.
And now the gay domestic joys we prove,
The smiles of peace, festivity, and love.
"Oh! Christmas, welcome to thy hallow'd reign,
And all the social virtues in thy train;"
Compassion listening to the tale of grief,
Who seeks the child of sorrow with relief;
And every muse with animating glee,
Congenial mirth and cordial sympathy.

THE WREATH OF SPRING.

I ROV'D in the meadows, the vales, and the bowers,
While the leaves were bespangled with dew;
And I cull'd in profusion the blossoms and flowers,
Excelling in fragrance and hue.

The primrose of spring in the wreath I combin'd,
And the violet modest and pale;
And there the wild roses and myrtles entwin'd,
With the lily which droops in the vale.

The harebell that smiles in the dingle I sought,
Of the softest ethereal blue;
And then to Celinda the garland I brought,
While the buds were all shining in dew.

"Oh! take the sweet flowers in their beauty," I said,
"While yet they are lovely and gay;
"For soon, my Celinda, their bloom will be fled,
"Too early they wither away.

"This lily so gracefully languid and fair,
"Might have faded unseen in the grove;
"Yet the balm of its odour was borne on the air,
"And it weeps in the wreath of my love.

" To you, my Celinda, the rose-bud I bring,
" While its leaves are begemm'd with the dew,
" 'Tis the darling of Flora, the treasure of spring;
" How lovely an emblem of you.

" But oh! when the roses of beauty and youth,
" Like the bloom of the flower shall decay;
" The myrtle of love and perennial truth,
" Shall be smiling and fresh as in May."

SONNET TO A DYING EXOTIC.

Ah! lovely faded plant, the blight I mourn,
That withered all thy blossoms fair and gay;
I saw thee blushing to the genial May,
And now thy leaves are drooping and forlorn.
I mark'd thy early beauty with a smile,
And saw with pride the crimson buds expand;
They open'd to the sunbeam for a while,
By all the flattering gales of summer fann'd.
Ah! faded plant, I raise thy languid head,
And moisten every leaf with balmy dew;
But now thy rich luxuriant bloom is fled,
Thy foliage wears a pale autumnal hue;
Too soon thy glowing colours have decay'd,
Like thee the flowers of pleasure smile and fade.

THE VALE OF CLWYD.

INSCRIBED TO MISS FOULKES, OF ERIVIATT.

THE lovely vale is Cambria's pride,
Luxuriant garden of the land;
There plenty smiles on every side,
There bright and fertile meads expand.

Array'd in every glowing hue,
How varied all the sylvan view,
With tufted woods, romantic glades,
And spires embosom'd in the shades.

There cultivation decks the scene,
The happy prospect all around;
There pastures bloom for ever green,
The plains with golden sheaves are crown'd.

There cheerful cottages appear,
Beside the river calm and clear;
And fields that wave with bending corn,
The fair extensive vale adorn.

And there the castle still sublime,
With turrets falling fast away,
Remains the monument of time,
The awful emblem of decay.

'Twas near that pile in ages fled,
That warrior's fought, and heroes bled;
While crimson banners wav'd on high,
In all the pomp of victory.

Alas! the lone deserted wall,
A mournful ruin now appears;
Yet still majestic in its fall,
Tho' mouldered by consuming years.

Beside the long-forsaken towers,
O'ergrown with ivy and with flowers,
There at the close of evening gray,
The wandering moralist might stray;

With pensive pleasure there to gaze,
On all the grandeur of the pile;
To meditate on former days,
And muse on fortune's transient smile.

And by those arches long decay'd,
In faded beauty still display'd,
There might the lonely poet hail,
The rural prospect of the vale,

And those by charms of nature fir'd,
May rove amidst this Cambrian scene;
In mossy dells, or groves retir'd,
Beside the lawns of brightest green.

And there by Cynthia's placid beam,
May wander near the winding stream;
To view the fair arcadian vale,
More pleasing in the lustre pale.

Tho' lovely is the dawn of day,
When morning sheds reviving dews;
Yet sweeter is the silver ray,
And dearer to the plaintive muse.

For by the soft and mellow light,
That trembles thro' the clouds of night,
Then all the landscape is array'd,
In pensive grace and blending shade.

The smiling vale is Cambria's pride,
There hospitality remains;
There peace and elegance reside,
And seek the mansions of the plains.

Oh! still may cultivation's hand
Enrich the garden of the land;
May Ceres there her treasures yield,
And ever crown the fertile field.

And there may peace for ever reign;
Ne'er may the cheering harvest fail;
May plenty lead her sportive train,
And with profusion bless the vale.

SEA PIECE, BY *MOONLIGHT*.

How sweet to mark the soften'd ray,
O'er the ocean lightly play;
Now no more the billows rave,
Clear and tranquil is the wave;
While I view the vessel glide,
O'er the calm cerulean tide.

Now might fays, and fairy bands,
Assemble on these "yellow sands;"
For this the hour, as poets tell,
That oft they leave the flowery cell,
And lead the sportive dance along,
While spirits pour the choral song.

The moonbeam sheds a lustre pale,
And trembles on the distant sail;
And now the silvery clouds arise,
To veil the radiance of the skies;
But soon I view the light serene,
Gild again the lovely scene.

LINES TO MAJOR COX,

ON RECEIVING FROM HIM AN ELEGANT BOX OF COLOURS.

THO' youthful ardour fires my glowing heart,
To copy Nature with enchanting Art;
Ah! still I fondly strive with effort vain,
The pencil's flowing graces to attain.
But when Instruction guides my roving feet,
To reach the Muse of Painting's lofty seat;
Where Genius learns in magic colours warm,
To join Expression's fire, and Beauty's form;
If *then* 'tis mine with energy to trace
The varied charms of Nature's blooming face;
To dress the mimic flowers in rainbow dyes,
Bright as the blushes of the orient skies;

In glowing hues to bid the landscape live,
Or to the figure animation give;
Oh! *then*, my pencil's tribute justly due,
Sweet Gratitude shall consecrate to you.

SONNET.

Ah! now farewell, thou sweet and gentle maid,
Beside thy simple grave we oft shall mourn;
And plant a willow where thy form is laid,
And then with flowers the weeping tree adorn.
Oft shall we sing thy melancholy tale,
When all the shades of evening steal around;
And oft assemble by the moonlight pale,
To linger near the consecrated ground.
And oh! if spirits e'er on earth descend,
To hover o'er some chosen hallow'd spot;
Around thy tomb shall airy bands attend,
And humble villagers shall weep thy lot.
Ah! fair departed maid, thy placid mind
Was calm in sorrow, and to Heaven resign'd.

THE PATH OF LIFE.

INSCRIBED TO MISS C———.

When first to youth's enchanted eyes
The flattering world discloses;
Oh! then unclouded are the skies,
The lovely scenes of hope arise,
The path is deck'd with roses.

Like summer clouds or April showers,
Our sorrows pass away;
In smiling Fancy's fairy bowers,
We sport the gay delightful hours,
Of life's propitious May.

But ah! how short our festal morn,
How soon our spring is fled;
Those golden days no more return;
The fairest flowers conceal a thorn;
The path of life we tread.

Some wander thro' a rugged way,
Forsaken and opprest;
While others cheer'd by Fortune's ray,
Thro' Pleasure's laughing region stray,
In rainbow colours drest.

The early votaries of the muse,
Too fondly hope to rove,
Thro' blissful meads, where flowers diffuse
Their balmy sweets and glowing hues,
Around the bower of love.

How fair to youth's enchanted eyes,
The flattering world discloses;
But soon the dear illusion flies,
And weeds and pointed thorns arise,
To blend with fragrant roses.

Oh! may the path of life for thee,
Still wear a vernal smile;
May Hope thy sweet companion be,
And Friendship, Love, and Sympathy,
Thy happy hours beguile.

Be thine with airy steps to trace,
Some bright and sunny way;
Oh! still may Health with sportive grace,
And mantling bloom adorn thy face,
And bid thy heart be gay.

THE MORNING WALK.

COME, let us wander thro' the woodland bowers,
Or seek the primrose in the lonely dale;
For now the tears of April gem the flowers,
That shed their balmy incense on the gale.

Beside the margin of the winding stream
The shepherd leads his sportive flock along;
The woodlark soars to hail the morning beam,
And tunes the music of his matin song.

In dewy meads with flowers and verdure drest,
The blooming children of the cottage play;
With soft compassion spare the downy nest,
And gaily carol as they rove away.

Now fairy spring adorns the lovely scene,
In mossy dells the fragrant violets blow;
And veil'd in opening leaves of tender green,
Uncultur'd roses in profusion glow.

Come, let us hail the vernal smile of morn,
Delightful hour, inspiring to the muse;
The redbreast warbles on the budding thorn,
And every blossom shines in pearly dews.

With mantling woodbine every hedge is crown'd;
In airy grace the sweet liburnums bend;
And o'er the lawns and grassy meads around,
The April showers in genial balm descend.

Etherial spring! I love thy gentle air;
I love thy garlands breathing soft perfume,
Entwin'd with azure bells and lilies fair,
And early roses in luxuriant bloom.

Again I rove the woodland and the glade,
Again the linnet's mellow note I hear;
With artless pleasure wandering in the shade,
To cull the treasures of the infant year.

HARVEST HYMN.

Now Autumn strews on every plain
His mellow fruits and fertile grain;
And laughing Plenty crown'd with sheaves,
With purple grapes, and spreading leaves,
In rich profusion pours around,
Her flowing treasures on the ground.

Oh! mark the great, the liberal hand,
That scatters blessings o'er the land;
And to the GOD of Nature raise
The grateful song, the hymn of praise.

The infant corn in vernal hours,
He nurtur'd with his gentle showers,
And bade the summer clouds diffuse
Their balmy store of genial dews.
He mark'd the tender stem arise,
Till ripen'd by the glowing skies;
And now matur'd, his work behold,
The cheering harvest waves in gold.
To nature's GOD with joy we raise
The grateful song, the hymn of praise.

The vallies echo to the strains
Of blooming maids, and village swains;
To Him they tune the lay sincere,
Whose bounty crowns the smiling year.
The sounds from every woodland borne,
The sighing winds that bend the corn,
The yellow fields around proclaim
His mighty everlasting name.
To nature's GOD united raise
The grateful song, the hymn of praise.

A TRIBUTE

TO THE GENIUS OF ROBERT BURNS.

As in the lone sequester'd grove,
The woodlark on the bending spray,
Attunes to liberty and love
The sportive lay:

'Twas thus in mountain scenes retir'd,
That Scotia's minstrel, nature's child,
Would sing, by ardent genius fir'd,
His carol wild.

In poverty his generous heart,
With freedom and with fancy glow'd;
And native strains untaught by art,
Spontaneous flow'd.

Oh! Burns, to every feeling breast,
To every gentle mind sincere,
By love and tender pity blest,
Thy song is dear.

Sweet bard! 'twas thine to soar on high,
With inspiration and the muse;
To claim from beauty's radiant eye
Compassion's dews;

To raise the smile of social glee,
The patriot's manly heart to fire;
Or wake the tear of sympathy,
With plaintive lyre.

Sweet bard! for thee the muses mourn,
In melting lays they sing thy name;
And twine, to deck thy sacred urn,
The wreath of fame.

THE VERNAL SHOWER.

Now the lucid tears of May
Gem the blossoms of the spray;
Every leaf and bending flower
Glitters in the vernal shower.

Lovely in the clouded sky,
See the rainbow shines on high;
Mark the heavenly colours bright,
Ere they vanish from the sight.

Hark! the warblers gaily sing;
Sweet the melodies of spring;
When the youthful heart at ease,
Bids the native music please.

Fairer now the view around,
Brighter verdure decks the ground;
Flora, smiling in the bower,
Hails the tender vernal shower.

See! again the skies appear,
Clad in blue serenely clear;
Now the sun with placid ray
Gilds the scene, and all is gay.

Cool and fragrant is the gale,
Breathing sweets from yonder vale,
Where the flowers in blooming pride,
Smile upon the fountain side.

Now the linnets in the grove,
Tune the mellow song of love;
Mild and genial is the hour,
Sweet the balmy vernal shower.

EVENING, ON THE SEA SHORE.

Sweet evening hour! thy gale is balm,
And fragrant are thy pearly dews;
Thine is the mild and genial calm,
Belov'd by zephyr and the muse.

With fading smile the rosy day,
Now lingers in the radiant west;
The breezes o'er the water play,
The summer waves are lull'd to rest.

I love to mark the glowing skies,
Reflected in the glassy deep;
To watch the star of evening rise,
When all the ocean seems to sleep.

But see! the twilight mantle gray,
O'er all the fading view is spread;
The glowing skies are pass'd away,
The bright and purple clouds are fled.

While memory loves unseen to mourn,
Alone to shed the sacred tear;
Still to the muse thy blest return,
Oh! pensive twilight, shall be dear.

Now let me pour the soothing lay,
And hear the waves that murmuring glide;
And wander till the moonlight ray,
Serenely trembles on the tide.

Come, gentle Fancy, rove with me,
At this thy favourite shadowy hour;
Awake soft music, from the sea,
And call the fairies by thy power.

SONNET.

I LOVE to hail the mild the balmy hour,
When evening spreads around her twilight veil;
When dews descend on every languid flower,
And sweet and tranquil is the summer gale.
Then let me wander by the peaceful tide,
While o'er the wave the breezes lightly play;
To hear the waters murmur as they glide,
To mark the fading smile of closing day.
There let me linger, blest in visions dear,
Till the soft moonbeams tremble on the seas;
While melting sounds decay on fancy's ear,
Of airy music floating on the breeze.
For still when evening sheds the genial dews,
That pensive hour is sacred to the muse.

SONG OF A WOOD NYMPH.

In peaceful dells and woodland glades,
In sweet romantic scenes I stray;
And wander thro' the sylvan shades,
Where summer breezes lightly play;
There at fervid noon I lave,
In the calm pellucid wave.

And oft the fairest flowers I bring,
To deck my grotto's mossy seat,
Cull'd from the margin of the spring,
That flows amidst the green retreat;
The violet, and the primrose pale,
That smile uncultur'd in the vale.

Reclin'd beneath some hoary tree,
With tufted moss and ivy drest,
I listen to the humming bee,
Whose plaintive tune invites to rest;
While the fountain calm and clear,
Softly murmurs playing near.

And oft in solitude I rove,
To hear the bird of eve complain;
When seated in the hallow'd grove,
She pours her melancholy strain,
In soothing tones that wake the tear,
To sorrow and to fancy dear.

I love the placid moonlight hour,
The lustre of the shadowy ray;
'Tis then I seek the dewy bower,
And tune the wild expressive lay;
While echo from the woods around,
Prolongs the softly dying sound.

And oft, in some arcadian vale,
I touch my harp of mellow note;
Then sweetly rising on the gale,
I hear celestial music float;
And dulcet measures faintly close,
Till all is silence and repose.

Then fays and fairy elves advance,
To hear the magic of my song;
And mingle in the sportive dance,
And trip with sylphid grace along;
While the pensive ray serene,
Trembles thro' the foliage green.

In peaceful dells and woodland shades,
In wild romantic scenes I stray;
And wander thro' the sylvan glades,
With airy footstep light and gay:
Yet still my favourite lonely spot,
The sweet retirement of the grot.

THE SCENES OF CONWAY.

On the banks of the Conway with rapture I stray'd,
While the sunbeam was bright on the flood;
And charm'd by the prospect around, I survey'd
The water, the hills, and the wood.

When the curtain of evening was spread o'er the scene,
And sweet was the mild summer gale;
I rov'd by the side of the river serene,
And gaz'd on the fisherman's sail.

'Twas thus that I mus'd, while I wander'd away,
Thro' the towers of the castle sublime;
Where the boughs of the ivy conceal the decay,
Which is made by the ravage of time:

Now the sun is departing with lingering smile,
He sinks in the billows to rest;
How soft are the colours which glow on the pile,
How bright are the clouds of the west.

I could fancy that here to the melody sweet,
Of the tabor, the pipe, and the song,
By moonlight the fairies of Oberon meet,
And trip in the dances along.

In these mouldering towers by the mild placid beam
That silvers the high waving trees,
The poet might listen in fanciful dream,
To the sighs of the murmuring breeze.

'Tis mournful to view these deserted old halls,
Where the harp of the minstrel has rung;
Where the banners of chivalry wav'd on the walls,
And the bards at the festival sung.

But the turrets o'ermantl'd with ivy around,
Shall echo to music no more;
No longer the chords of the harp shall resound,
And the carol of gladness is o'er.

These walls have been deck'd with the trophies of state,
This building was noble and proud;
But short is the sunbeam of fortune and fate,
Like the rainbow which shines in a cloud.

'Twas thus that I mus'd while I wander'd away,
Thro' the towers of the castle sublime;
Which still are majestic and frown in decay,
Array'd in the mantle of time.

The woods and the ruins I left with regret,
And bade them with sorrow adieu;
But the scenes of fair Conway I ne'er can forget,
For memory their charms will renew.

LINES, FOR MY MOTHER'S BIRTH-DAY.

This day let pleasure smile on every face,
And beam in every eye with sprightly grace;
Let artless joy the flowing lay inspire,
And sweet affection consecrate the lyre.

And see! all nature smiles around;
And hark! the "wood notes wild" resound;
In sunny robe the May appears,
The presage fair of golden years.

Let Hope with soft propitious ray,
Our bosoms fondly cheer;
Ne'er may the sunshine of this day
Be clouded with a tear.

LINES, INSCRIBED TO MRS. WYNNE,

ON THE BIRTH OF HER SON AND HEIR.

Oh! let me wake the carol gay,
And strike the lyre of pleasure;
For mirth inspires the genuine lay,
And animates the measure.

Blest was the hour, sweet infant boy,
That gave thee to maternal arms;
Propitious hope and smiling joy,
With rapture view'd thy blooming charms.

For thee, sweet babe, the artless muse,
A simple wreath composes;
And see, a genial tear bedews
Her garland form'd of roses.

And oh! in all thy future days,
May virtue o'er thy breast preside;
Illume thy mind with sacred rays,
And ever be thy heavenly guide.

For thee I breathe an artless prayer,
To Heaven that prayer addressing,
May all thy life be free from care,
Enrich'd with every blessing.

SONG,

THE RETURN OF MAY.

HAIL! fairy queen, adorn'd with flowers,
Attended by the smiling hours,
'Tis thine to dress the rosy bowers
In colours gay;
We love to wander in thy train,
To meet thee on the fertile plain,
To bless thy soft propitious reign,
Oh! lovely May.

'Tis thine to dress the vale anew,
In fairest verdure bright with dew;
And harebells of the mildest blue,
Smile in thy way;
Then let us welcome pleasant spring,
And still the flowery tribute bring,
And still to thee our carol sing,
Oh! lovely May.

Now by the genial zephyr fann'd,
The blossoms of the rose expand;
And rear'd by thee with gentle hand,
Their charms display;
The air is balmy and serene,
And all the sweet luxuriant scene
By thee is clad in tender green,
Oh! lovely May.

THE FAREWELL.

When sad the parting word we hear,
That seems of past delights to tell,
Who then, without a sacred tear,
Can say farewell?

And are we ever doom'd to mourn,
That e'en our joys may lead to pain?
Alas! the rose without a thorn
We seek in vain.

When friends endear'd by absence meet,
Their hours are crown'd with every treasure;
Too soon the happy moments fleet
On wings of pleasure.

But when the parting hour is nigh,
What feeling breast their woes can tell?
With many a prayer and tender sigh
They bid farewell.

Yet Hope may charm their grief away,
And pour her sweet enchanting strain,
That friends belov'd—some future day,
Shall meet again.

Her aid the fair deceiver lends,
To dry the tears which sadly fell;
And calm the sorrow which attends
The last farewell.

PART OF

THE 104TH PSALM, PARAPHRASED.

My fervent soul shall bless the Lord,
And sing Jehovah's name ador'd.
Oh God! how great are all thy ways,
Demanding gratitude and praise;
Honour and majesty are thine,
And beams of light around thee shine:
Thy hand extends the arch on high,
The azure curtain of the sky;
The clouds thy regal chariot form;
Thou ridest on the rushing storm;
Amidst the regions of the air,
The winds thy car triumphal bear:
To thee enraptur'd spirits bend,
And angels round thy throne attend;
While lightnings in thy presence beam,
The ministers of power supreme.
At thy behest the earth appear'd,
On firm eternal basis rear'd:
The floods arose at thy command,
And spread their mantle o'er the land:

Thy word rebuk'd the swelling deep;
The waters rush'd from every steep;
The thunders echoed, and they fled,
And sought their peaceful destin'd bed;
Jehovah's power restrain'd their force,
And limited their whelming course:
He bade the lucid fountains flow,
Meandering thro' the vales below;
They fertilize the plains and fields,
And nature all her treasure yields.

Beside their banks with verdure drest,
The woodland songsters form their nest;
Amidst the shade of waving trees,
They pour the sweetest melodies;
The wild spontaneous hymn they raise,
And sing their great Creator's praise.

PALESTINE.

HARDING AND WRIGHT,
PRINTERS,
St. John's Square, London.

PALESTINE.

A POEM.

RECITED IN THE THEATRE,

OXFORD,

MDCCCIII.

TO WHICH IS ADDED,

THE PASSAGE OF THE RED SEA.

A FRAGMENT.

BY REGINALD HEBER.

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1809.

SYNOPSIS.

LAMENTATION OVER THE MISERIES OF PALESTINE.....THE GUARDIAN ANGELS OF THE LAND INVOKED.....SUBJECT PROPOSED.....PRESENT APPEARANCE OF THE COUNTRY, WITH ITS PRESENT INHABITANTS DESCRIBED.....THE DRUSES, FROM THEIR SITUATION AND IMPORTANCE, FIRST NOTICED.....CONTRAST BETWEEN THE INHABITANTS OF MOUNTAIN AND PLAIN.....SARACENS AND BEDOUINS (NEBAIOTH AND KEDAR).....MODERN JEWS.....THEIR DEGRADED STATE OF BANISHMENT..... APPEAL TO THE ALMIGHTY IN THEIR BEHALF, FOUNDED UPON HIS MIRACULOUS INTERPOSITIONS OF OLD.....THEIR FORMER GREATNESS.....DAVID.....SOLOMON..... HIS SPLENDOUR.....POPULAR SUPERSTITIONS RESPECTING HIM.....IMPROVED STATE OF THE ARTS AMONG THE JEWS.....THEIR TEMPLE.....FIRMNESS OF THE JEWS UNDER MISFORTUNES.....DERIVED PRINCIPALLY FROM THEIR HOPES OF THE MESSIAH.....HIS ADVENT.....MIRACLES.....CRUCIFIXION.....CONSEQUENT PUNISHMENT OF THE JEWS, IN THE DESTRUCTION OF JERUSALEM BY THE ROMANS, AND TOTAL DESOLATION OF THE COUNTRY.....SCENES OF CHRIST'S SUFFERINGS, HOWEVER, CONTINUED TO BE VENERATED.....PILGRIMAGES.....HOLY SEPULCHRE.....EMPRESS HELENA.....CRUSADES.....NATIONS WHICH EMBARKED IN THEM DESCRIBED..... ENGLISH HEROISM.....EDWARD THE FIRST.....RICHARD CŒUR DE LION.....PALESTINE STILL THE SCENE OF BRITISH VALOUR.....ACRE.....CONCLUSION.

PALESTINE.

REFT of thy sons, amid thy foes forlorn,
Mourn, widow'd queen, forgotten Sion, mourn!
Is this thy place, sad city, this thy throne,
Where the wild desert rears its craggy stone?
While suns unblest their angry lustre fling,
And way-worn pilgrims seek the scanty spring?....
Where now thy pomp, which kings with envy view'd?
Where now thy might, which all those kings subdu'd?
No martial myriads throng thy brazen gate;
No suppliant nations in thy Temple wait;
No prophet bards, thy glittering courts among,
Wake the full lyre, and swell the tide of song:

But lawless Force, and meagre Want is there,
And the quick-darting eye of restless Fear,
While cold Oblivion, 'mid thy ruins laid;
Folds his dank wing[1] beneath the ivy shade.

Ye guardian saints! ye warrior sons of Heaven[2],
To whose high care Judæa's state was given!
O wont of old your nightly watch to keep,
A host of gods, on Sion's towery steep[3]!
If e'er your secret footsteps linger still
By Siloa's fount, or Tabor's echoing hill;
If e'er your song on Salem's glories dwell,
And mourn the captive land you lov'd so well;
(For, oft, 'tis said, in Kedron's palmy vale,
Mysterious harpings[4] swell the midnight gale,
And, blest as balmy dews that Hermon cheer,
Melt in soft cadence on the pilgrim's ear;)
Forgive, blest spirits, if a theme so high
Mock the weak notes of mortal minstrelsy!

Yet, might your aid this anxious breast inspire
With one faint spark of Milton's seraph fire,
Then should my Muse[5] ascend with bolder flight,
And wave her eagle-plumes exulting in the light.

O happy once in Heaven's peculiar love,
Delight of men below, and saints above!
Tho', Salem, now, the spoiler's ruffian hand
Has loos'd his hell-hounds o'er thy wasted land;
Tho' weak, and whelm'd beneath the storms of fate,
Thy house is left unto thee desolate[6];
Tho' thy proud stones in cumbrous ruin fall,
And seas of sand o'ertop thy mouldering wall;
Yet shall the Muse to Fancy's ardent view
Each shadowy trace of faded pomp renew:
And as the seer[7] on Pisgah's topmost brow
With glistening eye beheld the plain below,
With prescient ardour drank the scented gale,
And bade the opening glades of Canaan hail;

Her eagle eye shall scan the prospect wide,
From Carmel's cliffs to Almotana's[8] tide;
The flinty waste, the cedar-tufted hill,
The liquid health of smooth Ardeni's rill[8];
The grot, where, by the watch-fire's evening blaze,
The robber riots, or the hermit prays[9];
Or, where the tempest rives the hoary stone,
The wintry top of giant Lebanon.

Fierce, hardy, proud, in conscious freedom bold,
Those stormy seats the warrior Druses[10] hold;
From Norman blood their lofty line they trace,
Their lion courage proves their generous race.
They, only they, while all around them kneel
In sullen homage to the Thracian steel,
Teach their pale despot's waning moon[11] to fear
The patriot terrors of the mountain spear.

Yes, valorous chiefs, while yet your sabres shine,
The native guard of feeble Palestine,

O ever thus, by no vain boast dismay'd,
Defend the birthright of the cedar shade!
What tho' no more for you th' obedient gale
Swells the white bosom of the Tyrian sail;
Tho' now no more your glittering marts unfold
Sidonian dyes and Lusitanian gold[12];
Tho' not for you the pale and sickly slave
Forgets the light in Ophir's wealthy cave;
Yet your's the lot, in proud contentment blest,
Where cheerful labour leads to tranquil rest.
No robber rage the ripening harvest knows;
And unrestrain'd the generous vintage flows[13]:
Nor less your sons to manliest deeds aspire,
And Asia's mountains glow with Spartan fire.

So when, deep sinking in the rosy main,
The western Sun forsakes the Syrian plain,
His watery rays refracted lustre shed,
And pour their latest light on Carmel's head.

Yet shines your praise, amid surrounding gloom,
As the lone lamp that trembles in the tomb:
For, few the souls that spurn a tyrant's chain,
And small the bounds of freedom's scanty reign.
As the poor outcast on the cheerless wild,
Arabia's parent[14], clasp'd her fainting child,
And wander'd near the roof no more her home,
Forbid to linger, yet afraid to roam:
My sorrowing Fancy quits the happier height,
And southward throws her half-averted sight.
For sad the scenes Judæa's plains disclose,
A dreary waste of undistinguish'd woes:
See War untir'd his crimson pinions spread,
And foul Revenge that tramples on the dead!
Lo, where from far the guarded fountains[15] shine,
Thy tents, Nebaioth, rise, and, Kedar, thine[16]!
'Tis your's the boast to mark the stranger's way,
And spur your headlong chargers on the prey,
Or rouse your nightly numbers from afar,
And on the hamlet pour the waste of war;

Nor spare the hoary head, nor bid your eye[17]
Revere the sacred smile of infancy.
Such now the clans, whose fiery coursers feed
Where waves on Kishon's bank the whispering reed;
And their's the soil, where, curling to the skies,
Smokes on Gerizim's mount Samaria's sacrifice[18].
While Israel's sons, by scorpion curses driven,
Outcasts of earth, and reprobate of heaven,
Through the wide world in friendless exile stray,
Remorse and shame sole comrades of their way,
With dumb despair their country's wrongs behold,
And, dead to glory, only burn for gold.

O Thou, their Guide, their Father, and their Lord,
Lov'd for Thy mercies, for Thy power ador'd!
If at Thy Name the waves forgot their force,
And refluent Jordan sought his trembling source[19];
If at Thy Name like sheep the mountains fled,
And haughty Sirion bow'd his marble head;....

To Israel's woes a pitying ear incline,
And raise from earth Thy long-neglected vine[20]!
Her rifled fruits, behold, the heathen bear,
And wild-wood boars her mangled clusters tear.
Was it for this she stretch'd her peopled reign
From far Euphrates to the western main?
For this, o'er many a hill her boughs she threw,
And her wide arms like goodly cedars grew?
For this, proud Edom slept beneath her shade,
And o'er th' Arabian deep her branches play'd?

O feeble boast of transitory power!
Vain, fruitless trust of Judah's happier hour!
Not such their hope, when thro' the parted main
The cloudy wonder led the warrior train:
Not such their hope, when thro' the fields of night
The torch of heaven diffus'd its friendly light:
Not, when fierce Conquest urg'd the onward war,
And hurl'd stern Canaan from his iron car:

Nor, when five monarchs led to Gibeon's fight,
In rude array, the harness'd Amorite[21]:
Yes....in that hour, by mortal accents stay'd,
The lingering Sun his fiery wheels delay'd;
The Moon, obedient, trembled at the sound,
Curb'd her pale car, and check'd her mazy round!

Let Sinai tell....for she beheld his might,
And God's own darkness veil'd her mystic height:
(He, cherub-borne, upon the whirlwind rode,
And the red mountain like a furnace glow'd:)
Let Sinai tell....but who shall dare recite
His praise, his power, eternal, infinite?....
Awe-struck I cease; nor bid my strains aspire,
Or serve his altar with unhallow'd fire[22].

Such were the cares that watch'd o'er Israel's fate,
And such the glories of their infant state.
....Triumphant race! and did your power decay?
Fail'd the bright promise of your early day?

No;....by that sword, which, red with heathen gore,
A giant spoil, the stripling champion bore;
By him, the chief to farthest India known,
The mighty master of the ivory throne;
In Heaven's own strength, high towering o'er her foes,
Victorious Salem's lion banner rose:
Before her footstool prostrate nations lay,
And vassal tyrants crouch'd beneath her sway.
....And he, the kingly sage, whose restless mind
Through nature's mazes wander'd unconfin'd[23];
Who ev'ry bird, and beast, and insect knew,
And spake of ev'ry plant that quaffs the dew;
To him were known....so Hagar's offspring tell....
The powerful sigill and the starry spell;
The midnight call, hell's shadowy legions dread,
And sounds that burst the slumbers of the dead.
Hence all his might; for, who could these oppose?
And Tadmor thus, and Syrian Balbec rose[24].
Yet e'en the works of toiling Genii fall,
And vain was Estakhar's enchanted wall.

In frantic converse with the mournful wind,
There oft the houseless Santon[25] rests reclin'd;
Strange shapes he views, and drinks with wondering ears
The voices of the dead, and songs of other years.

Such, the faint echo of departed praise,
Still sound Arabia's legendary lays;
And thus their fabling bards delight to tell
How lovely were thy tents, O Israel![26]

For thee his ivory load Behemoth[27] bore,
And far Sofala[28] teem'd with golden ore;
Thine all the arts that wait on wealth's increase,
Or bask and wanton in the beam of peace.
When Tyber slept beneath the cypress gloom,
And silence held the lonely woods of Rome;
Or ere to Greece the builder's skill was known,
Or the light chisel brush'd the Parian stone;
Yet here fair Science nurs'd her infant fire,
Fann'd by the artist aid of friendly Tyre.

Then tower'd the palace, then in awful state
The Temple rear'd its everlasting gate[29].
No workman steel, no ponderous axes rung[30];
Like some tall palm the noiseless fabric sprung.
Majestic silence!....Then the harp awoke,
The cymbal clang'd, the deep-voic'd trumpet spoke;
And Salem spread her suppliant arms abroad,
View'd the descending flame, and bless'd the present God[31].

Nor shrunk she then, when, raging deep and loud,
Beat o'er her soul the billows of the proud[32].
E'en they who, dragg'd to Shinar's fiery sand,
Till'd with reluctant strength the stranger's land;
Who sadly told the slow-revolving years,
And steep'd the captive's bitter bread with tears;....
Yet oft their hearts with kindling hopes would burn,
Their destin'd triumphs and their glad return:
And their sad lyres, which, silent and unstrung,
In mournful ranks on Babel's willows hung,

Would oft awake to chaunt their future fame,
And from the skies their lingering Saviour claim.
His promis'd aid could every fear controul;
This nerv'd the warrior's arm, this steel'd the martyr's soul!

Nor vain their hope....bright beaming thro' the sky,
Burst in full blaze the Day-spring from on high;
Earth's utmost isles exulted at the sight,
And crowding nations drank the orient light.
Lo, star-led chiefs Assyrian odours bring,
And bending Magi seek their infant King!
Mark'd ye, where, hovering o'er his radiant head,
The dove's white wings celestial glory shed?
Daughter of Sion! virgin queen! rejoice!
Clap the glad hand, and lift th'exulting voice!
He comes,....but not in regal splendour drest,
The haughty diadem, the Tyrian vest;
Not arm'd in flame, all glorious from afar,
Of hosts the Chieftain, and the Lord of war:

Messiah comes:....let furious discord cease;
Be peace on earth before the Prince of peace!
Disease and anguish feel his blest controul,
And howling fiends release the tortur'd soul;
The beams of gladness hell's dark caves illume,
And Mercy broods above the distant gloom.

Thou palsied earth, with noonday night o'erspread;
Thou sickening sun, so dark, so deep, so red!
Ye hovering ghosts, that throng the starless air;
Why shakes the earth? why fades the light? declare!
Are those His limbs, with ruthless scourges torn?
His brows, all bleeding with the twisted thorn?
His the pale form, the meek forgiving eye
Rais'd from the cross in patient agony?
....Be dark, thou sun,....thou noonday night, arise,
And hide, oh hide, the dreadful sacrifice!

Ye faithful few, by bold affection led,
Who round the Saviour's cross your sorrows shed,

Not for his sake your tearful vigils keep;....
Weep for your country, for your children weep[33]!
....Vengeance! thy fiery wing their race pursu'd;
Thy thirsty poniard blush'd with infant blood.
Rous'd at thy call, and panting still for game,
The bird of war, the Latian eagle, came.
Then Judah rag'd, by ruffian Discord led,
Drunk with the steamy carnage of the dead:
He saw his sons by dubious slaughter fall,
And war without, and death within the wall.
Wide-wasting Plague, gaunt Famine, mad Despair,
And dire Debate, and clamorous Strife was there:
Love, strong as death, retain'd his might no more,
And the pale parent drank her children's gore[34].
Yet they, who, wont to roam th' ensanguin'd plain,
And spurn with fell delight their kindred slain;
E'en they, when, high above the dusty fight,
Their burning Temple rose in lurid light,
To their lov'd altars pay'd a parting groan,
And in their country's woes forgot their own.

As 'mid the cedar courts, and gates of gold,
The trampled ranks in miry carnage roll'd;
To save their Temple every hand essay'd,
And with cold fingers grasp'd the feeble blade:
Thro' their torn veins reviving fury ran,
And life's last anger warm'd the dying man.

But heavier far the fetter'd captive's doom!
To glut with sighs the iron ear of Rome:
To swell, slow pacing by the car's tall side,
The stoic tyrant's philosophic pride[35];
To flesh the lion's ravenous jaws, or feel
The sportive fury of the fencer's steel;
Or pant, deep plung'd beneath the sultry mine,
For the light gales of balmy Palestine.

Ah! fruitful now no more,....an empty coast,
She mourn'd her sons enslav'd, her glories lost:
In her wide streets the lonely raven bred,
There bark'd the wolf, and dire hyænas fed.

Yet 'midst her towery fanes, in ruin laid,
The pilgrim saint his murmuring vespers pay'd;
'Twas his to climb the tufted rocks, and rove
The chequer'd twilight of the olive grove;
'Twas his to bend beneath the sacred gloom,
And wear with many a kiss Messiah's tomb:
While forms celestial fill'd his tranced eye,
The day-light dreams of pensive piety,
O'er his still breast a tearful fervour stole,
And softer sorrows charm'd the mourner's soul.

Oh, lives there one, who mocks his artless zeal;
Too proud to worship, and too wise to feel?
Be his the soul with wintry Reason blest,
The dull, lethargic sovereign of the breast!
Be his the life that creeps in dead repose,
No joy that sparkles, and no tear that flows!

Far other they who rear'd yon pompous shrine[36],
And bade the rock with Parian marble shine[37].

Then hallow'd Peace renew'd her wealthy reign,
Then altars smok'd, and Sion smil'd again.
There sculptur'd gold and costly gems were seen,
And all the bounties of the British queen[38];
There barbarous kings their sandal'd nations led,
And steel-clad champions bow'd the crested head.
There, when her fiery race the desert pour'd,
And pale Byzantium fear'd Medina's[39] sword,
When coward Asia shook in trembling woe,
And bent appall'd before the Bactrian bow[39];
From the moist regions of the western star
The wandering hermit[40] wak'd the storm of war.
Their limbs all iron, and their souls all flame,
A countless host, the Red-cross warriors came:
E'en hoary priests the sacred combat wage,
And clothe in steel the palsied arm of age;
While beardless youths and tender maids[41] assume
The weighty morion and the glancing plume.
In bashful pride the warrior virgins wield
The ponderous falchion, and the sun-like shield,

And start to see their armour's iron gleam
Dance with blue lustre in Tabaria's[42] stream.

The blood-red banner floating o'er their van,
All madly blithe the mingled myriads ran:
Impatient Death beheld his destin'd food,
And hovering vultures snuff'd the scent of blood.

Not such the numbers, nor the host so dread,
By northern Brenn[43], or Scythian Timur led[43];
Nor such the heart-inspiring zeal that bore
United Greece to Phrygia's reedy shore!
There Gaul's proud knights with boastful mien advance[44],
Form the long line[45], and shake the cornel lance;
Here, link'd with Thrace, in close battalions stand
Ausonia's sons, a soft inglorious band;
There the stern Norman joins the Austrian train,
And the dark tribes of late-reviving Spain;
Here in black files, advancing firm and slow,
Victorious Albion twangs the deadly bow:....

Albion,....still prompt the captive's wrong to aid,
And wield in freedom's cause, the freeman's generous blade!

Ye sainted spirits of the warrior dead,
Whose giant force Britannia's[46] armies led!
Whose bickering falchions, foremost in the fight,
Still pour'd confusion on the Soldan's might;
Lords of the biting axe[47] and beamy spear,
Wide-conquering Edward, Lion Richard, hear!
At Albion's call your crested pride resume,
And burst the marble slumbers of the tomb!
Your sons behold, in arm, in heart the same,
Still press the footsteps of parental fame,
To Salem still their generous aid supply,
And pluck the palm of Syrian chivalry!

When he, from towery Malta's yielding isle,
And the green waters of reluctant Nile,
Th' Apostate chief,....from Misraim's subject shore
To Acre's walls his trophied banners bore;

When the pale desert mark'd his proud array,
And Desolation hop'd an ampler sway;
What hero then triumphant Gaul dismay'd?
What arm repell'd the victor Renegade?
Britannia's Champion!....bath'd in hostile blood,
High on the breach the dauntless SEAMAN stood:
Admiring Asia saw th' unequal fight,....
E'en the pale crescent bless'd the Christian's might.
Oh day of death! Oh thirst, beyond controul,
Of crimson conquest in th' Invader's soul!
The slain, yet warm, by social footsteps trod,
O'er the red moat supplied a panting road;....
O'er the red moat our conquering thunders flew,
And loftier still the grisly rampire grew.
While proudly glow'd above the rescu'd tower,
The wavy cross that mark'd Britannia's power.

Yet still destruction sweeps the lonely plain,
And heroes lift the generous sword in vain.

Still o'er her sky the clouds of anger roll,
And God's revenge hangs heavy on her soul.
Yet shall she rise;....but not by war restor'd,
Not built in murder,....planted by the sword.
Yes, Salem, thou shalt rise: thy Father's aid
Shall heal the wound his chastening hand has made;
Shall judge the proud oppressor's ruthless sway,
And burst his brazen bonds, and cast his cords away[48].
Then on your tops shall deathless verdure spring[49];
Break forth, ye mountains, and, ye valleys, sing!
No more your thirsty rocks shall frown forlorn,
The unbeliever's jest, the heathen's scorn;
The sultry sands shall tenfold harvests yield,
And a new Eden deck the thorny field.
E'en now perhaps, wide waving o'er the land,
The mighty Angel lifts his golden wand;
Courts the bright vision of descending power[50],
Tells every gate, and measures every tower[51];
And chides the tardy seals that yet detain
Thy Lion, Judah, from his destin'd reign.

And who is He? the vast, the awful form[53],
Girt with the whirlwind, sandal'd with the storm?
A western cloud around his limbs is spread,
His crown a rainbow, and a sun his head.
To highest heaven he lifts his kingly hand,
And treads at once the ocean and the land:
And hark! his voice amid the thunder's roar,
His dreadful voice, That time shall be no more!

Lo! cherub hands the golden courts prepare,
Lo! thrones are set, and every saint is there[54];
Earth's utmost bounds confess their awful sway,
The mountains worship, and the isles obey;
Nor sun nor moon they need,....nor day, nor night[55];....
God is their Temple, and the Lamb their light.
And shall not Israel's sons exulting come,
Hail the glad beam, and claim their ancient home?
On David's throne shall David's offspring reign,
And the dry bones be warm with life again[56].

Hark! white-rob'd crowds their deep hosannas raise,
And the hoarse flood repeats the sound of praise;
Ten thousand harps attune the mystic song,
Ten thousand thousand saints the strain prolong;....
" Worthy the Lamb! omnipotent to save,
" Who died, who lives, triumphant o'er the grave!"

NOTES.

ALLUDING to the usual manner in which Sleep is represented in ancient statues. See also Pindar, Pyth. I. v. 16, 17. "κνώσσων Τυφὼν νῶτον αἰωρεῖ."

[2] Authorities for these celestial warriors may be found, Josh. v. 13; 2 Kings vi. 2; 2 Macc. v. 3. ibid. xi. Joseph. Ed. Huds. vi. p. 1282. et alibi passim.

[3] It is scarcely necessary to mention the lofty site of Jerusalem. "The hill "of God is a high hill, even a high hill as the hill of Bashan."

[4] See Sandys, and other travellers into Asia.

[5] Common practice, and the authority of Milton, seem sufficient to justify using this term as a personification of poetry.

[6] Matth. xxiv. 38.

[7] Moses.

[8] Almotana is the oriental name for the Dead Sea, as Ardeni is for Jordan.

[9] The mountains of Palestine are full of caverns, which are generally occupied in one or other of the methods here mentioned. Vide Sandys, Maundrell, and Calmet, passim.

[10] The untameable spirit, feodal customs, and affection for Europeans, which distinguish this extraordinary race, who boast themselves to be a remnant of the Crusaders, are well described in Pagés. The account of their celebrated Emir, Facciardini, in Sandys, is also very interesting. Puget de S. Pierre compiled a small volume on their history; Paris, 1763. 12mo.

[11] "The Turkish sultans, whose moon seems fast approaching to its wane." Sir W. Jones's 1st Discourse to the Asiatic Society.

[12] Tarshish has been sometimes placed in Lusitania.

[13] In the southern parts of Palestine the inhabitants reap their corn green, as they are not sure that it will ever be allowed to come to maturity. The oppression to which the cultivators of vineyards are subject throughout the Ottoman empire is well known.

[14] Hagar.

[15] The watering places are generally beset with Arabs, who exact toll from all comers. See Harmer and Pagés.

[16] See Ammianus Marcellinus, lib. xiv. p. 43. Ed. Vales.

[17] "Thine eye shall not spare them."

[18] A miserable remnant of Samaritan worship still exists on Mount Gerizim. Maundrell relates his conversation with the high priest.

[19] Psalm cxiv.

[20] See Psalm lxxx. 8—14. [21] Josh. x.

[22] Alluding to the fate of Nadab and Abihu.

[23] The Arabian mythology respecting Solomon is in itself so fascinating, is so illustrative of the present state of the country, and on the whole so agreeable to Scripture, that it was judged improper to omit all mention of it, though its wildness might have operated as an objection to making it a principal object in the poem.

[24] Palmyra ("Tadmor in the Desert") was really built by Solomon, (1 Kings ix. 2 Chron. viii.) and universal tradition marks him out, with great probability, as the founder of Balbec. Estakhar is also attributed to him by the Arabs. See the romance of Vathek, and the various Travels into the East, more particularly Chardin's, in which, after a minute and interesting description of the majestic ruins of Estakhar, or Persepolis, the ancient capital of Persia, an account follows of the wild local traditions just alluded to. Vol. ii. p. 190. ed. Amst. 1735. 4to. Vide also Sale's Koran; D'Herbelot, Bibl. Orient. (article Soliman Ben Daoud); and the Arabian Nights Entertainments, passim.

[25] It is well known that the Santons are real or affected madmen, pretending to extraordinary sanctity, who wander about the country, sleeping in caves or old ruins.

[26] Numbers xxiv. 5.

[27] Behemoth is sometimes supposed to mean the elephant, in which sense it is here used.

[28] An African port to the south of Bab-el-mandeb, celebrated for gold-mines.

[29] Psalm xxiv. 7.

[30] "There was neither hammer, nor axe, nor any tool of iron, heard in the "house while it was in building." 1 Kings vi. 7.

[31] "And when all the children of Israel saw how the fire came down, and "the glory of the Lord upon the house, they bowed themselves with their "faces to the ground upon the pavement, and worshipped." 2 Chron. vii. 3.

[32] Psalm cxxiv. 4.

[33] Luke xxiii. 27, 28.

[34] Joseph. vi. p. 1275. Ed. Huds.

[35] I know not how Titus has acquired his fame for humanity; but the cruelties of the brutal Domitian, or the frantic Caligula, are surely more excusable than the barbarities which this man, with the smile of benignity on his countenance, and the cant of philosophy on his tongue, exercised against a valiant and much injured people who were struggling for liberty.

[36] The Temple of the Sepulchre.

[37] See Cotovicus, p. 179. and from him Sandys.

[38] St. Helena, who was, according to Camden, born at Colchester. See also Howel's Hist. of the World.

[39] The invasions of the civilized parts of Asia by the Arabian and Turkish Mahometans.

[40] Peter the hermit.

[41] See Vertot, Hist. Chev. Malthe. liv. i.

[42] Tabaria (a corruption of Tiberias) is the name used for the Sea of Galilee in the old romances.

[43] Brennus, and Tamerlane.

[44] The insolence of the French nobles twice caused the ruin of the army; once by refusing to serve under Richard Cœur de Lion, and again by reproaching the English with cowardice in St. Louis's expedition to Egypt. See Knolles's History of the Turks.

[45] The line (*combat à la haye*) according to Sir Walter Raleigh, was characteristic of French tactics; as the column (*herse*) was of the English. The English at Créçi were drawn up thirty deep.

[46] All the British nations served under the same banner.

Sono gl' Inglesi sagittari ed hanno
Gente con lor, ch' è più vicina al polo:
Questi de l'alte selve irsuti manda
La divisa dal mondo, ultima Irlanda.

Tasso, Gierusal. Cant. I. 44.

Ireland and Scotland, it is scarcely necessary to observe, were synonymous.

[47] The axe of Richard was very famous. See Warton's Hist. of Engl. Poetry.

[48] Psalm ii. 3. cvii. 16.

[49] "I will multiply the fruit of the tree, and the increase of the field, that "ye shall receive no more the reproach of famine among the heathen."—

"And they shall say, This land that was desolate, is become like the garden of "Eden," &c. Ezek. xxxvi.

[50] Ezekiel xl.

[51] "That great city, the holy Jerusalem, descending out of heaven from "God, having the glory of God." Rev. xxi. 10.

[52] Rev. x. [53] Rev. xx.

[54] "And I saw no temple therein: for the Lord God Almighty and the "Lamb are the temple of it. And the city had no need of the sun, neither "of the moon, to shine in it: for the glory of God did lighten it, and the "Lamb is the light thereof." Rev. xxi. 22.

[55] "Thus saith the Lord God unto these bones, Behold, I will cause breath "to enter into you, and ye shall live."——"Then he said unto me, Son of "man, these bones are the whole house of Israel." Ezek. xxxvii.

THE END.

HARDING AND WRIGHT,
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THE

PASSAGE OF THE RED SEA.

A FRAGMENT.

A FRAGMENT.

....

FOR, many a coal-black tribe and cany spear,
The hireling guards of Misraim's throne, were there.
From distant Cush they troop'd, a warrior train,
Siwah's green isle and Sennaar's marly plain:
On either wing their fiery coursers check
The parch'd and sinewy sons of Amalek:
While close behind, inur'd to feast on blood,
Deck'd in Behemoth's spoils, the tall Shangalla strode.
'Mid blazing helms and bucklers rough with gold
Saw ye how swift the scythed chariots roll'd?
Lo, these are they whom, lords of Afric's fates,
Old Thebes hath pour'd through all her hundred gates,

Mother of armies!....How the emeralds glow'd,
Where, flush'd with power and vengeance, Pharaoh rode!
And stol'd in white, those brazen wheels before,
Osiris' ark his swarthy wizards bore;
And still responsive to the trumpet's cry
The priestly sistrum murmur'd....Victory!....
Why swell these shouts that rend the desert's gloom?
Whom come ye forth to combat?....warriors, whom?....
These flocks and herds....this faint and weary train....
Red from the scourge and recent from the chain?....
God of the poor, the poor and friendless save!
Giver and Lord of freedom, help the slave!....
North, south, and west the sandy whirlwinds fly,
The circling horns of Egypt's chivalry.
On earth's last margin throng the weeping train:
Their cloudy guide moves on:...."And must we swim the main?"
'Mid the light spray their snorting camels stood,
Nor bath'd a fetlock in the nauseous flood....
He comes....their leader comes!.... the man of God
O'er the wide waters lifts his mighty rod,

A FRAGMENT.

And onwards treads....The circling waves retreat,
In hoarse deep murmurs, from his holy feet;
And the chas'd surges, inly roaring, show
The hard wet sand and coral hills below.

With limbs that faulter, and with hearts that swell,
Down, down they pass....a steep and slippery dell....
Around them rise, in pristine chaos hurl'd,
The ancient rocks, the secrets of the world;
And flowers that blush beneath the ocean green,
And caves, the sea-calves' low-roof'd haunt, are seen.
Down, safely down the narrow pass they tread;
The beetling waters storm above their head:
While far behind retires the sinking day,
And fades on Edom's hills its latest ray.

Yet not from Israel fled the friendly light,
Or dark to them, or cheerless came the night.
Still in their van, along that dreadful road,
Blaz'd broad and fierce the brandish'd torch of God.

Its meteor glare a tenfold lustre gave
On the long mirror of the rosy wave:
While its blest beams a sunlike heat supply,
Warm every cheek and dance in every eye....
To them alone....for, Misraim's wizard train
Invoke for light their monster-gods in vain:
Clouds heap'd on clouds their struggling sight confine,
And tenfold darkness broods above their line.
Yet on they fare by reckless vengeance led,
And range unconscious through the ocean's bed.
Till midway now....that strange and fiery form
Show'd his dread visage lightening through the storm;
With withering splendour blasted all their might,
And brake their chariot-wheels, and marr'd their coursers' flight.
"Fly, Misraim, fly!"....The ravenous floods they see,
And, fiercer than the floods, the Deity.
"Fly, Misraim, fly!"....From Edom's coral strand
Again the prophet stretch'd his dreadful wand:....
With one wild crash the thundering waters sweep,....
And all is waves....a dark and lonely deep....

Yet o'er those lonely waves such murmurs past,
As mortal wailing swell'd the nightly blast:
And strange and sad the whispering surges bore
The groans of Egypt to Arabia's shore.

Oh! welcome came the morn, where Israel stood
In trustless wonder by th' avenging flood!
Oh! welcome came the cheerful morn, to show
The drifted wreck of Zoan's pride below;
The mangled limbs of men....the broken car ...
A few sad relics of a nation's war:
Alas, how few!....Then, soft as Elim's well,
The precious tears of new-born freedom fell.
And he, whose harden'd heart alike had borne
The house of bondage and th' oppressor's scorn,
The stubborn slave, by hope's new beams subdued,
In faultering accents sobb'd his gratitude....
Till kindling into warmer zeal, around
The virgin timbrel wak'd its silver sound:

And in fierce joy, no more by doubt supprest,
The struggling spirit throbb'd in Miriam's breast.
She, with bare arms, and fixing on the sky
The dark transparence of her lucid eye,
Pour'd on the winds of heaven her wild sweet harmony.
" Where now," she sang, " the tall Egyptian spear?
" On's sunlike shield, and Zoan's chariot, where?
" Above their ranks the whelming waters spread.
" Shout, Israel, for the Lord hath triumphed!"....
And every pause between, as Miriam sang,
From tribe to tribe the martial thunder rang,
And loud and far their stormy chorus spread,....
" Shout, Israel, for the Lord hath triumphed!"

....

NOTES

TO

THE FRAGMENT.

P. 3. *l.* 4. "Siwah."—Oasis. Ibid. "Sennaar."—Meroe.

P. 3. *l.* 8. "Shangalla."—The black tribes, whom Bruce considers as the aboriginal Nubians, are so called. For their gigantic stature, and their custom of ornamenting themselves and their houses with the spoils of the elephant, see the account he gives of the person and residence of one of their chiefs, whom he visited on his departure from Ras el Feel.

P. 4. *l.* 1. "Emeralds."—The emerald, or whatever the ancients dignified by the name of smaragdus, is said to have been found in great quantities in the mountain now called Gebel Zumrud (the mount of emeralds.)

P. 7. *l.* 11. "Elim's well."—It is interesting to observe with what pleasure and minuteness Moses, amid the Arabian wilderness, enumerates the "twelve wells of water," and the "threescore and ten palm-trees," of Elim.

HARDING and WRIGHT, Printers, St. John's Square.

CONSTANCE DE CASTILE.

CONSTANCE DE CASTILE.

A POEM,

IN TEN CANTOS.

BY WILLIAM SOTHEBY, ESQ.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR T. CADELL AND W. DAVIES, STRAND,
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1810.

ADVERTISEMENT.

The following Poem is chiefly founded on History.—The character and crimes of Pedro, King of Castile, surnamed the Cruel,---his private marriage with Maria de Padilla, prior to his public nuptials with Blanche of Bourbon,---the untimely death of Blanche, and the assassination of her lover,---the expulsion of Pedro from his kingdom by his illegitimate brother, Henry Count of Trastamere,---the circumstances which induced the dethroned Sovereign personally to solicit the aid of the Black Prince,---the decisive victory of Navaret, and the union of the heiress of Castile with John of Gaunt Duke of Lancaster,---even, the enchanted girdle, and the mysterious warning, are related in the Chronicles of the times:—and if the Reader require information more ample than contained in the subjoined notes, he will be abundantly gratified by the delightful garrulity of Froissart, the eye-witness and enthusiastic recorder of that golden age of Chivalry, whose courteous and high-toned spirit are but faintly echoed in the Poem of Constance de Castile.

CONSTANCE DE CASTILE.

CANTO I.

CONSTANCE DE CASTILE.

CANTO I.

I.

HARK! round Corunna's sea-girt tow'r
A loud voice tells the midnight hour:
On the lone castle's topmost height
A warrior trims the signal light,
And bending o'er th' embattled keep
Gazes on the vacant deep.
The billows roll along the shore
Hoarse-echoing the tempestuous roar.
No vessel labours on the main:
Shall Castile view her King again?

II.

A twelvemonth and a day had past
Since brave Corunna hail'd him last.
Before her walls the Rebels lay
Wasting in wassal sports the day,
And shows of peaceful pageantry.
The laughter of their revel hours
Echo'd around her mournful towr's;
Beneath the warder's watch their pomp past sweeping by.

III.

And was it not a galling sight
For warriors armed cap-à-piè,
Who ceaseless kept their watch aright,
To mark their foemen's revelry?
To see upon the green turf laid
Some who the helmet's weight unbound;
Some to guitars who tripp'd around,
Or with the lute gay music made,
Fingering light ditties to their love;
Others, who in the myrtle grove,
When vext Corunna's trumpet rung,
On the lithe branch their shields uphung;
Or trimm'd them for the tourney day,
To glitter in a bloodless fray.

IV.

Yet one amid the festive throng
An armed chief slow pac'd along,
His bold hand sternly grasp'd the spear;
'Twas Henry Count of Trastamere.

V.

There, not Castillia's knights alone,
Nor the liege lords of Arragon,
But chiefs of fame and leaders come
From each far realm of Christendom.
These, courting honour, seek the foe;
Those, roam for plunder, to and fro:
Chiefs who scarce deign to bend the knee
To brow of earthly sov'reignty,
Men of adventures, bold and free,
Who of the sword their tenure hold,
And freely barter blood for gold.

VI.

Around Corunna's tow'rs, profusion reign'd,
And revels unrestrain'd:
Gaunt famine watch'd within,
The deep sigh mingling with that festive din:

And far, more galling far
To spirits of the brave that courted war,
Each one who kept Corunna's tow'r
Seem'd captive in his conqueror's pow'r

VII.

But vow'd not Pedro, ere the moon,
Which glimmer'd on his parting sail,
Had thrice renew'd her crescent pale,
That victory o'er Corunna's tide
Should on his prow in triumph ride:
That by his gifts and largess won,
The potent chiefs of Lusitane
Should join in arms his loyal train,
And on his rightful brow replace Castillia's crown?

VIII.

Thus past the Monarch o'er the main,
But ne'er set sail from Lusitane,
Till now the mournful year
Clos'd in its slow career;
And, in the dreary interval,
The brave, without a wound,
Sunk perishing around,
While o'er the frequent funeral

Nor bow'd the priest, nor kindred tear
Fell on the tainted bier;
Till famine, watchful on the tow'r,
Number'd each slow-returning hour.

IX.

It was a boisterous night,
And bitterly the blast o'er ocean howl'd;
No kind star lent its light
As on the world of waters darkness scowl'd,
Save where on bold Corunna's height,
From the lone tow'r that crown'd the steep,
Glanc'd a swift gleam along the deep,
Flash'd to and fro by fits, and seem'd to mock the sight.

X.

It was a fearful hour,
No voice but of the winds and waters heard,
Or the shrill wailing of the storm-tost bird;
And, in the lulling interval,
The momentary slumber of the gale,
At due time from the sea-girt tow'r
The still ear caught the measur'd sound
Of one who lonely pac'd, and told to night his round.

XI.

Pace on, thou sleepless sentinel!
Loud to the list'ning ear the due time tell,
Nor fail to turn th' uplifted eye
On each pale torch about to die.
So, ever in the bloody fray
Glance from thy helm the shaft away!
Not thine the fires, by night-hags fed,
That wandering o'er the marshy bed
Lure astray the traveller;
Thine beckon the worn mariner,
And guide him from the stormy main
To home, and earth's green lap again.

XII.

Will they from ocean's stormy tide
To earth's green lap yon sufferers guide?
The bleak winds on those billows dark
Tempest at will a lonely bark.
Hear! hear, good sentinel!
Heav'n! and the holy Virgin shield thee well!
Trim, trim anew the waning light,
Till the broad signal-flame flash bright,
While yet the steersman eyes the beam,
And turns the helm to catch the gleam.

XIII.

That lonely bark those wild waves o'er
Castillia's long lost Monarch bore.
But why does Pedro rashly brave
Death on the dark tempestuous wave?
While the long year toil'd slowly round,
Pedro had caught no other sound
Save the sad murmur of the main:
What time the heir of Lusitane,
By Trastamere's base offers gain'd,
By justice, honour, unrestrain'd,
Fetter'd the king in servile chain.
Rescued from lone Viana's tow'r,
Pedro defies the dangerous hour,
And freely spreads the vent'rous sail
To midnight, and the stormy gale.

XIV.

Now near and nearer to that shore
A loud voice came the billows o'er.
The sentinel has caught the sound,
And from the promontory's steep,
Bow'd o'er the darkness of the deep,
Waves his flaming torch around.
In the huge sea-swell, rolling wide,

A lone bark labours to and fro,
Seems now above the surge to ride,
Now plunge th' unfathom'd deep below.
Flaps on the mast each shiver'd sail,
The loose cords rattle in the gale;
Huge waves foam in on every side,
The breakers flash against the prow;
Yet, guided by that beacon light
Th' intrepid pilot steers his way,
And onward to Corunna's bay
Holds steadily his course aright.
Hark! as the swift keel ploughs the strand,
Hark! eager acclamations ring,
" Castile! come forth! hail, hail thy King!
" Thy long lost King returns, and greets his native land!"

XV.

Rous'd by the warder's trumpet sound,
Corunna's warriors gather round;
Blazes with fire the castle brow,
Swift hurrying lights flash to and fro;
As down the rocks the steel-clad band
Rush to the tempest-beaten strand,
Load the loud blast with Pedro's name,
And o'er the foamy surge wide wave the beck'ning flame.

XVI.

The seamen, prostrate on the strand,
Hail with glad shout their native land,
And kiss, with filial lip, the shore:
The priest, with heav'n uplifted eye,
Hoar Anselm, holds the cross on high,
And chaunts his deep-ton'd hymn amid the billowy roar.

XVII.

What form of air, what angel bright,
Severing the darkness of the night,
Speeds like a shadowy vision fleet
Along the sands her printless feet?
'Tis Constance on the sea-beat shore;
Around her burst the ocean roar,
And the swoln surge its foam upthrew,
As faint, beneath her wilder'd view,
Pedro, contending with the deep,
Strove mid the breakers' refluent sweep.
Onward the fearless virgin prest,
And borne before the rising blast,
The loose robe fluttering on her breast,
Rush'd through the volume of the wave;
Her arms around her father cast,
And swoon'd on him she flew to save.

XVIII.

With falt'ring footstep slow,
The king, weigh'd down with woe,
The boisterous surges booming round his way,
On through the breakers hoar,
His speechless daughter bore,
Stream'd o'er her brow his locks so silvery gray.
All might discern by that dim flame,
The grief that agonis'd his frame,
His bosom labouring past controlling,
Down his dark cheek the big tear rolling.
And ever as his upward eye
Glar'd on the night-cloud sweeping by,
On his stern front, and troubled mien
The conflict of his soul was seen,
Lines deeper far than those of age,
Furrows of vengeance, woe, and rage.

XIX.

But, motionless, like sculptured stone,
Her eye-lid clos'd, her colour gone,
Lay the pale Maiden, o'er whose brow
The father bow'd his locks of snow,
And spread his mantle to the wind,
To shield her from bleak gales unkind.

Faint gleam'd the torch above her head,
Dim as a taper o'er the dead.

XX.

Mark'd you, how o'er his speechless child
The father hung with anguish wild?
Unnerv'd the arm once wont to wield
The falchion, terror of the field;
Of friends, of fame, of hope bereft,
Nought but the vow of vengeance left,
" Curs'd be my corse, unwept my bier,
" If Pedro yield to Trastamere!"

XXI.

Thus, breathing rage, while Pedro past,
The beacons flaring in the blast,
Gave to his gaze the war-worn band
That knelt upon the sea-beat strand.
The Monarch paus'd to praise their worth;
But deep groans burst unbidden forth;
And all, in silent agony,
Wept, as their lord went hopeless by.

XXII.

Beneath the crags that overhung
The shelter of Corunna's bay,
The windings of the cliffs among
Deep in a cove a cavern lay;
The guard there slept not, night nor day.
Huge gates of steel its entrance clos'd,
And silence in its gloom repos'd:
There, the long toil of elder time
Smoothing the rocky channel wide,
Slow led the cheated foot to climb
Step after step its rifted side,
Till unperceiv'd the gradual steep
Clos'd in the castle's central keep.

XXIII.

Up the dark windings of the cave
The faithful warder leads the way;
Hush'd there the wind's tempestuous sway,
And the wild uproar of the wave
Sunk to a low and lulling sound,
A whisper in that vault profound:
The sufferers gain the castle keep,
And Constance wakes from death-like sleep.

XXIV.

Then---as the father o'er her hung,
And heard once more her angel tongue,
Lour'd his dark brow in deepest gloom:
" Priest!" he exclaim'd in accent wild,
" The father cannot soothe his child;
" Calm, holy Anselm! calm her breast,
" And lull her troubled soul to rest.
" I am a man with blood defiled;
" I go to bear my bitter doom;
" Shield me, Maria! in thy tomb!"
He spoke, and with wild mien aghast,
And hurried foot-step, onward past.

CONSTANCE DE CASTILE.

CANTO II.

CONSTANCE DE CASTILE.

CANTO II.

I.

HARD is his heart, who never at the tomb
Of one belov'd, o'er the sepulchral urn
Has mus'd on days that shall no more return,
And call'd around from the funereal gloom
Shades of past joy, while tears that lenient flow
Seem to obliterate the sense of woe.

II.

Lo, on the mirror bright of former days
Whereon we love to gaze,

Repicturing the scene of happiness,
No forms unkind intrude.
O'er each harsh feature rude
Gathers the shadow of forgetfulness;
While all that minister'd delight
Floats like a blissful dream before the sight.

III.

'Tis as a pleasant land by moonlight seen,
Where each harsh form, that met the day,
In darkness dies away;
Smooth gleams, and tender shadows steal between,
While the pale silvery orb glides peaceful o'er the scene.

IV.

Within Corunna's guarded walls
A deep glen to the ocean falls,
Where broken crags encircling round
O'erhang a solitude profound;
Haunt where repentance might abide,
Or grief that seeks the tear to hide.

V.

There, in a rude and rocky cell,
Where from the roof large ice-drops slow

Burst on the fretted flints below,
And ceaseless feed a holy well;
The pilgrim yet explores the grot,
And kneeling on the hallow'd spot,
Dwells on the deeds in legends told,
On wonders of the days of old,
And calls on her, the sainted maid
Who o'er the healing water pray'd.

VI.

There Pedro, by that hallow'd wave,
Hid from rude gaze Maria's grave,
And hung the tomb with offerings holy
To feed and soothe his melancholy;
And there the mourner had endow'd
A dome to sainted Agnes vow'd:
Whence, to the grave, at hour of pray'r,
The sisters, each in turn, repair,
And day and night, at stated time,
Chaunt o'er the dead a holy rhyme.

VII.

Save at stated hour of pray'r
No wandering sister ventur'd there,

One lone lamp in its central gloom
Faintly glimmering o'er the tomb,
Shew'd darkness that more deep than night
Fell substantial on the sight.
The roof which arch'd that cell of woe,
The walls around, the stones below,
All marble, dark as ebony.
The sepulchre that held the dead,
Richly wrought with imag'ry,
Was form'd of granite deeply red,
In quarries hewn of Sinai's rock;
That, when the Temple rent its veil,
(So Eastern pilgrims told the tale,)
Shiver'd in the earth-quake shock.
Underneath the lamp's dim light,
The pale-ey'd sisters might behold,
Imag'd in alabaster bright,
A lady, and an armed knight;
And round their brows a crown of gold.

VIII.

That lady bore Maria's air,
Each living charm seem'd featur'd there:
Such her fine form, and placid mien;
Still on her lip a smile was seen,

As if a blessing on the dead
Had rested as the spirit fled.

IX.

But who the crown'd and armed knight?
Castillia's King there meets the sight.
Such the rich mail the Monarch wears,
So his right hand the war-axe bears;
His falchion slumbers at his side.
Yet more by bold demeanor known,
The features spake of kingly pride,
And the stern Monarch frown'd in stone.

X.

Thus as in breathing sculpture seen,
Lay Pedro and Castillia's Queen.
Love, in their bloom and beauty's flower,
O'ercanopied their nuptial bed,
And, never from that blissful hour,
The world, with all its woe, had pow'r
To dim the flame that Hymen fed.
Adversity but serv'd to bind
In closer union mind with mind,
Bad each from each the pang remove,
And drew from grief the balm of love.

Thus underneath the golden sky
That smiles on blissful Araby,
The balsam's lenient tear confin'd
Sleeps in the smooth unbroken rind,
But kindly flowing from the wound
Sheds life and healing fragrance round.

XI.

To realms of bliss Maria fled.
In the still refuge of the dead,
In that dim cave, that lonely spot,
The world, and all, save her, forgot,
On the cold stone whose vault contains
Entomb'd Maria's lov'd remains,
The Monarch hangs her image o'er,
And, dwelling on the days of yore,
Oft turns her features to retrace,
And weep upon her marble face.
A tear so shed could peace impart,
And, chast'ning, seem'd to soothe the heart.

XII

Not now such tears could peace impart,
No chast'ning sorrow sooth'd his heart.

No—horror-struck, in desperate mood
The Monarch sought the solitude.
" This night, no sister venture there:
" I, I alone will breathe the pray'r,
" And trim the lamp, and watch the dead!"
'Twas thus the troubled Monarch spoke,
As slowly through the midnight gloom
The nun pac'd lonely to the tomb.
The sister, passing to her rest,
Nor told her beads, nor cross'd her breast.
On Pedro's cheek swift flushes broke,
Now---ghastly pale, now---fiery red,
As one by horror visited.

XIII.

The Monarch threw the portals wide,
Paus'd, and with wild'ring anguish cry'd,
" I enter not to seek repose:
" Who but the dead may hear my woes!"
He spake, and hurrying in aghast,
Clos'd the dark portals as he past.

XIV.

From his chill front big sweat-drops flow;
His trembling grasp has seiz'd the lamp

That gleams amid the cave of woe.
And now around each dark wall damp
Slowly he turns the lurid light;
All, all as wont, here meets his sight;
Now gazes on the marble floor---
Now eyes intent the sculptur'd scroll,
" Have mercy on Maria's soul:"
Thrice, thrice repeats it o'er and o'er---;
His heart beats lighter than before.
Now, kneeling on the hallow'd place,
Hangs o'er the lamp, more clear to trace
The features of Maria's face.
" 'Tis, 'tis thyself---thy shape---thy mien;
" Still on thy lip the smile is seen,
" As if a blessing on the dead
" Had rested when the spirit fled."

XV.

At once, as on a spot accurst,
The lightning flash'd, the thunder burst,
And 'mid the glimpses of the blaze
A phantom swam before his gaze.
" Demon! that riv'st the hallow'd stone,
" Hence!"---he exclaim'd---" fell fiend! begone!
" Ha! art thou Blanche, Castillia's queen?

" Thou, Bourbon, who in evil hour
" Fill'd'st with lament Sidonia's tow'r!
" Thy skin with spots is purpled o'er,
" And poison gushes from each pore.
" Far other once thy features seen
" Firing with love the wanton eye;
" Hence! spectre of deformity!"
He spake, and desperate drew his blade,
And, wild with horror, smote the shade.

XVI.

His dagger echoed from the grave,
The while the Form beneath his view
Slow from her shadowy finger drew
The nuptial ring that Pedro gave;
Then hung, in guise of pity, o'er
A pale knight weltering in his gore.
'Twas Pedro's steel that blood had spilt;
His blade seem'd bury'd to the hilt.

XVII.

" I know you,---fiends,"---the Monarch cry'd.
" Thou, too, thy nuptial gift behold;
" Behold thy present, faithless bride!
" This coil of hell around me roll'd."

And Pedro back his mantle threw,
That hid a blood-stain'd belt from view.
" Look on the snakes that clasp me round,
" See in my heart the festering wound!
" Count, as they hiss, th' envenom'd brood,
" Each crested asp that taints my blood.
" But death, fell fiend! shall set me free,
" This blow dispell the witchery."

XVIII.

He spake, and dash'd upon the tomb
The lamp; and now, in darkest gloom,
Rais'd the self-murderer's desperate hand.
Lo! the sepulchral gates expand:
Bright on the tomb the quivering beam
Of noon-day pours its golden gleam:
And, radiant in the flood of light,
Fair Constance, and the holy sire,
Rush on the Monarch's dazzled sight.
Drops from his grasp the lifted brand;
Anselm the sacred cross upholds,
And quells stern Pedro's raging ire:
Constance around her father threw
The gather'd mantle's ample folds,
And veil'd the blood-stain'd belt from view.

XIX.

Like whispers of the viewless choir
That sigh along th' Æolian wire,
And on the summer night-air die,
Soft as a dream of melody:
Sweet Constance, bending o'er her sire,
Touch'd the low chords that woke the lyre,
And call'd Maria from above,
To soothe his soul to peace and love.

XX.

" Oh! ever gentle, ever kind,
" Maria! most belov'd,
" Whose mild look sooth'd the troubled mind,
" Whose voice each pang remov'd!
" Oh! if the sight of worldly woe
" May touch a soul at rest,
" Forget not him who weeps below,
" Spirit pure and blest!
" While to thy memory flows the tear
" More lov'd than all that life holds dear!"

XXI.

Such was the lay, that, ere its close,
Sooth'd Pedro's spirit to repose.

No more th' avenging fiend alarms,
Constance has clasp'd him in her arms,
And gently wept upon his brow,
And taught his tear like her's to flow.
And forth they lead the tranquil King
Where the waters murmuring,
The drops that feed the holy well,
The pure breeze, and the sunny sky,
And birds of peaceful melody,
Awhile all sense of woe repell.

CONSTANCE DE CASTILE.

CANTO III.

CONSTANCE DE CASTILE.

CANTO III.

I.

But yesterday loud yell'd the ocean blast,
And to the roar of the tempestuous tide
The cliffs and all the mountain caves reply'd.
The spirit of the storm in darkness past,
And more than midnight gloom o'erhung the waters wide.

II.

Night and her stormy train are flown:
Peace and silence reign alone.

Fair Constance watch'd the dawning hour,
And lonely sought the eastern tow'r.
She went, as wonted, to inhale
The spirit of the vernal gale,
And to the Lord of life and day
Hymn on her lyre the matin lay,
Ere from the murmuring world below
Rose on the breeze the voice of woe.

III.

Yet---happier far the village maid
Who peaceful in her native shade,
Wakes at the gay bird's early call
And wreathes her dewy coronal:
Or where fresh flow'rs the turf o'erspread,
And wild thyme breathes beneath her tread,
Sports in the wood-lands, fancy-free,
And threads the green maze merrily,
Than Constance, at that fatal hour,
Who lonely sought the sea-girt tow'r.

IV.

Ah! lovely maid!---that face so fair,
That cheek soft-flush'd with vermeil glow,
The light wave of thy ebon hair
Shadowing that bosom's unsunn'd snow,

The vivid lightning of thy glance,
That form'like Dian's in the dance:
These, still thy bane, thy misery prove,
And doom thee to Almanzor's love.
For thee, Castilian fair! again
The Paynim squadrons cross the main:
Thou, reckless, at the dawn of day
To the lone watch-tow'r shap'st thy way.

V.

Bright in the heav'ns one beauteous star
Shone, heralding Aurora's car,
When Constance, on th' embattled keep,
Hung o'er Corunna hush'd in sleep.
Beneath her, where the champaign spread,
From each deep glen, each mountain head,
Gray mists on mists began to rise
Wafting pure incense to the skies.
While lull'd on Ocean's heaving breast
Lay the wild winds in halcyon rest,
To fancy's ear the sea-maid's song
Came on the flowing of the tide,
Wave leading wave, soft stole along,
Touch'd the low level sands, and died:

Yet not a wave was seen to flow,
So thick the dun haze hung below.
Now slowly melting into day
Vapour and mist dissolv'd away,
And the blue world of waters round
Met the far heav'n's o'er-arching bound:
And, gleaming through the gorgeous fold
Of clouds, around his glory roll'd,
The orb of gold, far off, half seen,
Levell'd his rays of tremulous sheen,
That widely as the billows roll
Glanc'd quivering on their distant goal.

VI.

Enraptur'd Constance o'er the lyre
Bow'd to breathe forth her pray'r in song,
Her flying fingers woke each wire,
And in swift prelude swept along:
When a shrill watch-note on the gale
Warn'd of a swift advancing sail.
On to Corunna steers the prow.
What friend to Pedro ploughs the way?
If hostile, whence that bright array,
Tilting along in stately show,

From stem to stern bright banners gleaming,
And pomp of pennons widely streaming.
Borne by fair gales in fulness of the tide
Why proudly o'er the main yon painted galleys ride?

VII.

At anchor, in the deep, afar,
The bulk of many a vessel brave,
Each a sov'reign of the wave
Seem'd meditating war.
Chieftains there that wait the foe
Poise the lance and bend the bow,
These, the huge iron mace uprear,
Those, edge the steel that points the spear,
Or catch the sun-beam as it play'd
Along the bright Damascus blade.

VIII.

Deeply furrowing up the flood
The burden of the galleys rode.
'Twas joy to see each lifted oar
That to the cymbal's flash and chime
Duly told the measur'd time,
And as it glanc'd, stroke after stroke,
The mirror of the ocean broke,

And near and nearer to the shore
Through show'rs of golden sparks each painted galley bore.

IX.

The warriors from Corunna's height
Rush'd down the cliff in wild delight,
Now, shouting on the sea-beach stood,
Now, wav'd their signals o'er the flood,
Now, breathless paus'd a sound to hear,
That seem'd by fits to mock the ear,
The low of kine, and murmuring bleat,
That echoes of the rock repeat.

X.

Near, and more near each galley drew,
And freely gave its freight to view.
Gaunt famine fix'd his wishful gaze
On the pil'd grain, and yellow maize:
Its rind of gold the orange show'd,
The ripe pomegranate richly glow'd,
And clust'rous grapes of Libya's shore
Gleam'd with bright sun-beams purpled o'er.

XI.

All, joyous, hail'd the answ'ring band
Whose pinnace anchor'd on the strand.
All, save the Maid, who lonely bent
In anguish o'er the battlement,
And from the watch-tow'r's topmost brow
Saw, waving o'er the host below,
Bright in the sun's resplendent beam
Almanzor's silver crescent gleam.
Rush'd on her mind that fatal day,
When at her feet Almanzor lay,
And, Victor, claim'd the tourney prize,
That crown'd the proud solemnities.
Rush'd on her mind the Paynim host
That seized her on Corunna's coast:
Her guardian page, before her eyes,
Bath'd in his blood, her Julian lies.

XII.

" Be death my doom !"---the Virgin cried.
" Oh ! be the ocean bed my grave,
" My shroud, th' unfathomable wave,
" Ere the Moor hail me Afric's bride !"
She spake, and turning from the view,
Swift to St. Agnes' cell withdrew.

XIII.

The trumpet sounds; along the strand,
A white flag waving in his hand,
Paces a Herald still and slow.
All know him by his turband brow,
A Saracen from Libya's shore.
Thrice sounds the trump their gates before.
" Christain!---safe conduct to thy King!
" Or peace, or war, his choice, I bring."
The warder, as the draw-bridge falls,
Admits the Moor within the walls;
Victims of want and dire distress
Round him Corunna's warriors press.
" The Moor, the Moor shall yield relief,
" Or death for ever still our grief."

XIV.

Pedro, the while, from all apart
Heard a dire tale of bitter woe:
Tears, that like the life-blood start,
Down his dark cheek were seen to flow.
Before him bows an aged man,
His friend, his faithful Castellan,
A far-fam'd chief, by day by night
In iron harness rudely dight.

Since Pedro loos'd th' adventurous sail,
Castro had neer unclasp'd the mail.

XV.

He tells---how ruthless Trastamere
Pour'd desolation on the coast,
While treachery, avarice, and fear,
Had thinn'd Corunna's host.---
Tells---how the ships of Arragon
Had join'd the foe, and triumphs won,
While Bocca-negra's rebel fleet
Heap'd tribute at th' usurper's feet.
How---Beau-jeu had his pow'r defied,
And Bourbon---to Queen Blanche allied.
" Curse on the Bourbon!"---Pedro cried.
" No more of Blanche—but, say, brave chief!
" Where, at this hour of hopeless grief,
" When Fate's dark storms my brow surround,
" Where Julian, once so faithful found?
" Why, from his King now basely flown?
" Faith dwells with thee---and thee alone."
And Pedro closely to his breast
The chief in bitterest anguish prest.

XVI.

" Oh King! in Julian's soul enshrin'd,
" Firm faith, and grateful love are join'd.
" At midnight, at the secret hour,
" Ere thy brave bark recrost the main,
" Julian, alone of all thy train,
" Adventurous left Corunna's tow'r;
" And shrouded in a palmer's gown,
" Dar'd the dread host, and ways unknown
" That lead to Bourdeaux' far-fam'd Lord.
" Thy fate now hangs on Edward's word.
" His Heralds far and wide around
" (Corunna's turrets heard the sound)
" Summon each knight from tow'r and hall
" To Bourdeaux' solemn festival.
" Save to the dark-mail'd Victor's court,
" Where shall dethroned Kings resort?
" But---if fell death lay Julian low,
" Nor Edward's arm thy crown sustain,
" Oh King! resistance all is vain.
" The brave, who yet withstand the foe,
" Worn out by vigils, want, and woe,
" Must perish by one common doom,
" And famine close the warrior's tomb."

XVII.

Pierc'd to the soul with Castro's tale,
As grief, and rage the King assail,
The Paynim Herald entrance sought,
And thus Almanzor's mandate brought.
" Once more, oh Monarch! Afric's pow'r
" Seeks thee in misery's trying hour.
" Or peace, or war, thy choice I bring,
" This hostile spear, or nuptial ring.
" Now, yield consent, too long denied,
" This ring proclaims Almanzor's bride.
" If thou refuse, Almanzor's spear
" Flames in the van of Trastamere."---
He spake, and laid before the King
The hostile spear and nuptial ring.

XVIII.

And lo! that hapless King around,
All, whom Corunna's tow'rs contain;
Like captives, suppliant on the ground,
Before him kneel the loyal train.
To Pedro each faint hand is rais'd,
Each haggard eye on Pedro gaz'd,
Around him rung one bitter cry,
" Save!---for thou canst---for thee we die!"

XIX.

The Paynim steps before the King,
And holds on high the spear and ring.
Pedro, rooted on the spot,
Seem'd as one who mark'd him not,
Then---with agony o'erprest
Sunk on brave Castro's faithful breast.
Conflicting storms his soul divide:
A Father's love, a Monarch's pride,
High honour for th' heroic train
Whose swords Castillia's throne sustain.
Shall Pedro's soul revenge forego?
Shall Castile crown the usurper's brow?
Yet---wed the Moor!---his daughter dies:
His child the public sacrifice!
How act?---what friend?---whose counsels guide?
Constance alone shall all decide.

XX.

Fair victim!---in St. Agnes' gloom
Thou mourn'dst the while thy bitter doom,
In hopeless anguish mourn'dst---alone---
Thy soothing friend---thy Julian---gone---
Gone each fair hope whose flattering beam
Illum'd thy birth with golden gleam.

XXI.

" Why"---thou exclaim'dst---" why, o'er my brow,
" When the hoar prophet breath'd the vow,
" His voice exulting hail'd the day,
" When o'er Castile my dawning ray
" Should beam, and happiest influence breathe,
" Like heav'n's fair orb, on all beneath?
" Ah! from that hour, when o'er thy bier,
" Blest Mother! fell my farewell tear,
" Deep woe, and ever-during night
" Have quench'd my inauspicious light.
" Where now shall Constance seek relief?
" Thou sleep'st in peace, nor hear'st my grief.
" Thy Julian too, the orphan child,
" On whom thy lip maternal smil'd,
" Who, with thy Constance fondly prest,
" Found refuge on thy fostering breast,
" Julian---the brother of my soul,
" Whose voice, whose look could woe control,
" Now---haply---dies---or, friendless, lone
" For Constance roams far lands unknown,
" While o'er me direst ills impend.
" Oh, holy Agnes! sainted maid!
" Here let my youth's fleet blossom fade;
" E'en now, as at thy shrine I bend,
" O'er me the shade of death extend!"

XXII.

Thus, at the shrine the hopeless Maid
Knelt, and in bitter anguish pray'd,
When---hark---a voice that rent the air,
Cry of Corunna's deep despair,
The tumult of the war-worn train
Fill'd with lament St. Agnes' fane.
" Lady !---Corunna's warriors save
" From famine, from th' unpitying grave.
" Shall Castile's King, thy lord, thy sire,
" The father for his child expire ?"

XXIII.

Constance uprose, and o'er her threw
A veil that hid her charms from view,
Dark as a cloud at starless night
Shrouding the moon's o'ershadow'd light.

XXIV.

Amid Corunna's suppliant throng
As the fair victim rush'd along,
Again the Moor before the King
Held up the spear and nuptial ring,
Again round Pedro rung the cry,
" Save !- -for thou can'st---for thee we die !"

" Live, warriors, live!"---the Virgin cried—
" My doom is fix'd---Almanzor's bride.
" Hear me, ye blessed saints in heav'n!
" Be to my lip the chalice giv'n,
" Constance the bitter cup shall drain:
" Nor then---these tears shall stream in vain."
At once the warriors at the word
Rose, and unsheath'd their battle sword,
Hail'd with loud shout th' heroic Maid,
And clash'd, exultant, blade on blade.

XXV.

But Pedro, at that dreadful time,
He, whose stern spirit, unreclaim'd,
Nor age had sooth'd, nor terror tam'd,
Felt all the horrors of his crime.
Heav'n's chast'ning vengeance touch'd his breast,
And tears his deep remorse exprest,
While o'er the victim's dark-veil'd brow
Burst from his soul the voice of woe.

XXVI.

" Thou, image of a saint above,
" Sole relic of Maria's love,
" Last column of Pelayo's line,
" Bow'd down by weight of guilt, not thine!

" Till Heav'n the blissful hour restore,
" And thou, redeem'd, shalt weep no more,
" Thus, underneath this shroud of night,
" Hid be thy charms from human sight,
" No daring hand thy veil remove,
" Doom'd victim of Almanzor's love."
Then---with loud groan the Monarch cried,
" Moor, give the ring!"—the Moor complied.
" Paynim! ere yet yon sun go down,
" Store, amply store Corunna's town,
" Then---tell thy lord---if, ere the year
" Close o'er my head its fleet career,
" No Christian knight of royal race
" On Pedro's brow the crown replace,
" Nor claim, sole guerdon of his arms,
' My peerless daughter's rescu'd charms,
" The monkish cowl my woe shall hide,
" And Afric hail the plighted bride.
" Such the sole terms—all else are vain—
" These, these alone the bride obtain.
" Paynim! consent---by Mahmoud swear,
" Then---to thy lord this signet bear!"
" King! great Almanzor's bride I hail!"
He spake, and prostrate touch'd the veil.

CONSTANCE DE CASTILE.

CANTO IV.

CONSTANCE DE CASTILE.

CANTO IV.

I.

KNIGHTS, and fair dames, train after train,
Pass in their pomp to Aquitaine.
Through the wide world, wherever fame
Dwelt on the dark-mail'd Victor's name,
Wherever minstrel at high feast
With monarchs sat, an honour'd guest,
Where'er before a nation's eyes
Beauty to valour gave the prize,
His Heralds far and wide around,
Had spread, from realm to realm, the sound:

The voice went forth to tow'r and hall
That Bourdeaux' solemn festival,
Throughout the moon's whole course should view,
Day and night their sports renew;
Each day be tilt and banqueting,
Each night be mirth and caroling,
Mask and dance, and choral song,
And mysteries that delight prolong,
Till Aurora, blushing red,
Or bright suns, light the guests to bed.

II.

Tow'r rings to tow'r: the slow-pac'd sun
Sunk, ere the revel pomp begun.
Taper and cresset flaming bright
Flung on the rafter'd roof their light,
And show'd, throughout St. Andrew's hall,
Marshal'd at solemn festival,
Knight after knight, in due degree,
Flow'r of Christian chivalry:
Each, a lady at his side,
Radiant in pomp and beauty's pride.

III.

Hail! barons bold, who liege-men wait
On Aquitaine's superior state,
Lords of Guyenne and Gascony,
Of Poictou and fair Angoumois,
Saintonge, along whose pastures wide
Swift Charente's silver waters glide,
And fiefs, where Adour, winding down,
Joins distant Tarbe to far Bayonne.
And ye! the pride of Albion's coast,
High chieftains of th' heroic host:
Warwick, whose far-fam'd puissance led
The van when routed Poictiers bled:
Fitzwalter, foremost in the field,
Spenser, unknowing how to yield,
Manny, who wading deep in gore,
Onward the flag of conquest bore,
And, terror of the northern bounds,
Earl Percy, grac'd with glorious wounds.

IV.

Brave Gallia's high-born chieftains came,
Free homagers to Edward's fame.
Proud Bourbon, Anjou there behold,
Young Burgundy, belov'd, and bold.

Tonnere, whose mail, of verdant stain,
Was died with blood on Auray's plain:
Lo! Chatillon, whose eagle shield
Marshals the bowmen to the field,
Heroic Vienne, whose deathless name,
Thy sons, proud Calais, yet proclaim,
And Ribaumont, the bold, the brave,
Crown'd with the wreath that Edward gave,
When, thrice, the King, beneath his blow
Bow'd, ere his prowess fell'd the foe.
From Brittany brave Montfort led
Fam'd peers, who in his quarrel bled,
(His falchion flaming in the van)
Knight, Seneschal, and Castellan.

V.

I pass the gracious boons untold
That splendour shed on feasts of old;
Captives ransom'd, Virgins dow'r'd,
Gifts on the crowd profusely show'r'd,
Presents to each princely guest,
Armour, and steed, and ermine vest,
Girdles of silk and jewels rare,
And pearls, to braid their ladies' hair.

VI.

I pass unsung, the pomp of state,
Huge ewers of embossed plate,
Flaggons with spiced wine o'erflowing,
Trumpets braying, clarions blowing,
Banners, that streaming round the hall
Deeds and adventures high recall,
And, trophies of the well-fought plain,
Shields of brave chiefs in battle slain,
That gleam before the Victor's eye,
And add fresh zest to revelry.

VII.

Leaders of note I pass unsung,
Audeley and Howard, heirs of fame,
And either Bohun, deathless name.
But who, the gallant guests among,
Who first in fame, in pomp, in pow'r,
Tow'r'd o'er each chief that grac'd the board?
'Tis Britain's boast, tis knighthood's flow'r,
'Tis Lancaster, high-honour'd lord,
In youth, in beauty's blooming prime,
Proud hope and glory of his time.

VIII.

Edward's brave race, a warrior band,
Were arrows in a giant's hand:
'Mid these, fam'd Lancaster uprose,
The terror of his father's foes,
And England rested on his sword,
As on thy prowess, dark-mail'd Lord.

IX.

Lord of the feast, in royal state
Edward, amid his barons bold,
Brothers of arms, by fame enroll'd,
With his fair bride, Joanna, sate.
From guest to guest flow'd gaily round
The cup, by youth and beauty crown'd:
And gay their converse; ladies' charms,
Love, and the chase, and tilt, and fight,
Adventures rare, and feats of arms,
And fame of each far-summon'd knight,
Who, on the Baptist's hallow'd morn,
To grace Joanna's elder born,
Should Arthur's warlike sports recall,
And crown and close the festival.

X.

" Long on that day shall minstrels dwell;
" The harp"---heroic Edward cried,
" The harp to other times shall tell
" That mask'd in honour of my bride,
" Like peers and paladins renown'd
" Who Arthur's feasts at Camelot crown'd,
" England and France in Edward's sight
" Rivals of glory, grac'd the fight.
" England shall Arthur's fame maintain,
" France the renown of Charlemagne.
" Strike, harpers---minstrels! tune the rhymes
" To Arthur's consecrated times."

XI.

Madoc, master of the choir
With lofty prelude swept the wire,
Silenc'd the sound of mirth and glee,
And shook the roof with minstrelsy.

XII.

Minstrel Song.

" Heard ye afar the storm of war?
Saw ye Camlan's crimson plain?

Fiercely the kindred squadrons met,
Britain's sun in blood is set
Beneath the western main.

Chill'd is valour's glowing breath,
Hush'd the traitor's yell:
Slow sail'd on silent pinion Death,
And over all the blasted heath
His giant shadow fell.

Ah! who the bleeding King shall bear
From Camlan's fatal ground?
No friend, no living man is there,
Save one, his bosom's grief to share,
Or staunch each welling wound.

Lone Gloster gaz'd in speechless woe---
Can friendship aid impart?
The death-drops stand on Arthur's brow,
And scarce the lingering currents flow
That feed his lion heart.

Bear thou my sword to yonder strand,
And o'er the wild waves cast."

From ocean sprung a shadowy hand,
Thrice wav'd in air the charmed brand.
The wond'rous vision past.

The dying King was seen no more:
But airy harpings rung,
The winds, the waves, forgot to roar,
And Echo, from the ocean bore,
The note a fairy sung."

XIII.

Fairy Song.

" Softly blow the wreathed shell,
Wind the ocean melody!
Sea-gods! answering to my spell,
Cleave the liquid canopy!
Rise! with tuneful conch and song
Lead the charmed bark along.

Answer from your coral cave,
Sea-maids! who in season fair
Warbling on the glassy wave,
Braid with pearl your yellow hair!
Nymphs! responsive to my lay
Rise! and smooth with song the way.---

Welcome, to the fairy shore!
Bear the King to charmed bowers
Crown'd with wreath of elfin flowers!
Ocean-choir! your charge is o'er:
Long as Echo holds the strain,
Dance, like sun-beams, on the main,
Or moon, in morris of the night
Silvering the sea with gleams of light!"

XIV.

While thus in lulling cadence low
Soft fairy notes were heard to flow,
And the charm'd spirit, rapt on high,
Hung on the breath of melody:
The loud tramp of an iron hoof
Battering the flinty court below,
Burst the deep cloister's vaults along,
Flung its harsh discord on the roof,
And rudely drown'd the harp and song.

CONSTANCE DE CASTILE.

CANTO V.

CONSTANCE DE CASTILE.

CANTO V.

I.

CLEAR was the sky, the moonshine bright
Had fill'd the cloister-court with light.
A Stranger, clad in palmer's weed,
Leapt from a spent and panting steed.
Onward the guest unbidden came,
And loud his gingling rowels rung
As up the marble steps he sprung.
The warder wide the portals threw,
Nor ask'd his office, rank, or name:
From Edward none unheard withdrew.

II.

The Stranger, at the banquet door,
As one well-wont to state and place,
Check'd the rude swiftness of his pace:
And, casting off the palmer's gown
On the fresh reeds that strow'd the floor,
In graceful guise, bow'd lowly down,
And stood before each wondering guest
A page in royal livery drest.
Nor boy, nor man, in bloom of life
When youth and manhood seem at strife.
A royal page:---'twas clear to view---
Velvet his mantle, crimson hue;
With ring and broach his kirtle grac'd,
And gold the sash that girt his waist.
Yet---like the lily's beauteous flow'r,
That lowly droops beneath the show'r,
And hanging o'er its humid bed
Seems from its cup a tear to shed:
So wan his hue, so fair his face,
Where woe had left its lingering trace.

III.

Lancastria's ardent chief advanc'd,
And his bright eye on Edward glanc'd:

" Some bold adventure dawning here,
" From slumber calls my idle spear.
" Hear! gracious lord! th' emprize I claim,
" And court the toils that wait on fame."

IV.

The page, mean-while, on bended knee,
As one o'er-weigh'd with misery,
Sunk silent at Joanna's feet:
Not slow her speech the youth to greet.
" Speak, hapless stranger! tell thy tale,
" What wrongs thy tender years assail.
" At Bourdeaux' throne redress obtain:
" None to her sov'reign sue in vain.

V.

" Oh pardon! that uncall'd I came
" To Bourdeaux, drawn by Edward's fame.
" Who ventures thus unknown to kneel
" Is page to Constance de Castile.
" Julian.---I boast no other name."

VI.

Edward his plaintive accent heard,
And sooth'd him thus with gentle word:

" No page of Constance de Castile
" Shall in my hall unhonour'd kneel.
" Thou'rt welcome for thy office, page!
" Thou'rt welcome for thy tender age:
" Thrice welcome for thy lady fair:
" Freely the festive banquet share."

VII.

But worn with woe, with toil o'erspent,
Faint on bow'd knee pale Julian bent.
Joanna, all compassionate,
Regardless of her high estate,
Rais'd him, and seating at her side,
With gracious hand his food supplied.
And, as his colour 'gan to rise,
And lustre lighten'd in his eyes,
Gay Lancaster his cup would fill,
And pledg'd it to the fair Castile.
But---at the mention of her name
A death-like hue o'er Julian came.

VIII.

Impatient, ere the banquet's close
In act to speak as Julian rose,

And turn'd the starting tear to hide:
" Pause, youth!"---the Prince benignly cried,
" If fitter hour, or needful rest,
" Or other audience suit thee best:
" Though fain would Edward fully know
" Of Constance, and her tale of woe.
" Fain hear Castillia's page unfold,
" If true, what rumour widely told
" Of the fell Paynim's ruthless host,
" That seiz'd her on Corunna's coast,
" And slew the youth who strove to aid—
" Say, breathes she yet, that far-fam'd Maid?"

IX.

" She lives---yet lives"--- the page replied---
" The wonder of her sex, and pride:
" Matchless in person, and in mind,
" A saint, in beauty's temple shrin'd.
" Her harp, the music of the sky,
" Her voice, the breath of melody.
" Gifted herself to frame the lay,
" And lead by song the soul away,
" To force the unwilling tear to flow,
" Or, soothing, turn the tide of woe,
" Or Love's enchanted dream inspire,
" Or kindle Fame's heroic fire."

X.

By glory, valour, love inflam'd,
Lancastria's gallant lord exclaim'd,
" Oft has this roof with Constance rung,
" With Castile's charms by minstrels sung:
" Oft at these feasts, the stranger knight
" Dwelt on her beauty, passing bright.
" Julian,---if mortal arm can aid,
" Mine shall avenge the peerless Maid."

XI.

" Prince"---Edward answer'd---" warrior bold,
" Pause, till the youth his tale unfold.---
" And thou, Castillian page, declare
" What wrongs oppress thy Lady fair---
" But---for thy sovereign,---hapless Page!
" For Pedro, who will battle wage?
" 'Tis widely voic'd, that fiends have pow'r
" To vex the Monarch's haunted hour;
" 'Tis widely voic'd, that gouts of gore
" Still spot the belt the Monarch wore,
" When in Sidonia's blasted wood
" The spectre rose, denouncing blood."

XII.

Pierc'd to the soul with Pedro's shame,
The youth's pale cheek seem'd flush'd with flame:
" Th' usurper, rebel Trastamere,
" With Pedro's guilt fills every ear.
" If true such tales, saints only know,
" But, sooth, his soul is bow'd with woe.---
" Oh, my kind Master! all defame,
" All load with harsh reproach thy name;
" But still the sun-shine of thy pow'r
" Beam'd on me from my natal hour.
" Pedro, methought, my Sire had been,
" My mother, Castile's honour'd Queen.
" An orphan at her breast I fed:
" She too, is number'd with the dead.---
" Might Julian's death his sovereign aid,
" And free the fair Castillian Maid,
" How gladly would I bless my grave!
" These tears are theirs—'tis all I have."

XIII.

Rude and unkind that churl had been,
Who with stern eye had Julian seen.
His form, his face, his noble mien,

The sweetness of his touching tone,
His feeling heart so simply shown,
Such gratitude for Pedro's care,
Devotion to his Lady fair;
Such gifts of mind, such gentle grace,
Proclaim'd him of no common race.

XIV.

" Page! for thy honour'd Lady's sake,
(With gracious smile Joanna spake)
" Freely before these guests relate
" What dangers threat Castillia's state.---
" Full oft we list from morn till eve
" To tender tales of feigned woe,
" While tears, not undelightful, flow.
" 'Tis sweet, with those who mourn, to grieve,
" Most sweet the mourner to relieve."---
Julian, so urg'd, no more delay'd;
And thus Joanna's voice obey'd.

XV.

" A wizard, vers'd in Merlin's rhymes,
" Prescient of fate and future times,
" O'er Constance in the cradle hung,
" And Castile heard his prophet tongue.

" He trac'd, in signs to us unknown,
" Dark evils gathering round the throne.
" He said---' When rebel chieftains wave
" ' Their banner o'er Castillia's grave,
" ' Constance in beauty shall arise,
" ' A day-star beaming in the skies,
" ' And lead beneath her radiance fair
" ' A British lion from his lair,
" ' Who, flesh'd with Castile's foe-men slain,
" ' Should shake o'er Navaret's fated plain,
" ' Thick blood-drops from his brindled main.'---
" But---Constance, unavenged weeps!"
Lancastria's ardent lord arose,
" Here, here the British lion sleeps.---
" Edward! arise from deep repose!---
" Fair Page! if other friends are gone,
" Look on this face, and challenge one."

XVI.

Julian exclaim'd, " Heroic knight!
" For Constance gird thy sword of might:"
Then---calm pursu'd---" I pass the time
" Of her gay childhood's fair career
" Unsullied yet with sigh or tear:
" And trace, in beauty's loveliest prime,

" Fair Constance on her natal day,
" (Two years sithence have flown away)
" When first before the nation's eyes
" Castillia's heiress gave the prize
" That crown'd the high solemnities.---
" Shame on the Christians!---Afric's lord,
" Fir'd by her beauty, won the day;
" Almanzor's lance, and giant sword,
" Bore from our knights the prize away.
" With trembling hand the Princess bound
" Her diamond zone his brow around.
" Castile beheld proud Afric's lord
" Lay at her feet his crown and sword.
" In vain---thrice-scorn'd, Almanzor su'd,
" And fruitless vows of love renew'd.
" The evil days now vex'd the land:
" Brother 'gainst brother arm'd his hand:
" The evil days, when Trastamere
" Fill'd with base tales the public ear;
" And all, save bold Corunna's tow'r,
" Bow'd to the stern usurper's pow'r.---
" Our King, abandon'd of his train,
" Spread his lone sail for Lusitane,
" Vow'd swift return, and fix'd the day
" When Victory should confirm his sway.

" Castro the brave, Corunna kept.
" The day sped by, slow moons past o'er,
" Castillia's King return'd no more.
" I sooth'd the tear when Constance wept,
" I, at her side, the live-long day,
" Oft, till dim twilight died away,
" Watch'd on Corunna's rocky shore;
" But---Castile's King return'd no more.
" One eve, beneath the rising star
" A pinnace glimmer'd from afar,
" And in the dim and doubtful light
" (Fond hope, alas! deceiv'd our sight)
" Bore semblance of Castillia's sail.---
" But---why---why lengthen out the tale?
" It was Almanzor's ruthless band:
" The Paynims rush'd upon the strand,
" And rudely seiz'd the royal Maid.
" Round me the Moors infuriate prest,
" And plung'd their poniards in my breast:
" Heav'n gave my arm unwonted aid:
" I fell not, till Corunna's host,
" Rous'd by my outcry, gain'd the coast,
" Chas'd the fell Paynims from our shore,
" And Constance back in triumph bore.

" But---what avails that blissful hour
" Which freed her from Almanzor's pow'r?
" Corunna's sons desert their town,
" All knees to Trastamere bow down,
" Save Castro, and the faithful few,
" To Constance, arms, and honour true.
" No sail salutes Corunna's coast:
" Our fleet has join'd the rebel host,
" And now, on foreign conquest gone,
" Obeys the pow'r of Arragon.
" Avails it, then, that, unsubdu'd,
" Constance, with fearless fortitude,
" Attendant on the Castellan,
" Cheers on his watch each toil-worn man,
" Binds up the wound, fresh zeal inspires,
" And lights anew the warrior's fires?
" No---vain her ardour: vain our woes:
" Famine must soon the sufferings close.
" Twelve days now past, to all unknown,
" Save the brave Castellan alone,
" In secret, at the midnight hour,
" I left, disguis'd, Corunna's tow'r,
" Fam'd Conqueror! to implore thy aid.
" Free---for thou canst---the peerless Maid.

" Save, Hero !---gracious Lady ! save
" Fair Constance from th' untimely grave."
Then---kneeling to Lancastria's Lord,
Thus suppliant Julian spake the word :
Thou said'st, " When other friends are gone,
" Look on this face, and challenge one.
" From famine, from th' untimely grave,
" The heiress of Castillia save !"

XVII.

" By my great father's fame I swear,
(With words of fire the Hero said)
" This votive sword shall free the fair !"
He spake, and kist the unsheath'd blade,
And rais'd the suppliant from the ground.
Loud acclamation burst around :
Joanna, rising, still'd the sound.
" By glory's call, by pity's tear,
" Resistless Edward ! Constance aid !
" Hero ! the rights of kings revere !
" Fix on her throne the royal Maid !"

XVIII.

" Thrice-honour'd fair,"---brave Edward cried ;
" Such suit by knight was ne'er denied.---

" Pontchardon, Burley, Loring, hear
" Words welcome to the warrior's ear.
" At Bayonne moor'd my vessels ride:
" Archers, and men at arms provide.
" Lord Felton, lead the chosen band,
" Bear, as ourselves, supreme command.
" To Bourdeaux, to Joanna, bring
" The daughter of Castillia's King.
" Lord Chandos, here thy host array:
" Brother of Lancaster! again
" Call out the pow'r of Aquitaine.
" Julian, at Bourdeaux peaceful stay,
" Or with Lord Felton speed thy way."

XIX.

Julian with eager voice replied,
" The waves are fickle, wide the sea,
" The winds at list blow changefully.
" To-morrow, at the dawn of day,
" Fresh with bright hopes and spirits gay,
" Fleet as the air shall Julian ride,
" And in the palmer's weed again,
" Unnotic'd, pass the hostile plain."

XX.

" Brave youth!"---Lancastria's chieftain cried,---
" My fleetest, favourite roan bestride.
" My pow'r shall Castile's page defend,
" My herald on thy course attend.
" Ho! Harcourt! to Corunna speed,
" To Julian give my fleetest steed.
" Castillia's heiress lowly greet,
" And lay my portrait at her feet.
" Say,---in the solemn tourney fight,
" When, arm'd like Paladins of old
" England and France high contest hold,
" Lancastria's Lord, her honour'd Knight,
" Champion of fair Castillia's charms
" For Constance dares the world in arms."
He spake, and from his breast unwound
The chain that on his mantle hung;
The wreath of gold o'er Julian flung,
And clasp'd the links his neck around.

XXI.

Joanna bade the page draw near,
And scarce withheld a farewell tear.
" This cross to Lady Constance give.
" And, Julian, gentle page, receive

" This bracelet from Joanna's arm.
" Its portrait deem a sacred charm,—
" 'Tis his, who lives within my heart.
" Fair page! to soothing rest depart—
" Sweet be thy sleep—thy visions gay,
" And guardian angels guide thy way!"
So Julian left the banquet hall:
And mirth prolong'd the festival.

CONSTANCE DE CASTILE.

CANTO VI.

CONSTANCE DE CASTILE.

CANTO VI.

I.

At Edward's call, to Bayonne's port
Mail'd knights, and men at arms resort.
The anchor's weigh'd, unfurl'd the sail:
In vain:—still adverse blows the gale.
Th' impatient chiefs a bark prepare,
A light-arm'd bark, with pliant oar
To cut the waves and coast the shore,
And to Castillia's heiress bear

The greetings of their gallant band.
The light-arm'd bark has left the land,
And the brave rowers night and day
Ply, ceaseless, to Corunna's bay.

II.

But swifter than the pliant oar,
That cuts the wave, and coasts the shore,
The Page and Herald press the steed,
And urge, o'er hill and dale, their speed,
Pass, unoppos'd, the tented plain,
And greet Corunna's steel-clad train.

III.

" Hoa!---warder, hear!---'tis Julian calls---"
At his known voice the draw-bridge falls.
All welcome give; for every heart
In Julian bore a brother's part.
Constance speeds forth her Page to meet,
The soother of her soul to greet,
And as his voice again she hears
Forgets the veil that hides her tears.

IV.

True to their charge, the warriors bring
The Herald to Castillia's King.
" Monarch"---he said---" the changing breeze
" Shall fill with Bayonne's fleet the seas.
" For thee the pow'r of Aquitain
" Shall spread its terror o'er the main;
" Our chiefs the rights of kings maintain.
" If valour may uphold thy cause,
" Edward the sword of victory draws."

V.

The while, fair Constance and her Page
Meet in her bow'r from all apart;
And fain would Julian's voice assuage
Her plaint, that vibrates on his heart.
Ah!---though the heroine had supprest
Her woe to yield Corunna rest,
Now, lone, withdrawn from every eye
Save Julian's, Constance heaves the sigh.

VI.

" Ah, wherefore, Julian! why, unkind,
" Thou soother of my soul"---she cried---

" By more than kindred ties allied,
" In weal, in woe to Constance join'd,
" Why didst thou venture forth alone,
" Dare the dread foe, and ways unknown?
" Yet happier far thy fate had been
" Hadst thou no more thy Constance seen.
" Julian, each blissful hour is past,
" Dream of delight too sweet to last,
" When by Maria fondly prest,
" Our day was joy, our night was rest.
" Alone remains, mid dark despair,
" The memory of the days that were,
" And keen regret, that deeper throws
" A shadow o'er surrounding woes."

VII.

" For thee I knelt"---replied the page---
" To Edward, glory of the age.
" At Bourdeaux' feast, Lancastria's lord,
" Prince, like the dark-mail'd chief, ador'd,
" Champion of beauty's peerless charms,
" For Constance dares the world in arms."

VIII.

While with glad voice thus Julian spoke,
And hope's bright dawn o'er Constance broke,
Lancastria's Herald entrance sought,
And thus his Lord's high greetings brought:
" Lady, at Aquitania's court,
" Proud chivalry's supreme resort,
" When peers and paladins of fame
" Chaste beauty's sovereignty proclaim,
" In solemn jousts their valor prove,
" Challenge the world, and win their love:
" Fir'd by thy fame, brave, gallant, gay,
" Castillia's champion shall advance,
" And by the prowess of his lance,
" In triumph on that glorious day
" For Constance bear the prize away.
" View in this portrait---faintly seen
" The grace and grandeur of his mien,
" The spirit of his speaking eye,
" And brow, the throne of majesty."

IX.

Fair Constance, on the portrait gaz'd,
Mark'd the bold warrior's radiant eye,
And brow, the throne of majesty—
His voice exulting Harcourt rais'd:
" England's high hope, Lancastria's lord,
" To Castile consecrates his sword.
" The hero shall enthrone the King,
" Shall free thee from that fatal ring,
" The veil that hides thy charms remove,
" Then, crown'd with conquest, own his love."

X.

Burnt her veil'd cheek with fervent glow,
As from her beauteous arm of snow
The heiress of Castile unbound
The braid of pearls that wreath'd it round,
Then, gracefully, to Harcourt gave:
" Speed, Herald! ere that solemn fight,
" Round the plum'd helm of Castile's knight
" These wreaths entwine!---so crown the brave—
" Oh! may his lance resistless prove,
" None but thy Lord this veil remove!"

XI.

Harcourt, high-grac'd, elate withdrew:
Hope's golden dreams round Constance flew,
And Julian with Lancastria's fame
Fann'd in her breast love's virgin flame.
Did friendship Julian's bosom move,
Or pin'd the youth with hopeless love?
The tale of faithful Julian hear,
Yield to his grief a soothing tear.

XII.

JULIAN'S TALE.

Julian!---to woe untimely born,
A mother wept thy natal morn.
The mother, who that infant bore,
Was Pedro's sister, Ellenor,
The loveliest lady Spain had seen,
Save fair Maria, Pedro's Queen.

XIII.

She lov'd a youth of low degree,
But form'd by heav'n for sov'reignty.
Dire proof had rank'd Alonzo's name
With peers and paladins of fame.

Spain's high-born chiefs his valour prais'd,
On him Spain's high-born damsels gaz'd:
But Ellen only charm'd his sight;
Who but Alonzo Ellen's knight?
No frown of her's his flame reprov'd,
Too fatally the lovers lov'd.

XIV.

But how stern Pedro's voice obtain,
How bend the majesty of Spain?
By peerless deeds of glory won,
And triumph o'er proud Arragon.
With war the rival nations rung,
Their Kings the gage of battle flung,
And wide proclaim'd th' eventful day
Whose issue shall decide the fray.

XV.

All lonely, in the secret grove,
The eve of that decisive fight,
Fair Ellen met her mailed knight;
Heav'n and the conscious moon above
Sole witness of their mutual love.

XVI.

On Ellen's hand Alonzo vow'd
In chains before Castillia's throne
To lead the lord of Arragon,
Or---perish in the field of blood.---
From Love, from Ellen's plighted charms,
The war-trump summons him to arms.
Like death, amid the mortal fray
Alonzo rush'd, the foe gave way.---
The Hero turn'd the battle's tide,
And front to front the King defied.
Dire was the contest, dread the blow
That laid awhile the Monarch low.—
And now Alonzo from the plain
The hostile King had captive led,
When a wing'd shaft, at random sped,
Pierc'd the brave Knight's unguarded head,
And stretch'd him senseless on the slain.
The foe prevails, the field is won,
The victory rests with Arragon.

XVII.

Fair Ellen's charms bade contest cease,
Her hand the price and pledge of peace.---
The day was fix'd---ah !---ere it came,
Loud rumour told of Ellen's shame.---

Told---that fair Ellen clasp'd her Knight
Yet bleeding on the field of fight;
That Ellen laid him on his shield,
Borne by her pages from the field;
That Ellen came, when others slept,
Hung o'er his couch, and watch'd, and wept,
Still'd him with soft assuasive sound,
And heal'd with gentle touch his wound.—

XVIII.

The youth reviv'd; reviv'd to prove
How constant, woman's vow of love.—
From his wan cheek the rose is flown,
And reason, lost, for ever gone:
All suffer'd change that charm'd before,
Save the heart, which beat for Ellenor.—

XIX.

The Knight, in pastoral weeds array'd,
(So Fancy on his vision play'd)
A wandering swain, day after day,
O'er hill and dale would lonely stray:
No haunt allur'd him, save the grove,
The bow'r of Ellenor and love.

XX.

There Ellen stole from pomp and pow'r
To wreathe around his crook the flow'r,
And at the day-light's dewy fall
Oft sooth'd him with soft madrigal.—

XXI.

Lapt in sweet visions, night and day,
In the green woods Alonzo lay,
Pip'd his delight to hill and dale,
And every stranger heard his tale.
The shepherd lad, the village maid,
Where'er the harmless wanderer stray'd,
Spread to his choice their simple feast,
And cheer'd with welcome smile their guest.

XXII.

Must I proceed?---The day was known
When Ellen weds stern Arragon.
Sad Ellen told each moment o'er:
—Must she ne'er see Alonzo more?
Who, in the bow'r of bliss and love,
Who, where yon pines that meet above

And murmur o'er the water-fall,
Shall Ellen's soothing voice recall?
Who form of golden moss his seat,
Green rushes, and the meadow-sweet?
Who, when no wanderer ventures nigh,
Wind round his brow the wild-flow'r wreath,
And, lowly bending, o'er him breathe
Soft notes that close in peace the eye?

XXIII.

Avails it now her love to hide?—
Ellen has cast her pomp aside:
In Hubert's cell the mourner kneels,
And thus her secret soul reveals.
" Breathe, holy father! breathe a pray'r
" O'er Ellen, victim of despair,
" Who thus disguis'd in lowly weeds,
" In pennance for unhallowed deeds,
" Shall tend Alonzo's sore distress,
" And sooth him in his wretchedness.
" My guilt on him heaven's vengeance draws,
" Ellen alone the fatal cause.—
" Fondly I wreath'd his victor brow:
" Shall I in grief forsake him, now?

" Never.—The ills that round him wait,
" But bind me closer to his fate.
" In winter's cold, in summer's heat,
" Long as the pulse of life may beat,
" Shall Ellen at Alonzo's side
" By day, by night, the wanderer guide.
" On mine, his wearied brow shall rest,
" And sweet his sleep on Ellen's breast.
" So may long years of penitence
" In shadow veil each past offence,
" Ellen his fixed eyelid close,
" Then---peaceful---in his grave repose."---

XXIV.

But all in vain sad Ellen roves
By day, 'mid unfrequented groves;
In vain, by night, the mountain cave
To wearied Ellen refuge gave:
Vain her breath'd woe, her mute despair;
Pedro's stern guards have seiz'd the Fair,
And sever'd by the cloister pale,
Sad Ellen weeps beneath the veil.—

XXV.

The rumour smote Alonzo's ear:
His frantic cry demands the Bride,
The echoing caves alone replied.
'Twas agony his shriek to hear,
While madness imag'd demons near;
And loud his laugh was heard to rave,
As dashing through the pathless wood,
He scal'd the cliff that crown'd the flood,
Then plung'd into the whelming wave.—
One moment seen, and never more:
Till, many a distant day past o'er,
His body by the tempest thrown
Lay on the beach a corse unknown,
Save yet upon the finger seen,
A plaited ring of rushes green,
And on his breast a gem, that bore
The name of lovely Ellenor.

XXVI.

Ellen, the while, a cloister'd Nun,
Ne'er look'd upon the cheerful sun:
At dawn, at night, her first, last breath,
"Oh hide me in the gloom of death!"

Ere the due time her babe is born:
Her hour of death, his natal morn.
Sad Ellen, with life's latest pray'r,
The Mother's yearnings linger'd there,
To Pedro's Bride her babe bequeath'd;
And calling on Maria mild,
To shield from wrong her helpless child,
A blessing o'er the Orphan breath'd;
Then kist him with a mother's kiss,
Pray'd on his lip, and died in bliss.—

XXVII.

'Twas, when Maria sunk to rest,
The new-born Constance on her breast,
When Pedro o'er her fondly hung,
The blessing trembling on his tongue,
From the last kiss of Ellenor,
The Nuns her hapless Orphan bore.
Laid on Maria's couch, the child
Look'd on her face, and sweetly smil'd.
" Hence!---the stern Monarch fiercely cried—
" Hence! with some nameless peasant place
" That stain of the Castillian race."
Maria's sigh alone replied.

She thought on Ellen, dead and gone,
And the orphan in a world alone;
Then---clasp'd to her maternal breast
The babes, caressing and carest,
Their arms in innocence entwin'd.—
That sight o'erpower'd stern Pedro's mind,—
" So, peaceful, on that bosom rest!
" So pass,"---he cried---". your infant year!"
And blest them with a Father's tear.

XXVIII.

Thus, peaceful, past year after year:
One was their smile, and one their tear.
Nor ever since the infants met,
The sun had on their parting set.
And whether 'twas the force of blood
That in their kindred channels flow'd,
Or the strict tie that closely binds
In sympathy congenial minds,
You would have thought each twin-born flow'r
Had blossom'd on one roseate bow'r;
Soft vernal airs from fav'ring heav'n
To both like bloom and fragrance giv'n.

And yet, at times, a tender shade,
A twilight between dawn and day,
Dissolving gradually away,
Its chast'ning hue o'er Julian laid.
More bright the beams of fancy play'd
Like cloudless sunshine on her mind;
The boy, he knew not why, inclin'd
To pensive pleasures meek and mild,
And lonely musing charm'd the child.

XXIX.

The day that told him Ellen's tale
Saw on his cheek the rose grow pale,
Proud thoughts and high-born hope supprest,
And fix'd the chaste cross on his breast.
Never shall hapless Julian's race
The tale of Ellenor retrace.
His mind to heav'n all dedicate
Save thoughts that on sad Constance wait.
Ah---but for Constance, long ago
The cloister'd cell had hid his woe.
But how, when ruthless ills invade,
Unsolac'd leave the mournful Maid?
If anguish wound her gentle breast,
What cell had yielded Julian rest?

XXX.

So, view him ever at her side,
Or weal or woe, whate'er betide.
No wavering wish, sigh undefin'd
Stain'd the pure mirror of their mind.
One was their smile, their tear the same:
Union of souls without a name.

CONSTANCE DE CASTILE.

CANTO VII.

CONSTANCE DE CASTILE.

CANTO VII.

I.

SWEET is it, when the spirit is at rest,
And peace attunes the mind,
On the green down at summer tide reclin'd
To listen to the whisper of the wind:
And, on the clouds that canopy the west,
Round the slope sun's vast orbit roll'd
O'er billows of the molten gold,
Catch in quick colours, ere they fade,
The seraph's plume with light inlaid,
And picture fair in blissful dream
Bright visions floating on eve's roseate beam!

II.

Far different they by hope betray'd,
Thou, Julian! and the hapless Maid!
They on the cliff where tempests swept
Through the long day sad vigils kept,
There commun'd with the evening star
Till night drove up her ebon car.
Then---ere they slowly left the steep,
Pale moon-beams saw the mourners weep,
And gazing on the vacant main
Shape in each cloud a sail---in vain.---

III.

Yet, gentle spirits of the air
Who to the couch of woe repair,
And in a dream of bliss impart
The balm that heals a bleeding heart,
On guardian wing their vigils kept,
Where innocence and Constance slept.
In vision, to her charmed sight
Blue ocean show'd its mirror bright;
There, 'mid fair gales, a galley brave
In shadow dancing on the wave,
Loos'd every sail for voyage spread,
And Julian there the Virgin led,

Led to her Knight array'd in arms:
And o'er the veil that dimm'd her charms
A voice in dream was heard to say,
" Speed, gentle Virgin! speed thy way!
" I will the dark eclipse remove,
" Or die thy willing victim, Love."
So blissful visions wing'd the night,
And bright hope watch'd the dawn of light.

IV.

Still, still the adverse breeze unkind
At Bayonne England's host confin'd.
Day after day, hour after hour,
The Monarch, on Corunna's tow'r,
Heard but the ceaseless tempest blow,
And ocean roll its surge below.
A bright oar sparkles on the main.
" Blow, warder! blow the welcome strain!
" Tell the glad tidings o'er and o'er:
" A sail salutes Corunna's shore,
" A galley anchors on the strand:
" A shout---'Tis England's!---hails the land.
" Castro! on thee thy Monarch calls:
" Brave chief! defend thy native walls!

" While yet consenting winds prevail
" Yon bark shall freely spread the sail,
" Ere close the jousts and festive day
" To Bourdeaux Castile's King convey:
" And Constance, fairest of the fair,
" High-honour'd, greet her champion there."

V.

Along the bosom of the deep,
Love, o'er thy charge strict vigils keep!
Lo! where yon rock embays the tides
The Paynim's watchful galley rides.
Oh, turn the hostile prow aside,
From the stern Moor fair Constance save!
Be thou the helm's-man, smooth the wave,
And to her knight the Virgin guide!
While proudly heralding her way
Once more I strike the minstrel lay,
The pomp of antique days recall,
And jousts at solemn festival!

VI.

Mid the vast champaign where Garonne
Rolls his majestic waters down,

High o'er yon tents, whose stately rows
The circuit of the lists enclose,
While all the strength of Aquitaine
In gay confusion throngs the plain,
A proud pavilion seen afar
O'erlooks the field of mimic war.
Mail'd knights, and beauteous dames around
Glitter in festive splendour crown'd.
On storied tapestry, these repose,
On flower'd brocade and tissue, those,
And, o'er them, in Damascus spun,
Rich shadowy silks subdue the sun.

VII.

There, girt with crown of sovereignty,
Beneath a gorgeous canopy,
'Mid blazon'd banners widely streaming,
And pennons in the sun-beam gleaming;
Bourdeaux' high Lord in pomp of state
Enthron'd with fair Joanna sate.

VIII.

Bright on the canopy was seen
Rich broidery wrought by England's Queen,
A present to that festive hour,
A gift to Aquitania's pow'r.

IX.

Aye, since her Boy's triumphant day,
When first he won his spurs of gold,
The heroine on that broidery bold
Ceas'd not to trace his peerless way;
And ever as the sable mail
Arose conspicuous on her sight,
While the maternal cheek turn'd pale,
Shed tears of wonder and delight
O'er Crecy's rout, o'er Poictier's flight.

X.

Throughout, Philippa had display'd
Her son in sable mail array'd.
His barb's wide nostrils breath'd forth war,
And thick the blood-drops from his mane
That floated on the gale afar,
Stream'd o'er pale chiefs that strow'd the plain
Round Alenson and Flanders slain.

On their blind King, in death's cold sleep,
There, at each side, a brave knight lay:
And still they seem'd their charge to keep;
So past their gallant souls away.

Here, 'mid his warriors, on a brow
Whose height o'er-look'd the host below,
Crown'd Edward, pointing to his Son,
Seem'd wondering at the battle won.

There, while stern Woodland wav'd on high
His banner red with victory,
And round the prince his barons stood,
And wav'd their falchions dropping blood,
The Conqueror in his close embrace
Clasp'd Audeley, weak with many a wound,
And kist him fainting on the ground:
A smile was on brave Audeley's face.

Beneath them, labouring through the throng
That swarm'd tumultuously along,
Warwick, and Cobham's out-stretch'd lance
Shielded from insult captive France.

XI.

Thus, all came out, and met the eye
In bold and beauteous imag'ry:
Flow'r-de-luces twin'd between,
All, the broidery of the Queen.

A story in the *Persian Tales* is also built on a similar fiction, and bears a stronger resemblance to the present romance than those I have hitherto had occasion to quote. A king is engaged in the pursuit of a beautiful hind, which he loses after a long and laborious chase. In lieu of the quarry, he is surprised by the appearance of a brilliant palace, to which he is welcomed by the Queen of the Genies. She marries him; but prescribes a singular, though very convenient, piece of forbearance, as the bond of their alliance. This was, that her conversation and actions, of whatsoever nature, should pass without comment; informing him, at the same time, that, according to the law of Ginnistan, a breach of this agreement must be punished by their eternal separation. Some actions of his wife, which appear more than equivocal, provoke the king to violate his promise. This is immediately followed by the departure of the queen. This story differs from the others in one essential particular. The king, after a long term of misery and repentance, is restored to the embraces of his fairy spouse.—*Persian and Turkish Tales.* [a]

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[a] See a curious fable of Grecian mythology, in the fourth book of Apollonius Rhodius. I subjoin a close translation of the passage alluded to. I should here recal to the reader's recollection, that the cause of offence given to Cheristany, was her husband's outcry at her casting their child (as it afterwards turned out, for very wise purposes) into the fire.

——— What time his bed,
The young Achilles, cause of her mislike,
She * left offended: she at lone midnight,
With purifying flame, his body round
Did burn, nor less by day his tender limbs
'Nointed with juice ambrosial; so the boy
Had lived immortal, and unharmed by age.
But he, † from bed forth leaping, when he view'd

* *Thetis.* † *Peleus.*

The reader will have perceived more or less of resemblance, not only in the outline, but even in some of the particular features of most of these stories. We come now to the beautiful episode of Cupid and Psyche, in the Metamorphoseon of Apuleius; which, though still more closely connected with Partenopex than any of the preceding tales, is given last, as most favourable to the conclusion I shall hereafter draw from this singular accumulation of analogous stories. I shall collate all the points of similitude, for the information of those who are only acquainted with the main incident of the fable. Psyche is borne, on the wings of zephyr, to the palace of her divine spouse. Partenopex is transported, in a self-navigated barque, before a favouring breeze, to the fairy mansion of Melior. In the account of this castle: "*Sous l'auvent de la porte il offrait une mosàique,*" &c.;—and, in the description of Cupid's palace: "ENIMVERO PAVI-"MENTA IPSA, LAPIDE PRETIOSO CÆSIM DIMINUTO, IN VARIA GE-"NERA PICTURÆ DISCRIMINANTUR." In the French romance: "*Ce "lieu (c'est a dire Chedoire) renfermait dans ses murailles bois, mou-"lins,*" *&c.* According to Apuleius: "MOX PROLECTANTE STUDIO "PULCHERRIMÆ VISIONIS, MIRATUR (PSYCHE SCILICET) SINGULA, "ET ALTRINSECUS ÆDIUM HORREA, SUBLIMI FABRICA PERFECTA, "MAGNISQUE CONGESTA GAZIS CONSPICIT." In the account, also,

---

His child so struggling in the flame, sent forth
(Ah! senseless man,) a lamentable cry.
That heard, she to the ground her infant cast,
And likest to a wind or passing dream,
Forth flitted from the house, and to the sea
Betook her, nor to him returned more.
Argonauticon, Liber Quartus, line 867.

There is an incident of a similar nature in Homer's Hymn to Ceres.

When from green Erin's wondering isle
The wizard wing'd the mountain pile,
That erst with magic drugs embu'd
Lone 'mid the wilds of Afric stood:
Then pois'd the rocks on Sarum's heath,
And call'd the slain that groan'd beneath
To curse the spot where Britons bled,
And vex the shade of Hengist dead.

XVI.

Thus swell'd the pageant on the sight,
And England's chiefs, knight after knight,
Came mask'd in mail of heroes old:
Gawain in storied rhymes enroll'd,
Sir Lyonel, and Agravane,
Brave Gareth, fam'd in minstrel tale,
And far-renowned Aglovale.
There Lamorake's renowned might:
And Ewain's strength, who turn'd away
Thy vengeful sword, Morgan la Faye!
And that adventurous errant knight
Who trac'd the questing monster's flight,
Regardless of the deaf'ning roar:
And Percival of Pellenor.

Lo Galahad at heav'n's high call
Whose faith atchiev'd the Sangreall:
And Tristan, gallant, gay, and bold.—

XVII.

Round Tristan, clad in vesture green,
Tall youths like foresters were seen:
Their quivers graceful swung behind,
Their bow-strings whistled in the wind.
These, on high the boar-spear rais'd,
Before them, blood-hounds earthward gaz'd:
Those, in the slip fleet grey-hounds led,
Or held the hawk in Norway bred.
And some, with artful change of sound,
And strain of cunning melody,
(The hunter knows its mystery,)
The horn and wreathed bugle wound,
And widely blew the wood-notes round.
Yet, ever-more, before his way,
A plaintive harp tun'd Tristan's lay.
Fair virgins bow'd the neck to hear,
Their bosoms heaving to the story
Of Yseud's charms, and Tristan's glory,
How both, in beauty's bright career,

Perish'd like buds of April blowing
In the sweet season of their growing.

XVIII.

Last came, with many a poursuivant,
Clarion and harp, and minstrel chant,
The knight, the champion without peer,
The youth belov'd of Guinever,
Such as from Joyeuse Garde he rode,
And his barb'd battle steed bestrode.
But---what brave hero, chief of fame
In Launcelot's high honours, came?
Why graven on his golden shield,
That casts new lustre o'er the field,
A Virgin like a form of light
Half-hid beneath a veil of night,
And round the buckler's wreath enroll'd
In characters embost with gold,
"I will the dark eclipse remove,
"Or die thy willing victim, Love?"
Why round his golden helmet wind
Fair wreaths of pearls with gems intwin'd?
Those wreaths of pearls, 'twas Constance gave;
'Tis Lancaster,---the gay---the brave---

Harcourt, before him, in his pride
Blew from a trump defiance wide,
" Chiefs ! when the tourney course is run,
" This glorious day, ere set of sun,
" The fair Castillian's chosen knight,
" In honour of her peerless charms
" Here challenges to mortal fight
" The bravest of the brave in arms."
Fam'd Lancaster thus past along:
And all was wonder, shout, and song.

XIX.

Like Paladins of Charlemain,
Earl Roland, Olivier the bold,
Fierce Ogier, far-renowned Dane,
And peers in glory's page enroll'd,
Gaul arm'd her warriors mail'd in gold.

XX.

While the rivals in their might
Couch the spear, and claim the fight,
And, fiercely neighing, steed 'gainst steed
With proud defiance fills the mead:
Wherefore rings that thrilling cry?
Whence the voice of agony?

" Stay, daring youth !"---arm'd guards in vain
The rashness of his speed restrain.
On Lancaster, why loudly call,
Why on bent knee before him fall ?
Why, stain'd with blood, thy hands uprear ?
" Speed the wing'd vengeance of thy spear !
" At Bourdeaux, now, beneath yon walls
" On thee, her champion, Constance calls.
" A Paynim sail, an armed host
" That chas'd our bark from coast to coast,
" With Christian blood dyes Garonne's wave :
" Constance, Castillia's heiress, save !
" For her I die, and bless the wound."
He spake, and fainted on the ground.

XXI

" To arms"---exclaim'd Lancastria's lord,---
" Warriors ! speed on !---unsheath the sword !---
" To arms, to arms !"---at once the train
At Lancaster's high call are gone
From the gay tilting of the plain
To combat on the vext Garonne,
To prove their might by hardihood,
And stain their tourney pomp with blood.

XXII.

But---who art thou, whose welling wound
Bathes with blood the tourney ground?
Thou, whose deep groan, whose thrilling cry,
Whose voice of wilder'd agony
Bade Lancaster fair Constance save?
'Twas Julian---Julian stem'd the wave,
And while his wounds distain'd the tide
Unwearied gain'd the Garonne's side.
Ah, hapless Page! how chang'd thy mien
That in the van of battle seen
Glow'd with the fire which nerv'd thy arm,
When 'mid the Paynims, bath'd in blood,
Thy breast 'twixt death and Constance stood.—
Her danger, like a magic charm,
Transform'd thy nature, and endued
With more than mortal hardihood.

XXIII.

Where Bourdeaux' tow'rs o'erlook the tide,
Th' encount'ring vessels, side by side,
With dreadful clamour, heard afar,
Clash in the hideous shock of war.
Mail'd Edward, issuing from the tow'r,
His galley arms, arrays his pow'r.

XXIV.

Speed, Conqueror,---speed!---the Paynims fling
Their fetters round Castillia's King,
And rudely seize the captive Maid.
What earthly pow'r shall Constance aid?
Lo!---Lancaster high waves the blade,
And bold the peerless fair to save,
Or, greatly perish in the wave,
Spurs down the stream his foaming steed.
Fill'd with his fire, with lightning speed,
The rival chiefs, knight urging knight,
Stem the deep flood, and join the fight.

XXV.

But---foremost, in Castillia's view
To the fair Maid her champion flew.
'Twas love---'twas beauty's virgin charm
Brac'd with resistless strength his arm.
In vain their ranks the Paynims clos'd,
Wing'd arrowy clouds in vain oppos'd:
Thick on his helm the tempest rung,
Through clashing blades the hero sprung;
This hand on high the buckler held,
That, arm'd with death, the Moors repell'd;

While like a lion, who in ire
Bristling the horrors of his mane,
With eye that rolls in living fire
Springs on the herd, and wastes the plain:
Thus, conqu'ring in Castillia's sight,
Her champion turn'd the foe to flight.
The hero has yon chieftain slain,
Has freed the king from servile chain,
Then, at thy feet, enchanting Maid,
The homage of his falchion laid.

XXVI.

'Tis beauty, 'tis heroic fame,
Heart, answering heart, that fann'd the flame,
And from their kindling glances stole
The look that melted soul with soul.

XXVII.

And, sooth to say, a form more fair
Ne'er claim'd heroic valor's aid.
Was it a vision of the air,
A gay illusion floating there
In fancy's loveliest hues array'd?
All loose, and lightly on the gale

Stream'd her dark tresses freely flowing,
And to and fro the fluttering veil
Deepen'd her blush divinely glowing;
While, from its shade, more beamy bright
By fits her beauty flash'd on sight,
And gave a grace that varying play'd
Like changeful magic o'er the Maid.

XXVIII.

Rung never yet from town or tow'r
Freed from harsh yoke of foreign pow'r,
Shout, such as echo'd far and wide
From ranks that throng'd the Garonne's side,
When Constance, 'mid the knightly band,
Leant graceful on her champion's hand,
Sprung with light foot on shore, and hail'd the stranger land.

XXIX.

Yet---as the Virgin past along
Through the arm'd chiefs, and gathering throng,
While choirs of youths and maidens gay
Fresh garlanding with flow'rs the way,
Before her foot-step laurels flung,
And tow'r to tow'r exultant rung:

Oft heav'd her sigh, and many a tear
For Pedro spake a daughter's fear.

XXX.

Onward with stately paces slow
Stept the proud King in gloomy woe.
In vain, 'mid shout and minstrelsy,
A herald on his bended knee
Gave solemn greeting, and implor'd
Castile to grace the banquet board:
Pedro exclaim'd with mournful air,
" To Bourdeaux' lord commend me fair!
" To-morrow at his throne I plead:
" Never---till Castile's cause succeed,
" Our lips the festive banquet share."
He spake, and from the public view
With Constance, sad and slow, withdrew.

CONSTANCE DE CASTILE.

CANTO VIII.

CONSTANCE DE CASTILE.

CANTO VIII.

I.

WHENCE that deep groan?---what dream unblest
Forbids the brow of guilt to rest,
And, borne on midnight's gloomy wing,
Shakes horror o'er Castillia's King?
In slumber, vision'd on his sight
Tow'r'd Montiel, and its rocky height:
The dream its antique castle show'd,
The flood that round its bulwarks flow'd,
The battlements that crown'd its brow,
And Trastamere encamp'd below,

'Twas ebbing light; before him, on each side,
Stretch'd a huge waste of desert drear and wide.
There nothing throve was gladsome to the view;
The wood was gnarry thorns, and stobbs of yew.
But past this champaign, far as eye could reach,
Rose a deep forest, black with shadowy beech;
Within whose gloomy wilds were heard to bay
Fell pards and tigers, prowling for their prey;
The screaming eagle clamour'd for her food,
And, hissing, from their dens forth swarm'd the serpent brood.

He not for that, pardie, his way forewent;
The scene and season with his wild intent
Right well did sort; nor balk'd he at the last,
As cravens use, the fate he had forecast.
For far he had not fared these woods among,
Ere a gaunt tiger from the thicket sprung.
Stiff stood the frighted horse; but in his sell
Fearless the rider sat, when (strange to tell)

The sullen beast, with half-averted eye,
Glared fiercely on the child, and pass'd him by.

Then ween'd the boy, his courser might affray
The famish'd monster from his proffer'd prey,
So lighted down, and on a mossy bank,
O'ercanopied with trees, exhausted, sank.
But scantly had his hand the rein released,
Ere on the lighten'd palfrey leapt the beast,
And, couch'd upon his reeking shoulders, tore
The sinews, and assay'd his fangs in gore.
Loud shriek'd the horse, and, with a furious bound,
Launch'd forth, and shook the salvage to the ground;
And endlong fled through busket, brake, or lair,
And toss'd his head, and yerk'd his heels in air;
Till, twice two furlongs past, he, breathless, stood
On the broad margin of the briny flood.
There neigh'd so sharp and shrill, the rocks around
And winding shores rebellow'd to the sound.

His groan of death the vision broke,
Bath'd in chill dew the Monarch woke,
And gazing on day's golden beam,
Shook at the horror of a dream,
The dread of that prefigur'd doom,
And Henry crown'd on Pedro's tomb.—

VI.

Thron'd in St. Andrew's holy walls,
Edward each summon'd warrior calls,
Knight, banneret, and baron bold,
Who of his realm high tenure hold.
There, too, in pomp of priestly state,
Albert, the mitred abbot, sate.

VII.

Around the throne, a numerous band,
Natives, and knights of every land.
'Mid these, in golden armour drest,
Tow'r'd an unknown mysterious guest,
Whose barred helm was ne'er unclos'd,
Whose rank no blazon'd shield expos'd,
Pennon nor broider'd surcoat show'd
From what pure fount his lineage flow'd,

Yet---his proud port, his stately pace
And stature, mark'd no common race.

VIII.

Apart, amid the princely train
Who join'd the feast at Aquitaine,
The knight ne'er pledg'd the social bowl.
Haply, some vow had bound his soul,
Pennance, that none on earth had pow'r
To loosen, ere the appointed hour.
Haply, his mistress had enjoin'd
A deed that harrow'd up his mind:
Haply, 'twas conscience-haunted guilt,
Blood of the brave, unjustly spilt.
There stood the knight, and high his brow
Tow'r'd, helmeted, o'er all below.—

IX.

Edward his solemn court addrest:
" Peers! on whose strength I firmly rest,
" Unblemish'd honour to maintain,
" And knighthood guard from earthly stain;
" And thou, oh holy father! hear!
" No common suppliants claim our ear,

" An exil'd King---a royal Maid,
" Imploring valour's votive aid---
" Knights! shall we trust the glowing rage
" That fires our souls dire war to wage?
" Yet—blood is charg'd on Pedro's brow:
" Or, Heav'n, well pleas'd, had heard my vow
" To lead our host in Castile's cause,
" And on his native throne once more
" The King to rightful sway restore—
" Edward the sword of justice draws."

X.

He spake---when, lo! with stedfast mien,
Firm look compos'd, and pace serene,
As one who in the trying hour
Rests on his own self-center'd pow'r,
Pedro advances—pomp nor train
Of royal state his rank sustain.
But, on each side the Monarch, stood
A mourner by deep woe subdu'd;
Here, Constance, hid beneath the veil,
There, Julian, wounded, faint, and pale.
Nor voice, nor motion silence broke,
While thus Castillia's Monarch spoke.

XI.

"Forc'd from my throne, and native land,
"Conqueror!---and ye, high chiefs! whose fame
"Fills the wide world with England's name,
"I, Castile's King, your aid demand.
"Treason usurps Castillia's throne:
"And none to aid their sov'reign, none,
"Save these, whose strength is in the tears
"That, shed for me, in secret flow:
"Whom misery more and more endears,
"And closer binds in mutual woe."

XII.

He spake, and warmly to his breast
The dark-veil'd Maid and Julian prest.
Each in mute woe before him bent,
As round the court a murmur went
Of chiefs to Pedro's cause inclin'd—
The murmur sooth'd his troubled mind.
Silent awhile the Monarch stood,
As one who, fix'd in thoughtful mood,
Gathers the train of years gone by;
Then rais'd his voice in agony.

XIII.

" Here be my guilt---my sufferings---told---
" Far---better far th' avowal bold,
" Than tales half-rumour'd, half-conceal'd,
" Where malice spreads her mists between,
" And dark suspicion clouds the scene,
" Swelling each form to giant size.
" Here be my life's whole course reveal'd,
" Nor art, nor gloss the truth disguise.
" And thou from whom I boast my blood,
" Monarch rever'd! thou saint in heav'n!
" Look down, Alfonzo, great and good,
" And be thy hapless son forgiv'n,
" Who o'er the lustre of thy fame
" Reluctant casts the veil of shame.
" Yet, not the less shall glory raise
" A column to Alfonzo's praise.
" Ask of your fathers: they can tell:
" They saw him smite the infidel
" When Derby's sword, and Salisbury's host
" Spread triumph o'er Castillia's coast.
" Ask of your fathers: they can tell
" Of Salado, where myriads fell.
" Have you not heard, in Teba's fight
" How Douglas tow'r'd, array'd in might?

" And, when suspended conquest hung,
" A casket from his neck untwin'd
" That the brave heart of Bruce enshrin'd,
" And 'mid the Paynim squadrons flung:
" Then, rush'd to rescue it, or die,
" And perish'd, crown'd with victory?"

XIV.

The Monarch ceas'd awhile: applause
Of ardent chiefs supplied the pause.
Flush'd o'er his cheek the fiery glow,
Ere burst the bitter voice of woe.

XV.

" It may not---must not be conceal'd:
" Yea---Guzman! be thy shame reveal'd!
" Thou, fruitful in thine own disgrace,
" Vile mother of th' adulterous race
" On whom my sire all honours show'r'd.
" Fell serpents! that Castile devour'd!
" Such was my country's hapless doom
" What time I rais'd Alfonzo's tomb:
" Then treason, hydra-headed, rose,
" And Guzman's race were Pedro's foes.

" Tello and Frederic grasp'd the spear
" To crown aspiring Trastamere,
" And crush the boy---the youthful King,
" In blossom of his fifteenth spring.
" But, in his son, Alfonzo reign'd;
" I, the crown'd boy, my sway maintain'd.
" Mean-time, my states were met; their aim
" To raise my kingdom's ancient fame,
" And on the throne of Castile place
" A bride of Bourbon's high-born race.
" Then, while my conquering host repos'd,
" And war awhile its horror clos'd,
" I, o'er far lands, with hawk and hound,
" Oft in keen chase my bugle wound.
" It chanc'd, that following in his flight
" My falcon o'er the mountain's height,
" As from my train apart I stray'd,
" And sought, o'er-tir'd, a forest glade,
" All unadorn'd, in simple dress,
" In guise a mountain sheperdess,
" Yet beauteous as a Seraph bright,
" Maria glanc'd before my sight.
" Brief let me be:---of gentle race
" Her sire, amid those wood-lands wild,
" In that lone spot, his native place,

" Rear'd up in innocence his child,
" Where peace on his late evening smil'd.
" We met, we lov'd :—mind link'd to mind,
" And heart with heart were intertwin'd.
" And I, beneath a feigned name,
" (Say, was the youthful King to blame?)
" In secret union with my bride
" Cast, in her arms, the world aside.
" So months in dream of rapture fled,
" Ere yet a gathering rumour spread,
" That Gallia, at a nation's pray'r,
" Had sent the fairest of her fair,
" The high-born daughter of Bourbon,
" Blanche, to adorn Castillia's throne.
" I went, inflam'd by worldly pride,
" I woo'd---oh guilt accurst!---the bride---
" I to the altar Bourbon led;
" Horror o'ercanopied our bed.
" View'd I fair Bourbon with delight?
" No---'twas a fiend appall'd my sight,
" A threat'ning fiend that stood alone
" Between Maria and my throne.
" To love, to meek Maria's arms,
" I flew from pomp and Bourbon's charms.
" There, too, on meek Maria's breast

" Fell Blanche, disquieting my rest,
" Haunted my couch with dreams unblest.
" Year after year dissension reign'd,
" Yet still my pow'r its rule maintain'd:
" Seville, in distant times unknown,
" Shall bid her sons revere the stone,
" Where, thron'd beneath the golden day,
" Firm Pedro bad the realm obey,
" And justice, at his sceptred hand
" Held her pois'd balance o'er the land.
" Now burst the storm: adulterous love
" And fraud their coil around me wove,
" Drew from the rocks fell Trastamere,
" And couch'd again war's rebel spear.
" My host, by traitorous Frederic led,
" Ingloriously the battle fled.
" Again his King in evil hour
" Arm'd him in plenitude of pow'r,
" When to my throne a rumour came
" Of Frederic's guilt, and Bourbon's shame.
" These eyes beheld---spare, spare the rest!---
" I sheath'd my blade in Frederic's breast.
" Blanche o'er the base adulterer hung,
" Blanche to his bleeding bosom clung.

" My arm was rais'd in vengeful mood.
" —Oh! that this hand had shed her blood!
" I shed not blood---but---ere her hour---
" Blanche---perish'd---in Sidonia's tow'r---
" And the sharp curse that hangs o'er crime
" Yet haunts me from that fatal time.
" Lo the dire proof—this belt I wear,
" These drops of gore the curse declare."
And Pedro back his mantle threw,
And gave the ensanguin'd belt to view.
His fixed eye-ball on the blood
Glar'd, and his hair uplifted stood.
And, fearfully, on all around
Amazement fell, and awe profound.

CONSTANCE DE CASTILE.

CANTO IX.

CONSTANCE DE CASTILE.

CANTO IX.

I.

WHILE in mute awe the warriors hung,
Deep anguish burst from Pedro's tongue.
" The day when Bourbon's spirit fled,
" Before my train I joyful sped
" Maria's honour'd brow to crown,
" And hail her Queen on Castile's throne.
" As mid Sidonia's wood my way
" Through a dark glen's deep covert lay,
" A form, surpassing human height,
" Terrific, tow'r'd before my sight,

" And loud and awful as the roar
" Of ocean bursting on the shore,
" ' Murderer !'--exclaim'd---' in mercy sent,
" ' I warn of woe to come—repent !—
" ' Deem not, like shadows of the night
" ' I pass, and vanish from the sight:
" ' The belt that hapless Bourbon wove,
" ' Present and pledge of nuptial love,
" ' Shall, yearly, on the fatal day,
" ' What time her spirit past away,
" ' Harass thy soul with sights unholy,
" ' And fill with wild'ring melancholy.
" ' Lo ! at my touch, 'tis stain'd with gore:
" ' No pow'r its lustre shall restore,
" ' Nor art, nor force of mortal hand
" ' Unclasp th' inextricable band,
" ' Till deep remorse mourn Bourbon slain,
" ' And contrite tears efface the stain !'
" The Phantom vanish'd from my view.
" Urg'd by strange terror, on I flew.
" Then---at that hour---th' internal flame
" Prey'd on Maria's sinking frame,
" Her brow was bath'd in icy dew.
" As o'er her speechless lip I hung
" The last, last pang her bosom wrung.

" With mine was mix'd her farewell breath,
" On mine her eye yet gaz'd in death,
" Nor earth sithence a solace gave
" Save lamentation o'er her grave.
" Yet--ere my worldly sufferings close,
" Ere yet the tomb conceal my woes,
" Reft of my crown though here I stand,
" An exile in a stranger land,
" Castillia's rightful King, I claim
" Reverence for great Pelayo's fame,
" And honour due to kings alone
" Through me appeals to Edward's throne.
" Say, heir of England's greatness, say,
" Shall earth a rebel's nod obey,
" Shall realms at will revoke the vow
" That binds them to th' anointed brow?
" But---if regardless of the crown
" From sire to son transmitted down,
" Edward forgets that gracious heav'n
" Sceptre and sway to kings has giv'n:
" I, warriors, in Castillia's right
" Dare Trastamere to mortal fight.
" Conquest once more shall Pedro grace,
" Or close in blood my earthly race.

" Tell then the sons of other times,
" I fell for unattoned crimes.
" So shall my sufferings guilt appall,
" And awe-struck kings mourn Pedro's fall !"

II.

He spake, and with clasp'd hands uprais'd,
In speechless anguish heav'n-ward gaz'd,
Down his dark cheek the big tear stole,
And strong contrition shook his soul.

III.

Deep silence reign'd: when, solemn, slow,
In mercy to the man of woe,
The mitred Abbot onward came:
The crosier propt his feeble frame,
And, ringing on the pavement, told
Step after step by age controll'd.

IV.

He stood, and, bent o'er Pedro's brow,
Beheld his tear in silence flow,
And thus the contrite man addrest:
" Repentance yet thy soul may save,

" And lead thee to eternal rest.
" Son! on this hallow'd relic, vow,
" O'er Blanche, o'er hapless Bourbon's grave
" A gifted chantry to endow:
" And lead thyself a sacred band
" To combat in the holy land.---
" Then---heav'n vouchsafe his servant, pow'r
" To free thee from the torturing hour!"

V.

Pedro before him lowly bow'd,
And on the cross submission vow'd.
The prelate rais'd his hands, and shed
The solemn blessing on his head.
" Arise absolv'd---I loose the zone---
" King! urge thy claim at Edward's throne."

VI.

While every eye on Edward turn'd,
And his bright cheek with glory burn'd,
And his brave hand, by justice sway'd,
Had half unsheath'd his shining blade:
Pedro by ardent hope inflam'd
Rose, and, o'er Constance, thus exclaim'd,

" Warriors ! the voice of honour hear !
" For love, for glory couch the spear.
" Champion ! arise---unsheath the sword :
" Free this fair Maid from Afric's lord :
" The veil that hides her charms remove,
" By valour win the Virgin's love :
" And, conqu'ring, on the field of fame
" Thy bride, Castillia's heiress, claim."

VII.

At once, ere Pedro's closing word,
Up from their seats the warriors sprung,
Leapt from each sheath th' avenging sword,
The roof with martial clangour rung :
Brave Lancaster, before the rest,
Exultant to the Virgin prest,
His hand now hover'd o'er the veil :
When in the thunder of his mail,
With light'ning speed, with eye of fire
Baring his brow in scornful ire,
The stranger knight before him flew,
His outstretch'd arm a dagger drew,
Shook o'er the Maid in vengeful mood :
" Hence ! or this poniard drinks her blood.

" Behold Almanzor, Afric's King,
" Afric's wide realms my sceptre own:
" Their Monarchs kneel before my throne.
" I claim my bride: lo mine the ring!
" Sheath your vain swords, I scorn your pow'r,
" My word, like Fate, o'er-rules the hour.
" Touch but this veil, the Virgin dies,
" My life the willing sacrifice,
" While reeking from the victim slain
" This dagger cleaves my heart in twain.
" Almanzor to the world proclaims
" The passion that his soul inflames.
" Thrills Europe at the voice of love?
" Does Afric's pulse less fiercely move?
" Love bad me quit my native throne,
" Love fix'd me lingering here unknown.
" Where, but at far-fam'd Edward's court
" Would Castile's King for aid resort?
" Love wing'd my sail, love arm'd the train
" That sought my bride across the main;
" Love bids me crown the Christian Maid,
" Or---in her breast, now, plunge my blade."
He spake, and rais'd his arm on high.
'Mid the loud burst of agony,

Bold Lancaster, with thundering sound,
Cast his steel gauntlet on the ground:
" Fame vaunts thy strength, and giant force
" Dwells on the thunder of thy course,
" Thy spear's vast weight, thy bulk of shield,
" And mace no arm but thine can wield.
" Yet---Lancaster defies thy might:
" Take up my gauntlet, join the fight,
" Or, recreant, shun the beams of day.
" Paynim! come forth---I lead the way."

VIII.

" Death meets thee there"---Almanzor cried.
" Lead to the lists my plighted bride."
Each fiercely strode, and wav'd the blade.
Julian leads on the hapless Maid.
Lo! Edward, Pedro, Constance plac'd,
The lists with Crecy's conquerors grac'd;
Mail'd, on fierce steeds, beneath their sight
The rivals arm'd for mortal fight
Invoke the fair Castillian's name,
And couch the spear with deadly aim.

IX.

As when fierce winds their force oppose,
And clouds, dark-charg'd with ruin, close,
Peal echoing peal, loud thunders roar,
And lightnings gleam the welkin o'er,
Thus clash'd the knights in 'mid career,
Shivering in sparks of fire the spear.

X.

No sparkle of another lance
Shall from their bruised helmets glance.
Each seizing from the saddle bow
A mace that aims no second blow,
Around the ponderous weapon swung:
And harsh the clang of armour rung,
As onward gor'd to madd'ning speed
Clash'd, front 'gainst front, each fiery steed.
The prostrate coursers breathless lie:
The sword decides the victory.

XI.

Oh! it were long to tell each wound,
And how they wheel'd and travers'd round;
How, from each blow, the batter'd shield
And hauberk, piece-meal, strow'd the field:

How, each, throughout the dubious fray
By turns advanc'd, by turns gave way,
And what the Moor's gigantic might,
And Lancaster's address in fight.
Swift on the Christian's helm descends
The Paynim's blade, and cuts in twain
The wreath of pearls that strow the plain.
Lo! on bow'd knee the warrior bends:
That wreath---so seen---fresh force inspir'd:
Fame, vengeance, love her champion fir'd.
Blade rings on blade, wound follows wound,
And the warm life-blood spouts around.

XII.

Almanzor storms, his soul's on fire:
"Thus, thus, I conquer, or expire!"
He spake, and centering in one blow
Resistless strength to crush the foe,
Fiercely with high-rais'd falchion sprung.
While, pois'd in air, aloft it hung,
While yet the Paynim onward prest,
His keen-ey'd rival mark'd the wound
That stain'd with gushing blood his breast,
Peirc'd with swift stroke th' unguarded part,
And sheath'd the weapon in his heart.

The Moor falls thundering on the ground,
And rolling wild his eyes around
Clos'd them for ever on the day,
And, struggling, groan'd his soul away.

XIII.

"Heroic conqueror!"---Pedro cried--
"From Constance cast the veil aside,
"In triumph to her kingdom lead
"The Virgin by thy prowess freed.
"The way is barr'd by rebel foes:
"Danger and death thy course oppose:
"Danger and death thy faith shall prove,
"And crown the omnipotence of love.
"Go forth, and on the field of fame
"Thy bride, Castillia's heiress, claim."

XIV.

The hero cast her veil aside,
And knelt before the blushing bride.
But---how?---what words,---what glowing lay
The feelings of her soul display,
Each mingled passion that imprest
Its tumult on the Virgin's breast,

When Constance in betrothed charms
Burst from the dark eclipse of night,
And, like an angel, rob'd in light,
To heav'n uprais'd her snowy arms,
While Fame's resounding voice proclaim'd her Champion's might?

CONSTANCE DE CASTILE.

CANTO X.

CONSTANCE DE CASTILE.

CANTO X.

I.

THE war-trump sounds—where-e'er the summer long,
Under the noiseless sky,
Or leaves of lulling melody,
I wind the Muse's peaceful haunts among,
And meditate heroic minstrelsy;
"The war-trump speaking to the armed throng"
Rings on the troubled air, and mingles with my song.

Gaul, on yon fortress'd height,
Mail'd in gigantic might,
The beacon flaring in his outstretch'd hand,
Points to these blissful bow'rs,
Proud domes, and stately tow'rs,
Invokes the fiend of war, and waves the blazing brand.

Yet on the western isle
Where freedom guards her flame,
Uncrush'd fair Albion's flow'rets smile
To wreathe her warrior's fame.

Still Britain's sons prevail,
Still claim th' heroic strain
That fir'd the harp with Crecy's tale,
And Poictier's conquer'd plain.

On Acre's ruin'd wall
'Twas Albion's Christian knight
Wav'd his proud flag, when recreant Gaul
Fled from his arm of might.

Ask Nile's triumphant shore
Whose squadrons strow'd the flood,
When heav'n with war-fires vaulted o'er
Glar'd on a sea of blood?

Who, on the Ægyptian plain
Gaul's dragon rage subdu'd?
Whose footstep trac'd o'er warriors slain,
At Maida, Gaul pursu'd?

" Oh for a Muse of fire !"---arm, Britain ! arm
Albion's heroic band.
The war-trump raise, that blowing wide alarm
O'er Talavera's plain,
Bad, awfully suspense, Iberia stand,
While Britain thundering down amain
Thrice brake the battle's strength, and swept o'er Gallia slain.

II.

From Aquitaine's heroic throne
A voice rekindling war is gone.
Gaul, and du Guesclin, Edward braving,
Their banners in defiance waving,
Exultant on Castillia's coast
Gather their numbers, host on host.
There, the liege-lords of Arragon,
Circled with many a war-train'd son,
St. Venant, there, his flag displaying,
De Bergettes, here, his strength arraying,
Le Begue de Villiers arms this train,
That, headed by the stern Villaine,
There, Ferrand, Gauvain de Baillueil,
And chiefs of Hainault's ancient rule,
Lord d'Antoign, and the brave Brisueil.

These the usurper's force sustain:
Edward upholds the throne of Spain.

III.

At Edward's voice, at glory's call,
The barons from their banner'd hall
Seize the triumphant spear and shield,
And fearless seek the unequal field.
Never, ere yet the battle bled,
Reck'd England's host by Edward led
What numbers dar'd their chief oppose:
They sought but to confront their foes,
Nor deign'd to count, till Mercy staid
The havoc of his slaughtering blade,
And Conquest pointing to the slain
Bad Pity ransom half the plain.

IV.

Fair beams on Bourdeaux' tow'rs the day
That marshals Edward's mail'd array.
High Chandos leads the steel-clad train,
The lords of Partnay and Pinane,
Quercy, Rochelle, and bold Bigorre,
And Saintonge's war-resounding shore.

V.

For Castile arm'd, Majorca's King,
Knowles, and high Armagnac renown'd,
And Albert proud their battle bring;
De Buch in perils foremost found;
Neville, whose valour from Auray
Bore many a blood-stain'd spoil away:
Fierce Calverley, whose dauntless train
Triumph'd when Charles de Blois was slain;
D'Ambreticourt has seiz'd the lance,
Bohun and Chatellheraut advance,
Causton, and Roche-chouart poise the spear,
And Clayton calls on Boutelleire.

VI.

Stern Pedro, ere the rebels bleed,
Impatient, spurs his coal-black steed,
Robes his bright mail with purple fold,
And crests his helm with crown of gold.

VII.

Constance a milk-white palfrey rode:
Whose rich and rare caparison
Powder'd with pearls and jewels shone.
Profusely from his high-arch'd crest

His mane in waving ringlets flow'd,
As the gay champing of his pride
Scatter'd the foam from side to side
That bath'd like flakes of snow his breast.

VIII.

Julian Castillia's standard bore,
And wav'd its pomp fair Constance o'er.
Unmov'd by pow'r, unsway'd by fame,
Alone for Constance Julian came.
His vow, the van of war to lead,
For Constance, for his King, to bleed,
Perish in arms, or seek the cell,
And bid Lancastria's bride---farewell.---

IX.

Gay-balancing with flexile grace
The cadence of his courser's pace,
On his barb'd roan in martial pride
Castillia's champion woos the bride,
And wins her with heroic tale
Of wars where youthful knights prevail,
Deeds of renown for beauty done,
And realms, for love of ladies, won.

'Twas Constance, 'twas her subtile thread
That o'er his belt its broidery spread;
'Twas her fair hand its fancies wove,
Emblem of bliss and nuptial love.
Where the bright texture richly glow'd,
In silver wave the ocean flow'd.
There floating in a pearly shell
Whence light as from a rain-bow fell,
Went Hymen veil'd, and gaily wreath'd
A garland where fresh roses breath'd.
Cupid here play'd the pilot's part,
His rudder was a diamond dart:
Wide wav'd his plumes, each wing a sail,
Fluttering its feathers in the gale.
An emerald its centre shone,
And changeful opals clasp'd the zone.

X.

Why sound the clarions far and wide,
Why kneel the chiefs on either side?
St. George's banner onward guiding
The noon-breeze in its strength dividing,
In broad and beautiful display
Proclaims the dark-mail'd Victor's way.

The radiance of his lance afar
Beam'd like the sparkle of a star,
That glances through the gloom of night:
And, like the eagle's wing on flight,
The plumage o'er his helm of gold
Spread to the gale its feathers bold.

XI.

" Brother of arms,"---the hero cried.
As far-fam'd Gaston bow'd the knee
Before the lord of Gascony:—
" All honour wait on Gaston's name!
" Brother of arms! thy aid I claim.
" While Castile forth my puissance leads,
" And in far realms the battle bleeds:
" Forget awhile thy gay resort,
" And feasts of Foix' unrivall'd court.
" Thron'd in my pow'r supremely reign
" Sov'reign of guarded Aquitaine.
" Edward to Gaston dares confide
" His realm, his heir, and peerless bride."

XII.

Proud Gaston bow'd the willing knee,
And pledg'd the faith of chivalry.

Bourdeaux with acclamation rung.
Then, as each eye on Edward hung,
The Hero, turning to Castile,
Cried with loud voice, and grasp'd his hand,
" Edward his faith in blood shall seal.
" Thou, King! within thy native land
" Crown'd on Castillia's throne shalt reign,
" Or Edward slumbers with the slain.
" On, warriors! lift your banners high!
" Onward to death or victory!"

XIII.

The banners wave, the signal's giv'n,
Wide clangour rends the vault of heav'n.
From Bourdeaux' tow'rs the long array
Swells onward through the crowded way,
And shouts of joy, and sighs of woe
Pursue the warriors winding slow.
Along the realm of Gascony
Passes the flow'r of chivalry,
'Mid champaigns, o'er whose fertile bed
Free streams, and winding waters spread,
And from their mountain cradle pour
On earth's green lap their gather'd store:

Plains,—where the pipe of evening leads
Fair flocks amid luxuriant meads,
Where autumn carols as the swain
Shakes from full sheaves the golden grain,
And sees down each sun-purpled brow
Oil, and the jocund vintage flow.

XIV.

Now the green vales are left behind:
Slowly the length'ning battles wind
Through glens, where wolves at random prowl,
And bay the moon with ceaseless howl.
More slow the toilsome march ascends
Where the bold mountain range extends,
Where eagles in their aerie rest
On the top cliff's ice-mantled crest,
And famine on her bleak domain
Frowns o'er the rocks that barrier Spain.
The minstrels lead the host along,
And cheer the march with harp and song.

XV.

Beneath the boundary mountain's brow
Where winter smites the realms below,

Crests the gigantic peaks with frost,
Or veils in night of vapours lost,
With hideous chasm the pass divides,
And cleaves with floods its shatter'd sides,
Nature had sweetly form'd a scene
That bloom'd the snow-capt rocks between,
And shelt'ring from each bitter blast
O'er it perpetual verdure cast.

XVI.

There bosom'd in a pine-crown'd wood
O'er a dark glen a grotto stood,
Where in the still repose of age
Alvarez sought the hermitage.
His sires, renown'd in wars of old
Their lineage from Pelayo told.
He, too, in youth, o'er warriors slain
Had triumph'd in the tented plain:
Granada's Kings had sanguine made
The breadth of his Castillian blade,
And valour in the front of war
Furrow'd his breast with many a scar.

XVII.

Congenial to his musing mood,
The warrior hermit's solitude
O'erlook'd the memorable dell
Where Roland and his heroes fell.
Alvarez' hand had fenc'd the ground,
And with the cross their relics crown'd.
And ever, there at noon of day
The lone enthusiast wont to pray;
There, o'er the dead, an offering laid,
With peaceful requiem sooth'd their shade,
And scattering wild flow'rs on the grave,
Hallow'd the sod that tomb'd the brave.

XVIII.

'Twas noon:—harsh clangour round him rung,
The deep dell shook with strange alarms,
The trumpets bray'd, the minstrels sung,
The measur'd march of men in arms,
The neighing steed, the rattling car
Pour'd on his ear the rush of war.
Alvarez caught the heroic flame,
And as the minstrels onward came,
With solemn mien, and outstretch'd hand
Advancing, stay'd the awe-struck band.

XIX.

It seem'd, a saint in amice gray
Came forth to bless them on their way,
So peace sat pictur'd on his brow,
And white, as flakes of feathery snow
That fall when every wind has rest,
His beard descending swept his breast:
And lowly from his girdle hung
A cross that to his slow pace swung.

XX.

His outstretch'd hand commands the choir:
" Pause, minstrels! lowly bending down,
" Pause on this monumental stone!
" Here swell the dirge, here strike the lyre:
" Where earth in many a hillock thrown
" Heaves o'er heroes dead and gone!
" Yon mighty bones that press the plain
" Still speak of the gigantic train
" Who quell'd the Paynims in their pride.
" Swell the dirge where Roland died!—
" Lo! on this spot Earl Roland fell:
" The mountain shepherds know it well,
" And yearly on the fatal day
" Pluck from the stones the weeds away.

" Minstrels ! in recording rhymes
" Say on the harp to other times,
" Yon high rock saw Gaul's proud career,
" Saw the plum'd crest of Charlemain
" In van of his triumphant train,
" The war-cloud dark'ning on the rear.
" These pathless dens, and caverns rude
" Pour'd forth a nameless multitude.
" Vain the hauberk, vain the mail,
" Vain the terror of the spear :
" Tow'r'd on the cliff the mountaineer,
" And roll'd the tempest on the field,
" Burying the helm and bruised shield.
" Then Roland's blade was found to fail,
" The edge of dreaded Durindale :
" Then first from Roland's lip in vain
" The voice of the enchanted horn
" Down the steep mountains slowly borne
" Reach'd the far ear of Charlemain.
" The Monarch, rushing to the call,
" Saw but the rocks of Ronceval,
" And stretch'd upon their flinty bed
" Earl Roland, and his warriors dead.
" These rocks a solemn strain inspire :
" Here swell the dirge, here strike the lyre !

" So shall the shades of heroes rest,
" And Roland in the grave be blest!"

XXI.

In solemn measure, sad and slow
The minstrels swell'd the dirge of woe.
It fell on Edward's heart the strain:
He view'd his chieftains in their pride,
Who oft had turn'd the battle tide:
His glory call'd them forth again:
Hope proudly plum'd each warrior's crest,
And valour flam'd from breast to breast.
So Roland from victorious fight
Past, and perish'd in his might.
Treason might lead his warriors on:
Navarre, another Ganelon.

XXII.

Brave Edward leaning on his spear
Shed on the funeral stone a tear.
There, prostrate, hoar Alvarez pray'd,
There, his mute harp the minstrel laid.
And Constance, at her champion's side,
Knelt on the spot where Roland died.

The barons bold their lord around
Hung o'er their shields in gloom profound,
And where the hero breath'd his last
The banners of their glory cast.
While nought was heard, nor speech, nor sound,
Save the long sighing of the blast,
Or where the rushing torrents stray'd
A voice of many waters past:
Uprose Castillia's royal Maid,
By high heroic impulse fir'd,
And seiz'd the harp as one inspir'd;
Smote the loud chords, bade triumph flow,
And turn'd to joy the tide of woe.

XXIII.

" Weep not the dead at Ronceval!
" Weep not the sons of glory!
" They live, the chiefs who bravely fall,
" In Fame's eternal story!
" Weep for the youth to virtue dying
" In pleasure's shameful fetters lying.
" Strow the flow'r, and shed the tear
" O'er age unhonour'd in the bier,
" The tears that drop, the flow'rs that die
" Shall picture his mortality.

" Weep those whom never valour lov'd,
" Nor patriot zeal, nor honour mov'd,
" Nor the trumpet's voice most musical
" Like those who fell at Ronceval.
" Weep no more th' immortal dead!
" Their country's blessing guards their bed.
" See, in the crimson realm of war
" Rises again Earl Roland's star.
" Earl Roland on Castillia's plain
" In high-born Edward lives again,
" Live all the peers of Charlemain
" In high-born Edward's knightly train.
" Spirits of elder chivalry
" Ye beckon us to victory!
" 'Tis ours to follow glory's call,
" And greatly live, or nobly fall,
" Like those who died at Ronceval!"

XXIV.

" To arms---to arms!"---the warriors cried,
And wav'd their flaming falchions wide.
O'er Edward's brow the chiefs on high
Their banners rais'd triumphantly:
Their voice, the shout of victory.

It ceas'd—in silent awe, amaz'd,
The warriors on Alvarez gaz'd,
While swift before his heav'n-fix'd eye
Swept visions of futurity.

XXV.

The Hermit's prophetic Ode.

" War blows the trump on Navaret.
" Like the vext sea in tempests roll'd
" The foemen, host on host, unfold.
" Advance! the battle ranks are set.
" Sparkling spears, and helmets bright
" Quiver in the golden light.
" Fix'd like rocks whose strength outbraves
" The deep with all its weight of waves,
" Stern, silent, still, the Britons stand.
" Why smile the chiefs in scornful mood?
" The sword that flam'd o'er Poictiers arms their hand,
" Pale Crecy's shadowy slain before them float in blood.

XXVI.

" Like cataracts from the mountain brow
" Clash the couch'd lances in their rest,
" Squadron on squadron, breast on breast.

" Who breaks the shield, the sword, the bow?
" Whose voice pours thunder on the gale?
" Whose war-hoofs, red with slaughter, crush the foe?
" Like Death, with terror crown'd, dark tow'rs the sable mail.

XXVII.

" Lone in his might the conqueror past.---
" They fly---the foes, thrice rallied, fly!
" Hark, hark!---St. George and victory!
" Chiefs on their bucklers breathe their last.
" Weave the wreath! the war is o'er,
" Najara's torrent foams with gore,
" And Fear o'er Gaul's tumultuous flight
" Wide waves his banner dark as night.
" Navaret! weave the laurel wreath!
" Glory's peerless course is run.
" Edward! repose!---the sword of victory sheathe.
" Rest! in thy splendour rest—so sets yon golden sun.

XXVIII.

" Change the song and martial measure
" To notes of joy and nuptial pleasure:
" War's blood-stain'd path with flow'rets hide;
" Lead to Lancastria's lord the bride.

" Long o'er thy realms, exultant Spain!
" In peace their sceptred race shall reign.
" Yet---stay!"---
Why pause, prophetic Seer?
Why bursts th' involuntary tear?
The fire, that glow'd thy cheek, why flown,
Why silenc'd, joy's triumphant tone?
" Return"---he cried---" thou vision bright!
" Fall'n is the banner that, unfurl'd
" By conquest, claim'd another world;
" The flag that wav'd o'er Pavia's fight.
" Spaniard!---Iberia's glories fade.
" Ah!---what art thou,---gigantic shade!
" Terror of earth, enthron'd sublime,
" Who, crown'd by horror, fraud, and crime,
" O'erlook'st the world, an idol god?
" O'er Gaul, th' avenger lifts the rod,
" Shivering the sceptres of the globe,
" And dies in blood of kings his robe.
" Thou, too, my hapless country! thou
" Shalt at the idol's altar bow;
" Thou, by thy native sons betray'd,
" By scepter'd vice and folly sway'd:
" Thy nobles slav'd, thy princes sold,
" Thy ruler under yoke of gold,

" Thy warriors on the frozen main
" Fetter'd beneath the Gallic chain.
" What now shall save a sinking land?
" I see in arms a people stand,
" Stand where their great fore-fathers bled,
" While Rome and all her legions fled,
" And o'er their consecrated grave
" The rescu'd flag of Freedom wave.
" Hark! 'tis the empress of the main
" Speaks, as she casts her shield o'er Spain:
" ' Beneath my trident strike the blow,
" ' And boldly grasp the Gallic prow.
" ' Beneath my trident free thy host,
" ' Unyoke their strength on Funen's coast,
" ' Assert the birth-right of the brave,
" ' Conquer, or claim a patriot's grave!
" ' With thee his sword the Briton draws:
" ' Freedom is thine and Britain's cause.
" ' Spain! though the ruthless fiend of war
" ' Wheel o'er thy realm his scythed car,
" ' Level with iron mace thy tow'rs,
" ' And waste with flame thy peaceful bow'rs:
" ' Though smoke with blood thy untill'd ground,
" ' Palace and altar blazing round,

" ' All is not lost: yet, yet remains
" ' Valour, that slavery's yoke disdains,
" ' Honour remains, that nurs'd thy sires,
" ' Vengeance that rous'd Saguntum's fires:
" ' To want, to woe, to death resign'd
" ' Remains th' unconquerable mind:
" ' The rocks, th' eternal rocks remain
" ' The bulwark of Pelayo's reign:
" ' The starry cope, the cold bleak sky
" ' Sheltering the sons of liberty.
" ' On every mount the weapon lies
" ' That gain'd the Gothic victories,
" ' Freedom!---to man in birth-right giv'n,
" ' Guard it---the rest confide to Heav'n.' "

He spake, and led the mail'd array
Through Ronceval's dark-winding way,
Nor sought his peaceful cell again,
Till Navaret, on her conquer'd plain,
Saw Edward hang his banner high,
And sheathe the sword of victory.

NOTES.

NOTES.

NOTES TO CANTO FIRST.

Note I.

Hark! round Corunna's sea-girt tow'r. p. 3.

On the general revolt of Castile against Pedro, Corunna alone refused to open its gates to the usurper, Henry Count of Trastamere.

Note II.

These, courting honour, seek the foe,
Those, roam for plunder, to and fro. p. 5.

With the leaders of the free companions, who, after the peace of Bretigny in 1360, devastated the kingdom of France, and whom the policy of the French monarch, Charles the Fifth, and the temptation of plunder, induced to join the banners of Trastamere, many chieftains of high note, both English and French, were associated. Among the English knights, Froissart enumerates Sir Eustace d'Ambreticourt, Sir Hugh Calverley, Sir Walter Huet, Sir Mathew Gournay, Sir John Devereux, and Sir John Neville:* among the French, the Lord Arnold d'Endreghen, Marshal of France, the Lord Anthony de Beau-jeu, and the Lord John de Bourbon, Count de la Marche, cousin of the unfortunate Blanche of Bourbon; these marched under the command of the celebrated Sir Bertrand du Guesclin.

* All the English knights, prior to the expedition of the Black Prince into Castile, at his summons left the usurper, and joined the banners of Aquitaine.

Note III.

What time the heir of Lusitane. p. 9.

The son and heir of Pedro the Just, King of Portugal, to whom Pedro had fled for succour, openly favoured the cause of Trastamere. He was allied to the usurper, his mother being half-sister to the Lady Jane Manuel, wife of Henry of Trastamere. Vide Dillon's History of Peter the Cruel, vol. ii. p. 17.

NOTES TO CANTO SECOND.

Note I.

Love, in their bloom and beauty's flow'r,
O'ercanopied their nuptial bed. p. 23.

At the age of eighteen, Pedro first beheld, and, according to his solemn declaration before the assembled States of Castile, was privately married to Maria de Padilla. Her origin was noble, and from one of the ancient families of Castile. See Note H. p. 255, vol. i. of Dillon's History of Peter the Cruel. By Maria de Padilla, Pedro had several children, who all died unmarried, except Constance, the heroine of the Poem, and Isabella first wife of Edmund Duke of York, fifth son of Edward III.

"In the year 1362, Peter convened the Cortes of his kingdom, and assured them, that Blanche of Bourbon had never been his legitimate wife, as, prior to his engagement with her, he had given a solemn promise of marriage to Maria de Padilla, and received her as his wife: though, from fear of the nobility, he had not ventured to proclaim it: that in the heat of youth he had set out for Valladolid, to consummate the nuptial ceremony with the Lady Blanche of Bourbon, after the promise previously given to Maria de Padilla, the witnesses of which were Diego Garcia de Padilla, then present, brother to the Lady Maria, and John Fernandez de Henestrosa, her uncle; also John Alfonso de Mayorga, keeper of the privy seal; and John Martinez de Orduna, abbot of St. Andero, his first chaplain, who were both present, and would certify the same to be true; which they swore on the holy Evangelists, as stated by the King. After that, Peter made a public declaration, that the Lady Maria de Padilla had been his

true and wedded wife, and as such was Queen of Castile and Leon; that his son Don Alfonso, and three daughters, Beatrix, Constance, and Isabella, by the Lady Maria, were his legitimate issue." Dillon's Hist. of Peter the Cruel, vol. i. p. 194.

Note II.

"Look on the snakes that clasp me round." p. 28.

"Roderic Sanchez de Arevalo, bishop of Palencia, who dedicated his chronicle to Henry IV. King of Castile, mentions, on the authority of Ptolomeo de Luca, that the hatred of King Peter to Queen Blanche proceeded from magic enchantment---conveyed to an elegant girdle given by the Queen to the King, which, when he wore it, presented to his sight an aspect as if he was surrounded by a squalid serpent." Dillon's History of Peter the Cruel, vol. i. p. 256.

NOTE TO CANTO THIRD.

His friend, his faithful Castellan. p. 40.

"All the barons and knights of Spain, save Ferdinand de Castro, deserted Pedro, in favour of his brother the bastard." Froissart, vol. i. p. 675.

"Don Fernando de Castro, after the death of King Peter made his escape into "Portugal, and afterwards retired to Guyenne, where he died. Over his tomb "was placed the following inscription: AQUI YACE DON FERNANDO "PEREZ DE CASTRO TODA LA FIDELIDAD DE ESPANA." Dillon's History of Peter, vol. ii. p. 119.

NOTE TO CANTO FOURTH.

Minstrel song. p. 57.

For the subject of this song, see the ballad of King Arthur's death in the third volume of the collection of Ancient Poems published and admirably illustrated by the Bishop of Dromore.

NOTES TO CANTO FIFTH.

Note I.

Pontchardon, Burley, Loring, hear
Words welcome to the warrior's ear.
At Bayonne moor'd my vessels ride:
Archers and men at arms provide.
Lord Felton, lead the chosen band. p. 76.

"Sir William Felton was ordered to take the command of the expedition; and the Prince asked Sir Richard Pontchardon, Sir Nele Loring, and Sir Simon Burley, to accompany it. The armament was to consist of twelve vessels, which were to be filled with archers and men at arms." Vide Johnes's Froissart, vol. i. p. 681.

Note II.

Lord Chandos, here thy host array. p. 76.

This illustrious chieftain was Constable of Aquitaine. His glory is indelibly recorded in the victories of Crecy, Poictiers, Auray, and Navaret.

NOTE TO CANTO SIXTH.

The anchor's weigh'd, unfurl'd the sail:
In vain:—still adverse blows the gale. p. 81.

"The Lord Felton having prepared all things convenient for the voyage, went to Bayonne, where the fleet was detained by the wind." Collins's Life of the Black Prince, p. 180.

NOTES TO CANTO SEVENTH.

Note I.

The heroine on that broidery bold. p. 106.

Philippa of Hainault, the glorious consort of Edward the Third, and the mother of a race of heroes—of her heroic spirit, and native tenderness, no other proofs are requisite, than the victory of Nevil's Cross, where the King of Scotland was taken prisoner, and her pathetic pleading for the condemned burghers of Calais.

Note II.

On their blind King, in death's cold sleep,
There, at each side, a brave knight lay:
And still they seem'd their charge to keep;
So past their gallant souls away. p. 106.

"The King of Bohemia was the son of Henry of Luxemburgh, Emperor of Germany, and a soldier of great reputation. He was now almost blind with old age, and the loss of one of his eyes in the Italian wars. He said to the commanders of his forces, before the battle of Crecy, 'Gentlemen, you are my men, my companions and friends in this expedition: I only now desire this last piece of service from you, that you would bring me forward so near to these Englishmen, that I may deal among them one good stroke with my sword.' They obeyed him, and that they might not be separated, fastened their horses' bridles together, and so were found the next day, slain on the body of their King." Collins's Life of the Black Prince, p. 19.

Note III.

There, while stern Woodland. p. 107.

"Sir John Chandos said to the Prince, 'Sir, sir, now push forward, for the day is ours: God will this day put it in your hand.' The Prince replied; 'John, get forward; you shall not see me turn my back this day, but I will always be among the foremost.' He then said to Sir Walter Woodland, his banner-bearer, 'Banner, advance, in the name of God and St. George.' The knight obeyed the commands of the Prince." Johnes's Froiss. vol. i. p. 430,

Note IV.

The Conqueror, in his close embrace
Clasp'd Audeley, weak with many a wound. p. 107.

I cannot, for the honour of chivalry, resist the insertion of the following extract from Froissart. "When the army at Poictiers was drawn up in order of battle, "the Lord James Audeley said to the Prince, 'Sir, I have ever served most "loyally your father, and yourself, and shall continue so to do as long as I have "life. Dear Sir, I must now acquaint you, that formerly I made a vow, if ever "I should be engaged in any battle where the King your father or any of his "sons were, that I would be the foremost in the attack, and the best combatant "on his side, or die in the attempt. I beg therefore most earnestly, as a reward "for any services I may have done, that you would grant me permission "honourably to quit you, that I may post myself in such wise to accomplish my "vow.' The Prince granted his request, and holding out his hand to him, said, "'Sir James, God grant that this day you may shine in valour above all other "knights.' The knight then set off, and posted himself at the front of the "battalion, with only four squires whom he had detained with him to guard his "person. The Lord James Audeley, with the assistance of his four squires, "was always engaged in the heat of the battle. He was severely wounded in "the body, head, and face: and, as long as his strength and breath permitted "him he maintained the fight, and advanced forward: he continued to do so "until he was covered with blood: then, towards the close of the engagement, "his four squires, who were as his body guard, took him, and led him out of the "engagement, very weak and wounded, towards a hedge, that he might cool "and take breath. They disarmed him as gently as they could, in order to "examine his wounds, dress them, and sew up the most dangerous. After the "victory, the Prince enquired if any one knew what was become of Lord James "Audeley: 'Yes, Sir,' replied some of the company, 'he is very badly wounded, "and is lying in a litter hard by.' 'By my troth,' replied the Prince, 'I am "sore vexed that he is so wounded. See, I beg of you, if he be able to bear "being carried hither: otherwise I will come and visit him.' Two knights "directly left the Prince, and coming to Lord James, told him how desirous the "Prince was of seeing him. 'A thousand thanks to the Prince,' answered "Lord James, 'for condescending to remember so poor a knight as myself.'

" He then called eight of his servants, and had himself borne in his litter to " where the Prince was. When he was come into his presence, the Prince bent " down over him and embraced him, saying, 'My Lord James, I am bound to " honour you very much: for by your valour this day, you have acquired glory " and renown above us all, and your prowess has proved you the bravest " knight.'" Johnes's Froiss. vol. i.

Note V.

First, Arthur's pageant filled the plain. p. 109.

Arthur's pageant is composed from the old romances of Lancelot du Lac, and the Morte Arthur, and to those, passim, I must refer the reader for a more intimate acquaintance with the fair but frail Guinever, the gigantic Ryence, the enchanter Merlin, and Sir Gawain, and Sir Lyonel, and Sir Galahad, and the renowned knights of the round table.

Note VI.

When Arthur in Gorlois' arms
Deceitful clasp'd Igerne's charms. p. 109.

See chap. xix. of Thompson's Translation of Jeffrey of Monmouth:

Tum gravidum Arturo fatali fraude Jogernen;
Mendaces vultus, assumptaque Gorlois arma,
Merlini dolus. Milton, Epitaphium Damonis.

Note VII.

Now loudly rung the magic strain
That Merlin pour'd on Sarum's plain,
When from green Erin's wondering isle
The wizard wing'd the mountain pile. p. 110.

" No man knowes, saith Huntingdon, how, or why they came here. The cause " thus take from the British story: Hengist, under colour of a friendly treaty " with Vortigern at Amesbury—there trayterously slew CDIX. noble Bretons, " and kept the King prisoner. Some thirty years after, King Ambros, to honour " with one monument the names of so many murdred worthies, by help of Uter- " pen-dragon's forcies, and Merlin's magique, got them transported from off a

" plain, (others say, a hill) neare Naas in Kildare in Ireland, hither, to remain as a " trophy, not of victory, but of wronged innocence. This Merlin persuaded the " King, that they were medicinall, and first brought out of the utmost parts of " Afrique, by giants, which thence came to inhabit Ireland." Notes on Drayton's Poly Olbion, p. 50.

Note VIII.

Round Tristan, clad in vesture green,
Tall youths like foresters were seen. p. 110.

The Morte Arthur tell us, " that Tristan laboured ever in hunting and hawking, " so that we never read of nó gentleman more that so used himself therein. " And as the book saith, he began good measures of blowing of blasts of venery, " and of chace, and of all manner of vermins." See p. 257 of Sir Tristrem, a metrical romance, delightfully illustrated by my friend Walter Scott, the enthusiastic minstrel of the present day, and who unites the accuracy of the antiquarian to the genius of the poet.

NOTES TO CANTO EIGHTH.

Note I.

In slumber, vision'd on his sight,
Tow'r'd Montiel, and its rocky height. p. 123.

The separate pictures in this vision are all copied from the real circumstances attendant on the capture and assassination of Pedro. See Johnes's Froissart, vol. i. p. 768.

Le Begue de Villaines seized Pedro in his attempt to escape by night from Montiel:* and the Viscount de Rocaberti held him by the legs while he was poniarded in the tent by Henry of Trastamere.

* Sir Bertrand de Guesclin has by some authors been accused (but I believe unjustly) of the capture, and dishonourable murder of Pedro.

Note II.

A column to Alfonzo's praise.---
Ask of your fathers: they can tell:
They saw him smite the infidel,
When Derby's sword, and Salisbury's host
Spread triumph o'er Castillia's coast.
Ask of your fathers: they can tell
Of Salado, where myriads fell.
Have you not heard, in Teba's fight
How Douglas tow'r'd, array'd in might? p. 130.

At the battle of Salado in 1340, Alfonzo defeated Alboacen, the King of Morocco, and slew 200,000 of the infidels. Vide Mariana's History of Spain, book xvi. chap. iv.

"Considerable succours came to him (at the siege of Algezira) from Eng-
"land, France, and Navarre. From England the Earls of Derby and Salisbury."
Mariana, book xvi. chap. v.

For the interesting account of the dying injunctions of Robert Bruce, King of Scotland, and of the bequest of his heart to the gallant Lord James Douglas, to be embalmed, and deposited by him at the Holy Sepulchre, the reader is referred to Johnes's Froissart, vol. I. chapter xx.

Douglas, on his voyage to Jerusalem, hearing that Alfonzo was waging war against the Saracen King of Granada, landed at Valentia, and joined the Spanish host. The issue of the combat is thus related by Lord Hailes in the Annals of Scotland, anno 1330. "The detached troops fought with equal ad-
"vantage, and the Moorish cavalry fled. Douglas with his companions, eagerly
"pursued the Saracens. Taking the casket from his neck, which contained the
"heart of Bruce, he threw it before him, and cried, 'Now pass thou onward,
"as thou was wont, and Douglas will follow thee, or die!' The fugitives rallied:
"surrounded and overwhelmed by superior numbers, Douglas fell, while
"attempting to rescue Sir William St. Clair of Roslin, who shared his fate.
"Robert, and Walter Logan, both of them knights, were slain with Douglas.
"His friend, Sir William Keith, having had his arm broke, was detained from
"the battle. His few surviving companions found his body in the field, together
"with the casket, and reverently conveyed them to Scotland. The remains of

" Douglas were interred in the sepulchre of his fathers, in the church of Douglas, " and the heart of Bruce was deposited at Melros."

Note III.

" Yea---Guzman! be thy shame reveal'd!
" Thou, fruitful in thine own disgrace,
" Vile mother of th' adulterous race
" On whom my sire all honours show'r'd." p. 134.

Leonora de Guzman, called la Richa Donna, was descended from one of the most noble families of Castile. " Alfonzo the XI. totally deserted his Queen, " and for the rest of his days devoted himself to the lovely Leonora. Besides " Henry Count of Trastamere, and Don Frederic de Castilla, master of the " military order of St. James, Leonora bore several other children to King " Alfonzo. Such were, at Pedro's accession, the inauspicious prospects of the " Castillians, over whom the influence of Leonora de Guzman prevailed, and to " whose friends a strong party was attached." Dillon's History of Peter the Cruel, vol. i. chap. i. passim.

Note IV.

Seville in distant times unknown
Shall bid her sons revere the stone
Where, thron'd beneath the golden day. p. 134.

" Near the western entrance of the Alcazar, or royal palace of Seville, was " formerly to be seen a stone seat, with its canopy supported by four pillars, " where that severe judge, Don Pedro, sat to decide causes. His justice was so " very inflexible, that in those days of feudal anarchy, it was deemed cruelty and " tyranny: and hence, perhaps, much of the obloquy bestowed on him by histo- " rians. In Andalusia, where he fixed his residence, his memory is not held in " abhorrence: and the Sevillian writers, instead of the appellation Pedro el " Cruel, distinguish him by that of El Justiciero." Swinburne's Travels through Spain, p. 255.

Note V.

When to my throne a rumour came
Of Frederic's guilt, and Bourbon's shame. p. 134.

" Don Pédre épouse Blanche de Bourbon; et la première nouvelle qu'il

" apprend de sa femme quand elle est arrivée à Valladolid, c'est qu'elle est " amoureuse du grand-maitre de St. Jâques, l'un de ces mêmes batards qui lui " avaient fait la guerre. Il y a encore une famille en Espagne qui se vante " d'être issue de ce commerce, c'est celle des Henriques." Voltaire, Essai sur les Mœurs. Tome III. p. 179.

NOTE TO CANTO NINTH.

" As 'mid Sidonia's wood my way
" Through a dark glen's deep covert lay,
" A form, surpassing human height,
" Terrific, tow'r'd before my sight. p. 139.

" It was said that Pedro caused Queen Blanche to be poisoned in prison. And " there is a report, that the King, when hunting near Medina Sidonia, was " there met by a shepherd of a terrible aspect, threatening him." Mariana, Hist. of Spain, p. 279.

NOTES TO CANTO TENTH.

Note I.

" Brother of arms"---the hero cried,
As far-fam'd Gaston bow'd the knee. p. 260.

See a very instructive note on the subject of " Les fraternités d'armes," in the " Mémoires sur l'ancienne Chevalerie," p. 272.

" The Earl of Foix (Gaston Phœbus) came to pay his respects to the Prince his " lord, who shewed him much honour for his readiness to serve him; but, " because of his known valour and conduct, as also that he was generally " beloved in the country, he gave him in charge the defence of his dominions " in his absence, desiring him to reside in Aquitaine till his return, together with " his high seneschal, the Lord James Audeley. This, the Earl was well

" contented with, and after returning thanks to the Prince, for the honour of " that trust, rode to Bourdeaux, where the Princess, and the Lord Audeley " were."—Collins's Life of the Black Prince, p. 194.—Of Gaston, see a highly interesting account, in Froissart, vol. iii. ch. xxxi.

Note II.

" Where Roland and his heroes fell." p. 164.

" Between St. Jean Pied de Port and Pampeluna are the defiles and strong " passes of Navarre, which are very dangerous; for there are a hundred situa- " tions among them, which a handful of men would guard and shut up against " a whole army."—Froiss. vol. i. 711.—Among these defiles, in the Pyrennean mountains separating France and Spain, is the celebrated pass of Ronceval.—Through these the Black Prince led his army at the latter end of February, 1366.

It is difficult to escape from the passages crowding on the memory at the mention of Roland, and Ronceval:—but I must content myself with the mere recital of the historical fact, on which the Romancers and Poets have erected their delightful fictions.

On Charlemain's triumphant return from the defeat of the Saracens in Spain in 778, Montfaucon, on the authority of Eginard, adds, " Il revint à Pampe- " lune, dont il fit abattre les murs pour lui ôter les moiens de se revolter— " Lorsqu'il repassoit les Pyrenées, les Gascons attaquerent la queüe de son " armée dans les lieux escarpez et dans des rochers, où les François armez de " pied en cap avoient peine à se soutenir, au lieu que ces Gascons armez à la " legere, avoient tout l'avantage. Il y eut là bien des gens tuez, et des gens " même de la premiere qualité; entre autres, Egarth Maître de la table du " Roi, Anselme, Comte du Palais, et Roland, Prefet des Frontieres *de la Bre-* " tagne Armorique. *Cet échec fit bien de la peine au Roi Charles.* Il auroit " bien souhaité de châtier ces Gascons: mais après l'action, ils étoient telle- " ment dispersez dans leurs rochers et montagnes, que pas un ne paroissoit." Montf. Mon. de France. Vol. I. p. 209.

Eginard's expression is, " Cujus vulneris (sc. Rolandi) accepti ratio magnam " partem rerum feliciter in Hispania gestarum, in corde Regis obnubilavit."

Note III. p. 166.

" Then Roland's blade was found to fail,
" The edge of dreaded Durindale :*
" Then first from Roland's lip in vain
" The voice of the enchanted horn
" Down the steep mountains slowly borne
" Reach'd the far ear of Charlemain."

Roland, alone, bleeding to death with four mortal wounds, amid the rocks of Ronceval, thus concludes his apostrophy to Durindale, and sounds for the last time his warning horn :—" Gran dolor siento en dexarte, y mucho mayor si " pensase que quedabas en poder de paganos : mas por sacar mi alma de " cuidado, quiero hacer que no te goce Moro, ni Judio, ni Christiano : y " entonces se levantó con gran trabajo, y la tomó con entrambas manos, y dió " con ella en la peña tantos gólpes, que la hundió hasta el suelo, sin que en " la espada hiciese mella ni señal alguna ; y viendo que no podia quebrarla, " tomó su cuerno para hacer señal á algun Christiano si en el monte se hubiese " escondido : y tañó dos veces, y la segunda se abrió todo de cabó á cabó, y se " le abrieron las llagas y las venas de su cuerpo : llegó aquella voz á oidos del Emperador, que estaba dos leguas de alli."—Hist. de Carlo Magno.

Charlemaigne feit embasmer le corps de Roland, et emporter en leglise Saint Romain de la ville de Blayes, et au pie de son tumbeau feit mectre son cor dyvoire, qu'il portoit en guerre, et au chef son espee durandal.—Bouchet, F. 42, b. 72.—See the Anotaciones a Don Quixote, Seg. Parte.

* If the reader be not immoderately curious, the following list of some of the renowned swords from the armoury of the warriors of romance, will not leave him wholly ungratified.

" Entonces Fierabras ciñó su espada, llamada Ploranza, y tenia otras dos al arzon de la " silla, la una se llamaba Baptisto, y la otra Graban. Hicieron estas espadas tres Hermanos, y cada uno hizo tres ;" the names of the three fraternal sword-makers, were Galfus, Munisicans, and Ausiax. Ausiax made the three above-mentioned. " Munisicans" hizo las espadas llamadas " Durandal," the possessor of which was Roland : (Orlando, the nephew of Charlemagne—) He also made " Salvagina, y Cortante, estas hubo Oger de Danoys. " Galfus hizo las espadas llamadas Flamberge y Altaclara, estas tenia Oliveros : y Joyosa, " esta tenia Carlo Magno."—Hist. de Carlo Magno.

Note IV.

Navarre, another Ganelon. p. 167.

Ronceval, and the territory on each side adjoining, were at that time possessed by Charles, justly surnamed "le Mauvais," king of Navarre. His avaricious bargain with Pedro for the opening of the passes, his treacherous conduct, and desertion of the Black Prince, (vid. Froissart, passim) brand him in history with the detestable mark of the false Peer of Charlemain, Ganelon, who "por "avaricia vendió los Caballeros, los doce Pares de Francia, en quien jamas faltó "virtud y nobleza." Hist. de Carl. Mag.

Note V.

"They fly—the foes, thrice rallied, fly!
"Hark, hark!—St. George and Victory." p. 171.

The Black Prince closed his career of victory at Navaret. In that decisive battle, fought on the 3d of April, 1367, the conqueror of Crecy and Poictiers defeated, with immense slaughter, the disproportioned numbers of the Usurper. Henry of Trastamere fought with desperate resolution; thrice rallied his broken ranks, nor resigned the contest, till the flight of his brothers, and the capture of Du Guesclin, in himself a host, rendered all resistance ineffectual.

Trastamere fled to France, and under more auspicious circumstances, and when no longer opposed by the Black Prince, defeated and murdered Pedro, and maintained possession of the kingdom, against the claims of John of Gaunt, titular king of Castile and Leon.

Note VI.

Long o'er thy realms, exultant Spain,
In peace their scepter'd race shall reign. p. 172.

The sole issue of the union of John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, with Constance, the heiress of Castile, was Katherine, who, by marriage with the grandson of Trastamere, Henry III. became mother of John II. father of Isabel, "married to Ferdinand, King of Arragon, surnamed the Catholique, by whom "she had issue, Joan, espoused to Philip, Archduke of Austria, in her right "King of Spain, father of the Emperor Charles V., father of Philip II., who

" had issue Philip III., father of Philip IV., father of Charles II., who died in " 1700."*—Sandford's Geneal. Hist. Kings of England, p. 253.

Note VII.

" Vengance that rous'd Saguntum's fires. p. 174.

The inhabitants of Saguntum, (near Murviedro, in Valencia,) besieged by Hannibal, preferred perishing in the flames with their wives and children, rather than submit to ignominious terms. On referring to the account in Livy, it is impossible to resist the insertion of a passage which equally describes some features of the resistance that has immortalised, in our days, the heroic defenders of Saragossa.—" Inter ruinas muri tectaque urbis modico distantia intervallo " constiterant.—Hinc spes, hinc desperatio animos irritat: Pœno cepisse jam " se urbem, si paululum adnitatur, credente: Saguntinis pro nudata mœnibus " patria corpora opponentibus. Nec ullo pedem referente, ne relicto à se loco " hostem immitteret. Itaque quo acrius et confertim magis utrimque pugna- " batur, eo plures vulnerabantur, nullo inter arma corporaque vano intercidente " telo."—Liv. lib. xxi.

Note VIII.

" The rocks, the eternal rocks remain,
" The bulwark of Pelayo's reign." p. 174.

Pelayo was descended from the regal blood of the Goths. After the fatal battle near the river of Guadaleta, where the Moors under Tarif, in 714, totally defeated the Goths, and wrested the sceptre from Roderick, Pelayo retired to the mountains of Asturias, and by inflexible perseverance and heroic courage, gradually prepared the re-establishment of the Christian monarchy.

* It is scarcely necessary to add, that on the death of Charles the IId. of Spain, the war of the Succession commenced, which, at the peace of Utretcht, 1713, seated on the throne of Spain Philip the Vth, the grandson of Lewis XIV., and of Maria Theresa, daughter of Philip the IVth of Spain.

ERRATUM. Page 143, line 10, for *her*, read *each*.

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